

February 13, 1963

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The Australian

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Trade Mark

and its unique dual action

Alka-Seltzer is a family home remedy for the relief of symptoms of simple complaints which are due to obvious causes and not to those conditions requiring medical attention

A principal use of Alka-Seltzer is for the relief of Aches and Pains

Headache... muscular aches and pains from over-exertion or unaccustomed activity... pain and discomfort of neuralgia—all these respond to the soothing relief which Alka-Seltzer so speedily provides.

Alka-Seltzer is also most effective in relieving Stomach Upset and Indigestion

Rich food, too much food or drink, hurried or irregular meals—these may all cause abdominal discomfort and a feeling of "fullness," or the distress of heartburn, flatulence—even nausea.

(Actual stomach pain may be an indication of more serious conditions; continuous indigestion or stomach upsets are not a matter for home medication—a doctor should be consulted.)

That "out-of-sorts" feeling is also rapidly relieved by Alka-Seltzer. The term "out-of-sorts" is used here to describe the lack of well-being caused by too much food or drink; during colds; and when hot or humid weather brings on a summer headache feeling. Alka-Seltzer provides speedy relief.

What is Alka-Seltzer?

It is the world's most popular dual-purpose remedy. It has been widely used as a family home remedy throughout the world since 1928. Each Alka-Seltzer tablet contains 5 grains of acetylsalicylic acid (aspirin) with an effervescent base of citric acid (14.9 grains) and sodium bicarbonate (25.1 grains). (Alka-Seltzer does not contain phenacetin, caffeine or codeine.) However, the user does not take Alka-Seltzer in tablet form.

Alka-Seltzer must ALWAYS be taken in water! It then becomes a solution which contains:

1. Soluble sodium salt of aspirin.
2. Sodium citrate.
3. Sodium bicarbonate (trace).
4. Dissolved carbon dioxide.

Because the tablets are dissolved before being taken, not only is an important chemical change in the tablet ingredients effected, but adequate fluid intake is ensured for effective and prompt action.

Alka-Seltzer solution is two medicines in one. It not only contains an efficient and quick-acting pain-reliever, but also an ingredient to relieve stomach upsets and neutralize excess stomach acidity. It does not have the harsh acid reaction of so many other aspirin type products.

What happens when you take Alka-Seltzer?

The pain reliever contained in Alka-Seltzer is quickly absorbed into the system. The sodium citrate in Alka-Seltzer solution buffers excess stomach acidity and the carbonated solution quiets upset stomach, giving quick relief.

How does a headache remedy work?

Relief is obtained only when the analgesic is absorbed into the bloodstream. It is obvious that ordinary tablets or powders (which are fine-grained solids) must be dissolved before they become effective. "Instant" relief is impossible! Alka-

Seltzer is pre-dissolved! Because it is taken as a liquid, it goes to work so much more rapidly!

Alka-Seltzer and safety

Alka-Seltzer is a home remedy for relief of symptoms of simple complaints. It is not a cure-all. It is not a tranquilliser or a pep drug. Like any other medicine it should only be used when there is a real need.

Who makes Alka-Seltzer?

Miles Laboratories, one of the world's leading manufacturers of pharmaceutical products with a world-wide reputation for ethical standards and high quality. As an international company Miles Laboratories back Alka-Seltzer with the facilities of extensive quality control and research laboratories. A constant programme of testing and development is your safeguard.

What is the Alka-Seltzer dosage?

For Adults—one or two tablets in water as required. Not more than 12 tablets should be taken in any 24-hour period.

For Children: 3-5 years... 1 tablet
6-12 years... 1 tablet
Over 12 years... same as adults (1-2 tablets)

Dose may be repeated not more often than 4 hourly. Alka-Seltzer should not be given to children under 3 years without medical advice.

(Note: Alka-Seltzer solution contains a salt of aspirin and should not be taken by people whose doctor has advised them not to take aspirin, nor by those who are on a salt-reduced diet.)

You can rely on Alka-Seltzer—it really works.

ALKA-SELTZER IS OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● The Queen and Prince Philip had an Australian "tour" on the eve of their departure for the real Royal visit (see page 7).

THEY took time off from all the preparation to spend a quiet hour at the exhibition of Australian painting at the Tate Gallery, London.

At the gallery the wandering pedestrian traffic was slightly diverted so that the Queen and the Prince had a clear passage to the Australian section where seven painters exhibiting in the show were presented to them.

They were Sidney Nolan, Arthur Boyd, Leonard French, Lawrence Daws, Roi De Maistre, Louis James, and Thomas Cleghorn.

For them it was not just a royal occasion, but a meeting with potential customers.

Prince Philip has already bought one Nolan and commissioned work from William Dobell.

After a brief chat, the Royal party began their tour of the galleries, conducted by the director (Sir John Rothenstein) and Mr. Robert Campbell, director of the National Gallery of South Australia.

Among the happiest people in the crowd were three Australian women—Chris Thomson, Doreen Dooley, both of Sydney, and Mrs. Charles Keith-Smith, formerly of Vauchuse, who now lives in New Zealand.

They will not get home till after the Queen has left Australia.

The Queen was informally and simply dressed in a coat of glowing chestnut velvet over a dress of brown-and-white printed silk. She wore a hat trimmed with white mink to set off her two-layer collar of brown-and-white mink.

Our cover

● Tania Verstak, 22, of Manly, N.S.W. — Miss Australia and Miss International Beauty — and Peter Young, 27-year-old car dealer of Perth, who are planning to marry after Tania completes a 12-months' overseas job with Qantas.

They are pictured at Mascot Airport before flying to Perth to stay with Peter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Young, of Dalkeith, W.A.

"We have to see if they approve of me," said Tania. "I've only met them once, briefly. Peter and I are not officially engaged yet."

The announcement of the wedding plan "slipped out" during a Press interview in Melbourne, when the couple were driving to Perth.

When Tania's parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Verstak, read the news they thought the engagement was official.

So, from Adelaide, Tania and Peter flew back to Sydney "to straighten things out."

"Peter is such a nice boy," said Mrs. Verstak. "It's the first time Tania has really liked someone. I hope they'll be very happy."

Peter's father is the managing director of a motor firm.

Peter and Tania first met in Perth a year ago. Picture is by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



Anniversary celebrations

● Australia's 175th anniversary celebrations featured a brilliant fireworks display over Sydney Harbor (picture below by staff photographer Barry Cullen) and a 10-day Sydney-Canberra coach trip which relived the pioneering days of Cobb and Co. The five-in-hand coach travelled between 9 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. each day so that schoolchildren could see it and pick up the commemorative buttons tossed from it. Staff photographer Ron Berg took our picture at Fisher's Ghost Bridge, Campbelltown. Shown are owner-driver Lionel Ware, passengers Jim Antill and Ray Pierce, Norm Fauvel (one of the two outriders), and Arthur Watt on top.





FATHER PAUL VERGHESE with Patriarch Alexei of Moscow at a recent conference in the Soviet Union.

Father Paul and the lions' den

By KERRY YATES

● An Indian priest visiting Australia was once private secretary to an African emperor who kept a pet lion in his palace.

HE is the Rev. Father Paul Vergheese, 39, a priest of the Syrian Orthodox Church and a director of the World Council of Churches.

Father Paul, as he is usually called, was invited to lecture in Australia as a guest of the Australian Council of Churches.

The emperor he served as private secretary from 1956 to 1959 was Haile Selassie of Ethiopia. "Haile Selassie lived a rather simple life," said Father Paul, "although he did keep a pet lion which was allowed to wander round at will."

Father Paul's job was to answer personal correspondence and prepare speeches for the Emperor, and often the lion strolled into his office. "He was a gentle, noble animal, and very placid."

Father Paul recalls the worried looks of visitors to the palace when they found a fully grown lion in the same room. "Their eyes often moved from the Emperor to the nearest doorway," he said.

The lion is an emblem of Ethiopia. At the entrance to the palace is a huge den housing 15 to 20 lions.

"People bring young cubs to the palace as gifts for the Emperor," said Father Paul, "and he often sends them to zoos all over the world."

Father Paul's role was to help with the personal problems of the Emperor—including the "sausage problem" in 1957. Haile Selassie complained that nowhere in the kingdom of Ethiopia was there a sausage to suit his taste. Even his brother, director of a food firm, could not produce one.

Mystery sausage

The Ethiopian Ambassador in London was instructed to ask an English expert to produce a sausage suitable for the imperial palate. He concocted a trial sausage with meat, olive oil, and some secret ingredients.

The sausage was sent to Ethiopia and approved by the Emperor himself. Mass production started at once.

Paul Vergheese was born in Kerala, India. At 14 he left school to train as a reporter.

In 1947 he left India to become a schoolteacher and help open schools in Ethiopia. Three years later he went to America to study theology.

He graduated from Indiana University, returned to Ethiopia to work for the Emperor for three years, and later studied at Yale, U.S.A., and Oxford, England.

Father Paul was ordained a priest of the Syrian Orthodox Church in India in 1961, and in the same year was appointed a director of the World Council of Churches.

He will lecture in Sydney, Adelaide, and Perth.

He speaks nine languages. "The world is my parish," he says, "and I've delivered sermons in many parts of it."

LOOK OUT, SYDNEY—

● Families of the Wingham district, 230 miles away, have booked Sydney Town Hall for their country fair, to be held at the end of next month.

The object of the bold invasion of the metropolis is to pay debts of the Wingham Methodist Church and add a second minister to this country circuit west of Taree.

They need at least £3000. The present minister, the Rev. Barrie Howard, estimated that it would take seven years to raise the money by the usual local fetes and street stalls.

His solution? To spend 18 months preparing for one giant fete. And Sydney Town Hall, he decided, was the only place to hold one on the scale he envisaged.



FOR PLANTS for Wingham's fair in Sydney, Mrs. Mary Scrivener rode deep into the forest.

THE 282 families to whom Mr. Howard ministers in his widely spread circuit — out 95 miles west to Nowendoc, north for 30-odd miles to Comboyne, the same distance south to Kundibakh — declared at first that it couldn't be done.

They were too scattered a community to even start making and collecting enough merchandise to attract a crowd to a church fete in faraway, sophisticated Sydney.

But Barrie Howard — everybody there calls him Barrie — is not easily deterred.

He approached Tom Ennis, a local bank manager, and raised a £600 overdraft to start financing the preparations.

Large stocks

That was in September, 1961. Eighteen months later, on March 28 and 29 next, the Wingham Methodist Country Fair will bring the countryside to Sydney.

Barrie Howard's helpers told me there will be 3000 items of hand-made clothing; at least 2500 bottles and jars of jams, pickles, preserves. Two thousand potplants on sale will include staghorns, elkhorns, bush orchids, geraniums, most of them specially grown by church members.

There will be 2000 copies of a recipe book compiled by the women; £200 worth of underwear; and great quantities of glass, ovenware, and china bought by the church at factory prices and selling to the public at well below shop price.

HERE COMES



ORGANISER, the Rev. Barrie Howard, with wife, Beth, and daughter, Bronwen, 2, outside the parsonage at Wingham.

There will be cakes and vegetables, canework, and driftwood ornaments, pot-holders and pyjamas.

There will be fashion shows and Sydney's 300-voice Crusader Choir will sing.

The fete will be officially opened by oil company chief Mr. William Walkley.

With only weeks to go before the big event, photographer Keith Barlow and I went to Wingham to see

how the audacious project was shaping.

We found that with Barrie and his pretty wife, Beth, to whip up enthusiasm, the community has been working on a production-line system.

A team of six women, armed with part of the overdraft, toured the local stores at sale-time. They bought up, among other items, 1400 yards of dress materials at wholesale price

—rolls of stripes, prints, and plain to make mix-and-match outfits for children's playclothes, romper suits, dresses, winter and summer pyjamas, boys' shirts, shorts, and blouses.

Another team of six assembled once a week for five months turning out payments on the assembly-line system.

Packed rooms

Said Beth Howard: "Often there have been a dozen pre-school children playing together in the backyard while their mothers sewed. And for months none of us have been troubled at the thought of burglars under the bed."

"They'd have had a job to find an inch under anyone's bed because they've all been packed out with jars of jam and preserves."

In a room at the home of Mrs. Nell Keech we counted about 70 large cartons of goods ready for the fair.

"Take a look at the book and you'll find what some of the members have been doing," said Mrs. Keech.

Her exercise book held a record of each member's contribution. One woman alone had made 50 aprons, another had made 400 pots of jam.

Mrs. Jess Crowfoot had made 66 items of cane — dolls' cradles, baskets, trays — of the total of 200 cane pieces. Mrs. Grace Walworth had 200 jars of grapefruit and orange marmalade and plum jam to her credit. Mrs. George Lambert had filled 300 flower-pots with plants.



OUTSIDE THE HOME of Mrs. Nell Keech are a few of the boxes of merchandise now ready for the fair and some of the congregation who have contributed goods and skills.



EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD Mr. E. L. Martin has made 14 gingham tablecloths for the fair.

WINGHAM

Mr. E. L. Martin, aged 80, had made 14 gingham tablecloths, and up at "Ria Mukka" the Lauries are growing potatoes and turnips in the hope that there will be two tons of each for sale by the end of March.

A milk vendor of Forster donated 2000 superseded milk bottles for pickles.

Barrie Howard, driving thousands of miles over rough roads, has delivered flower-pots, sugar, fruit, paraffin wax — everything that has been needed to aid production.

Meanwhile, he's made dozens of all-night trips to Sydney to arrange things at the city end.

He has been buying up sportswear, underwear, glass, and china at wholesale prices — and 2000 plastic flower-pots at a special price.

"They'll all be sold at less than retail price," he told us. From seven Sydney stores he will borrow clothes to stage the fashion shows in the Town Hall. Professional models and fashion co-ordinator Lorraine Stott will stage the parades.

Business trip

A flour manufacturer has promised to organise cookery demonstrations; TV channels will cover the pre-fete and fete day activities.

We joined Barrie in his car on a trip to deliver materials. Packed in the boot were flower-pots, sugar, dress material, jam-pots, and bottles.

Our first stop was at Caffrey's Flat, 27 miles away. On a dairying property we

met Mrs. "Beppy" Bronger, who came to Australia ten years ago from Amsterdam.

We helped her pack 100 jars of marmalade and jam into boxes. "I hope to make 200 jars in all," she said, "but I have to cook the fruit between milking and other chores about the place."

On over red-dirt roads to Cooplacurripa station, where half a dozen families have been making 200 garments and 100 bottles of preserves and growing scores of forest ferns, elkhorns, and stag-horns.

All the growers have had

By
WINIFRED MUNDAY

to get licences to grow and cut the forest plants. We arrived in time to see Mrs. Mary Scrivener ride up on her horse, in a black-and-white dress and blue straw hat, from a four-mile trip into the forest for stag-horns.

A truck will be lent from Cooplacurripa to transport 2000 plants to Sydney. Barrie and a couple of the men went into a huddle on the best way to do it.

Fifty-five miles over rough roads from Wingham we came to Nowendoc, and "Ria Mukka." There the Lauries and the Hicks are growing vegetables and stripping their trees of plums, peaches, apples, pears, and blackberries for jams and jellies.

Mrs. Roma Laurie told me: "When I'm about to

start work for the fete I hang two yellow quarantine flags at the gate, lock all the doors, and take the telephone off the hook to keep people away.

Work-sharing

"I just don't know what all the Methodists in the circuit will do when the fete's over. It's been filling every moment of our spare time for the past 18 months."

We drove out to where the Laurie men were branding cattle. We took with us another dairy-farmer, Max Yarnold, to meet Bob Laurie. The two men will act as store managers at the fete, keeping the counters well filled and a check on the stock being sold.

"About 110 people will travel down to Sydney during the week of the fete, to get everything ready and to act as counter hands and as waitresses for the refreshment bars," Barrie said.

"Those who are left behind will be baby-minders, and will milk cows and do the other farm chores while the owners are away."

Churchmen in Sydney will billet those who don't have private accommodation, so out of the profits very little will be required to meet out-of-pocket expenses.

At another property at Nowendoc, while a dozen women took time off for a quick cuppa, we inspected stuffed animals and the 18-yard rolls of material waiting to be made up into aprons and children's clothes.

There's not a family who



FARMER Bob Laurie meets farmer Max Yarnold at Nowendoc during cattle branding. They will be joint store managers at the fair in Sydney, keeping the Town Hall counters supplied.

hasn't contributed something to the fete — time, materials, jam jars, fruit, and recipes.

The recipe book is a collection of 166 thoroughly practical dishes. All the women were invited to contribute their favorite.

Printed and bound, the books sell for 4/6, and already many of the two thousand copies have been sold.

During fete week 75,000 handbills will be distributed in the Sydney area.

On the way back to his parsonage at Wingham, Barrie admonished me not to single out special people for mention. "Least of all me. I'm just the figurehead in this project. The people

and the church are the important things."

But it would be useless to pretend there would be a Wingham Country Fair without Barrie Howard. His energy is unbounded, and time is a precious commodity that he doesn't waste on incidentals.

Minutes count

He slips his shoes on to his feet with a shoehorn to save time undoing the laces. The electric shaver his wife gave him keeps him tied in one spot, so he uses a battery-operated one so he can walk round attending to other things while he shaves.

He seldom spends time dressing in his clerical

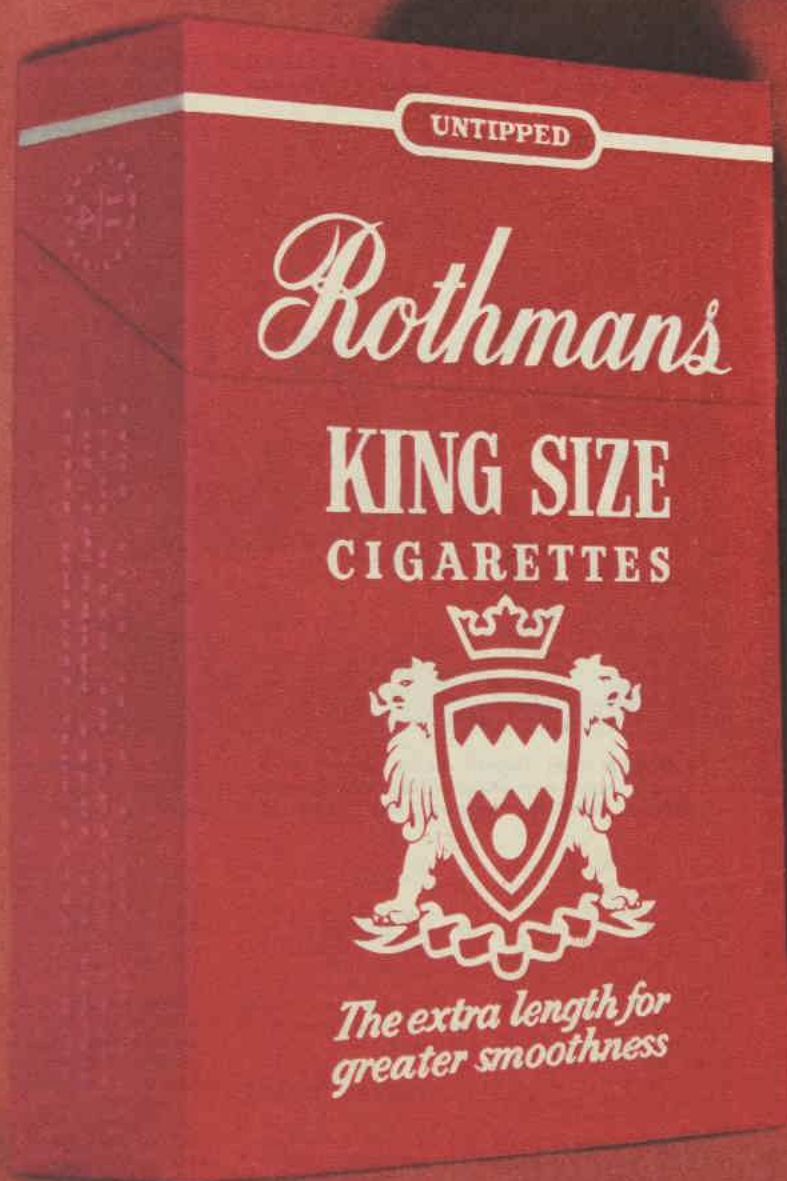
clothes, except for formal occasions like weddings. Most of the services which he regularly conducts in outlying homesteads are taken in flannels, white shirt, and tie.

When we arrived back at his home Beth had a snack ready—in lieu of the tea he wouldn't have time for because of an evening service 20 miles away.

As he dashed back to his car, two doorsteps of bread and butter smeared with vegetable extract in his hand, you couldn't help feeling that, whatever he does, he's doing God's work.

And he has made his congregation feel the same with their efforts toward the Country Fair.

The world's finest tobacco is at your fingertips



THE
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In her floating home on tour,
with solid-gold plate —

THE QUEEN

IS HOSTESS

● The difference between the Queen's coming tour of Australia and her other overseas tours is the fact that she will be giving dinner, luncheon, and cocktail parties. The Queen will be the hostess.

ON other tours the Queen has been the guest at official dinner parties, State balls, and other functions. In Australia, the Queen's role will often be reversed and she will entertain on the Royal yacht, Britannia, which is well equipped for it.

Guests will have the greatest difficulty remembering they are afloat once they walk down the Britannia's mahogany staircase, with its soft grey carpet, and enter the Royal apartments.

There is scarcely a nautical touch in the luxurious drawing-room. The turquoise walls, the hyacinth-blue carpet, gold curtains, and chintz armchairs are restful and regal at the same time.

Sixty at table

Doors folding back throw this room and the ante-room into a large reception hall.

Two hundred guests can be entertained here — "and comfortably," said Major Sir Mark Milbank, the charming and efficient Comptroller of the Queen's Household (it is no empty title, for on his good management much of the success of the Queen's parties depends).

The horseshoe-shaped table in the dining-room in Britannia was originally designed to seat 32 people. Prince Philip improved on this by having removable wings added. Now 60 guests can be seated.

The special lighting, too, was an innovation by Prince Philip. Six handsome electric candelabra go out when lifted off the table and come on again when set down.

They are lit by a concealed current in an undercloth with criss-crossed filaments rather like an electric blanket.

Supplies of flowers are being

arranged for at every port of call to fill the magnificent bowls and other pieces of solid-gold plate, which, for the first time, have been taken from Buckingham Palace.

From the Palace, too, are some of the footmen. Among other "specials" in the Royal yacht are the white gloves all the staff must wear when serving the Queen.

On a green-topped desk in the Queen's sitting-room on the Britannia stands the white telephone which connects her to Buckingham Palace. It is fitted with a scrambler device for top-secret conversations.

Even on her visit to Australia, the Queen's despatch boxes will arrive on board, and on the few nights she spends ashore the worn-leather boxes with their Royal cipher will follow her.

Instead of waiting on the Queen in her grey-green office in Buckingham Palace, her private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, will wait on her in the cosy little sitting-room with mountains of paper for perusal.

Sir Michael, "the man who carries the crown," needs no introduction to Australia. He was there with the Queen in 1954, supporting the uncertain footsteps of a young girl newly crowned.

After Sir Michael will come Sir Mark Milbank with the daily menus, the catering arrangements, and all the details of the Queen's parties to be discussed. Her equerry will follow with the seating plan for dinner.

Margaret Macdonald, the Queen's personal maid, will, of course, be on Britannia.

"Bobo" is a woman of great importance to everyone close to the Queen. Butlers confess they are terrified of her, governors' wives make no secret of the fact that when the Queen is coming it isn't Her Majesty they are the most anxious to please; it is Miss Macdonald.

"I believe if 'Bobo's' happy



THE QUEEN

the Queen's happy," one harassed governor's wife said to me as the temperature and humidity soared and there wasn't an inch of space to make an ironing-room.

Though "Bobo" is technically a servant, she is treated royally. Paris gave her a special chef to cook delicate dishes for her and a maid of her own.

One Royal servant swears she calls the Queen "darling." The Queen calls her "my right hand."

Dresses "shimmer"

Her nickname, of course, is the first syllables formed by the baby princess—evidence of how close she has been to the Queen all her life.

"Bobo's" life work is to present the Queen as an immaculate figure. She is not ambitious, but she is almost fanatically devoted.

The Queen's tour wardrobe is the loveliest her two couturiers have yet designed for her.

"The evening dresses shimmer," I was told by one of the textile houses.

"They are fairytale fabrics, diaphanous and silky, sparkling with delicate beading; and the newest and sheerest organzas are stamped with patterns of trailing flowers in self colors."

The whole of the Queen's wardrobe is top secret. All the girls working on it were pledged to secrecy.

In spite of this winter of snow and ice, bursting pipes, and severe fuel crises, a spokesman for Norman Hartnell's told me the ward-

robe was "finished without a hitch."

Hardy Amies, who didn't have the bad luck of Norman Hartnell with burst pipes flooding his work-rooms, showed a spring collection that was a pointer to the styles the Queen will wear on her tour.

His line was Empire in feeling, particularly for evening chiffons that flowed from a high bustline. For day, his silk suits had the high bust suggested by slightly shaped jackets.

She stays slim

When the waistline is not moving up in the Amies collection, it sits easily on the hips. But waistlines are no problem to the Queen, whose slim figure is due to diet.

Just before her last visit to Australia she went on a diet prescribed by Dr. J. S. Goller, of Harley Street. Dr. Goller, a small, abrupt Yorkshireman who believes that no woman need look fat or lose her beauty as she grows older, has a diet that has been the salvation of hundreds of smart London women.

On it the Queen lost all her plumpness. She stuck to it rigidly, and when her figure was trim Dr. Goller "stabilised" her weight.

Watching carefully which food was putting on the pounds, he worked out for the Queen — as indeed for his three thousand other grateful clients — not exactly a diet sheet but a way of eating carefully.

The Queen's figure for the past ten years has remained slender. Her height is 5ft. 3in., her waist an enviable 23in., and her hips 35in.

She has lost all her early self-consciousness about her bust, which is now 36in.

The basic thing about the Dr. Goller diet is to lessen the intake of liquids.

For a friend of mine he prescribed a limit of four teacups of liquid in the 24 hours, except for unlimited quantities of lemon juice.

Each year now the Queen sets aside some part of her holidays to get herself back into trim.

Beyond eating sparingly of some fattening foods, and being careful about the amount of liquid she has each day, she won't diet on her Australian tour.

PERSONAL MAID, Margaret Macdonald, is "Bobo" to the Queen.



By
ANNE MATHESON,
who is covering the
Royal tour

The Queen really intends to enjoy this second visit.

This is one of the reasons she is using the Royal yacht as her home. To all intents and purposes she is going to live on board.

"It is so much nicer for the Queen to be able to return to her own home each evening," said one of her household.

"No matter how well the Queen is entertained, it isn't the same as being able to put your feet up if you want to."

He was probably remembering the overseas governor who invited his friends to a small dance after dinner and put on five sets of square dancing, when all the Queen wanted to do was go to bed with a good book.

In Australia she can do that if she wants to. As one of her secretaries said, "The Queen doesn't mind who knows she is not as young as she used to be."

Excited companion

When Britannia sailed for Fiji on December 7, well in advance of the Queen's journey by plane, most of her clothes were already on board.

Her ladies-in-waiting, however, were not so well organised.

When the bad weather came the Countess of Leicester was snowed in at her home, Holkham Hall, in Norfolk. It was hard to get down to London for fittings.

Both Lady Leicester and the other lady-in-waiting, Miss Mary Morrison, have had their Royal tour clothes made by the young society couturier Belinda Bellville.

Miss Morrison is "terribly excited" about Australia.

Though she is a reserved girl, and happy in quiet country pursuits, her appointment to the Royal household has brought undreamed of opportunities for travel.

In three years she has been to India, Pakistan, Nepal, and Teheran with the Queen.

PRIVATE SECRETARY, Sir Michael Adeane, was in Australia in 1954.



LADIES-IN-WAITING, Miss Mary Morrison (left) and the Countess of Leicester, who will both be in attendance on the Queen on the Australian tour.



— February 13, 1963

Page

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A woman's-eye view of Timbuktu...

By CAROL HENTY

● Most travellers move around the world from hotel to hotel. For Australia's Barbara Toy, who feels at home in the Sahara, it's often a case of travelling from well to well.

SHE is an adventurer-explorer and prefers her trusty Land-Rover to jet airliners; her white Foreign Legionnaire's trousers to ritzy cocktail dresses.

During the past ten years she's written five books about her experiences in the lonely desert wastes in North Africa and Arabia, and danger-packed jungles in Africa and Malaya.

At the moment Miss Toy is in Sydney, visiting her mother, Mrs. Nellie Toy, of Northbridge, and beginning a book on her recent trip from Timbuktu to Tripoli,

during which a bandit's bullet missed her by a whisker.

"Of course I never carry a gun," she said. "I'm not a very good shot, and, by the time I'd get ready to shoot, I'd probably be shot."

A tiny, red-headed widow in her mid-forties, Miss Toy exudes an attractive confidence in herself and in her fellow men.

Her philosophy is that life is gloriously free and, if you really want to do anything, nothing and no one can stop you.

"I was arguing about this with a group of friends in a London pub in 1951," she said, "and I suddenly found myself saying, 'As a matter of fact, I'm off to Bagdad in a week or two.'"

Once committed, Barbara Toy packed in her career as a successful playwright and theatrical producer in London, bought herself a sturdy Land-Rover, which she christened Pollyanna, and set off alone on a trek round North Africa.

"Everyone thought I was mad," she said. "But I proved my point."

As cheap as staying home

"And I also proved what I'd always thought: that one can travel abroad as cheaply as one can live at home."

Back in London, a friend suggested she write a book about her experiences. This produced "A Fool On Wheels."

The success of her book and the money coming in from her plays—"Life Line" and an adaptation of Agatha Christie's "Murder At The Vicarage" were particularly profitable—gave her the im-

petus to set out again, this time to Arabia.

Souvenirs of this trip were two more books ("A Fool In The Desert" and "A Fool Strikes Oil"), a handsome man's wristwatch, and two gold-threaded Arabian robes.

The watch and the robes were presents from King Abdul Aziz, of Saudi Arabia, at whose invitation Miss Toy was in the kingdom.

She constantly wears the watch, which features the King's personal standard of two crossed scimitars, but has never donned the robes.

"I've never had occasions quite social enough to wear them," she said, smiling.

After Miss Toy had seen the King, and was on her way back to London, she discovered that bandits had cut the road routes and she was stuck in Southern Arabia.

But Miss Toy was far from dismayed. "It was the happiest time of my life," she said.

"I got to the Hadhramut, a lovely oasis, and hired a house for £1 a week.

"It had 30 rooms, an indoor swimming-pool the servant filled every day, and a date palm. There I stayed for months, writing and learning Arabic and French.

"The only other Europeans within hundreds of miles were the English District Commissioner and a German woman doctor."

With her smatterings of French and Arabic, Miss Toy can get along well with most of the people she meets.

"Although on this last trip across the Sahara," she said, "Russian and Chinese would probably have been more

useful, as I met a surprising number of both of these.

"There was even a Russian circus in Timbuktu."

Loneliness never bothers Barbara Toy.

"One of the advantages of travelling alone is that everyone talks to you," she explained.

"People nowadays—even in the most remote spots—are no longer suspicious of a woman travelling alone.

"I never meddle with politics, take people as I find them, and I've never met anything but friendliness."

She became a real explorer

It was on her third big trip, in 1959, that Barbara Toy felt she had become a real "explorer."

"I was the first European to ever set foot on the Ethiopian mountain of Wahn, which is unsuitable," she said.

"I was able to hire a helicopter piloted by a wonderful Frenchman, and we tried to land four times.

"Then the pilot managed to put one skid of the helicopter on a narrow ledge covered with buzzards. 'Jump,' he said.

"I didn't sleep much that night, as I could sense something prowling about.

"But I'd rigged up a sort of tent affair, and this probably saved my life, for the spoors of the prowler were later identified as those of a large leopard."

Miss Toy is essentially practical in planning trips.

"I never read much about a place before I visit it," she said. "But I'm very careful about getting provisions and



BARBARA TOY, adventurer, explorer, author.

medical supplies in order before I take off."

Into her new, long-wheel-base Land-Rover — Pollyanna, after nine years' service and 210,000 miles, has been retired to a technical mechanics' college in Chesterfield, England — she usually packs:

- A sleeping-bag.
- A small medical kit, which includes pills for purifying water, disinfectant, and pills for dysentery.

"By now, though, I'm immune to tummy upsets. I'm as strong as a lion, even though I might look like an old trout."

- Shirts and bush-jackets and three pairs of French Legionnaire's trousers.

"Two black pairs—one for day wear and one for sleeping. A white pair for evening wear, if I'm asked for drinks or dinner."

- A policeman's wooden truncheon for protection.

"Given to me by a French gendarme near Algiers on my first trip. He was appalled I didn't have a gun."

- Tins of food.

"Only for emergencies. I love the native food and eat that whenever it's available."

- Presents.

"I take along sugar and salt, which the natives love and occasionally I give them

a fruit cake, which they think is heaven."

- Cans of beer.

"I never drink when I'm alone, but like to make my contribution to a party."

- Make-up case.

"I wouldn't feel right without my face done—even if I know I'm not going to meet anyone. Lipstick is a wonderful protection for your lips in the desert."

... Toothpaste from an oasis

- Petrol and water, two cameras, and a dictaphone take up the rest of the space.

"I don't worry much about toothpaste or washing-powder," said Miss Toy. "You can buy most things like that at any oasis."

How does she like being back in Australia?

"I'm grateful for anything that happens," she replied. "My home, really, is my flat in London. And I've just bought an apartment in the South of France, where I'll do my writing."

Other trips?

"I'm dying to go on an Arab dhow from Kuwait to Zanzibar," she said.

"I love the sound of Zanzibar. You know, if I ever did settle down, I'm so lazy I think I would turn into a cabbage."

NEXT WEEK

● Hands reveal your character

If you want to know the sort of character you have, and what makes other people "tick," study your—and their—hands.

Next week a world-famous palmist, to whom hands "talk," explains the secrets of this ancient art.

Jealousy, generosity, selfishness, romance, success, failure—a look at hands will tell you, he says.

Read this fascinating two-page feature, illustrated with drawings of hand shapes and markings, in our next issue.

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 13, 1963

● Joan Sutherland's life story — part 2

Continue "Joan Sutherland," the exciting biography of the famous prima donna, by fellow-Australian Russell Braddon.

● When children run mothers ragged...

It's quite common to hear a mother complain that her child is always in mischief and wears her out. A Home and Family article next week explains why such children are hard on mothers — and tells how to handle them.

● Recipes for school lunches

To help mothers make school lunches interesting, attractive to look at, and filled with wholesome things to eat, there's a special cookery feature on lunches, planned by the Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

● Hayley Mills grows up

In Teenagers' Weekly: A special story about the girl Walt Disney has called "the greatest movie discovery in years." Read how the £20,000-a-year child prodigy is growing up. Hayley is on the cover, too.



AIR·O·ZONE banishes all unpleasant odours!

No matter how careful you are in looking after your home, every room can develop an odour or a lack of freshness. Damp towels or 'nappies' can do it. Cooking can do it. It can stem from cigars, pipes or cigarettes. You can't avoid household odours but you can banish them instantly by spraying Air-O-Zone. Air-O-Zone gives every room an outdoor freshness that lingers for hours. Keep your home 'fresh as a daisy' all the time with Air-O-Zone Pine or new exciting Air-O-Zone Spice! Regular 8/11 — Large 15/11



Air-O-Zone Spice Air-O-Zone Pine

Freshen up your home with Air-O-Zone.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 11, 1961

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

THE Duke of Norfolk and his daughters, Lady Anne, Lady Mary, and Lady Jane Fitzalan-Howard, are flying to Canberra from Melbourne for the traditional cricket match between the Prime Minister's team and the M.C.C. on February 6.

The Duke will make an overnight stay with the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and his family, at "Yarralumla," and his daughters will be guests there until the end of the week.

Prince Richard of Gloucester, who made a visit to Lord De L'Isle the first port of call on his Australian itinerary, may also stay on at "Yarralumla" for the cricket match and see Sir Donald Bradman in action at the wicket, captaining Mr. Menzies' Eleven.

SHORTLY after his arrival here this week, June Finlayson will whisk her English fiance, Ralph Montagu, off to Melbourne to show him as much as she can of the country, and meet Victorian friends who won't be able to come to Sydney for their wedding on February 23. They'll break the journey with stop-overs at "Ardrossan," Holbrook, staying with Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hulme, and also with Mr. and Mrs. Alex Orr, of "Stokefield," Carcarr. June, who is a former "Miss Australia," recently returned from London, where she has become a well-known television personality. She is thrilled at the idea of leaving the bright lights to live in the country after her marriage. Her fiance breeds Friesian cattle and grows beans, strawberries, and sugar beet on his 200 acres at "Old Hall Farm," Ringsfield, Berles, in Suffolk. It has a lovely old manor house, which they are having re-erected and brought up to date with central heating. At her wedding, which will be at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, June will be attended by a South Australian friend, Jill Park, and Martin Kempe is flying from England to be best man. After the ceremony, June's mother, Mrs. J. W. Finlayson, of Vaucluse, will entertain at the Wentworth Hotel. June and Ralph will honeymoon cruise back to England aboard the Northern Star, travelling via Tahiti and Trinidad.

SYDNEY TOWN'S "mostest" party for many, many moons will be the fantastically glamorous "Concourse of Canine Elegance" at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Fairfax on February 22. Even the champagne will be served in an exotic setting. A fountain (non-playing on this occasion) in a courtyard set off with stephanotis twining round Grecian-like pillars flanked by pomegranate trees, jasmine, and gardenia bushes, will be packed with ice and used as a giant cooler for the bottles of bubbly. And the bluest of blue-blooded dogs will parade beside the swimming-pool contesting laurels in three sections, including an event requiring their attendants to dress according to the appearance or personality of the dogs they escort. The function is being arranged by Mrs. Suzanne Du Val, Mrs. Roger Dunlop, Mrs. James Furber, and Mrs. Fairfax for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. "We want to raise £1000 at the party," says Mrs. Fairfax. "And even that will only be a drop in the ocean toward the State's quota of £370,000 in the Commonwealth's drive for £1 million. The money is urgently needed to help under-developed countries to produce more food and assist the United Nations Children's Fund."

FROM New Zealand comes news that Mrs. Dora Birtles, the widow of the late explorer and writer, Francis Birtles, was recently married to Dr. Cyril Long, of Auckland.

THE dinner party Mr. and Mrs. Carl Wison are giving at their home at Darling Point on February 7 to farewell English visitors Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Marten will be candlelit (with orchid-green candles) to emphasise their marvellous view of the harbor in its night-time glory. Mr. and Mrs. Marten, who have been making a six weeks' visit to Australia, are returning to England in the Iberia on February 10.

—MARY COLES



ABOVE. Leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, Mr. John Crichton, of "Kyle," Young, and his bride, formerly Miss Heather Makepeace, of "Eurella," Hay, greeted the bride's nephew, Robert Makepeace, and his sisters, Isabelle and Margaret.



AT RIGHT. Mr. Allan Robertson, of Bellevue Hill, and his bride, formerly Miss Janice Brentnall, of Northwood, cutting the cake at the reception at the Pickwick Club after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. The couple plan to make their home in Scotland.



KISS for Mr. Peter Curtis' bride from Miss Harriet Wilson, who with Miss Margaret Russell (at right) attended the young couple at their wedding at St. Mark's Church. The bride, formerly Miss Gillian Phillips, is the daughter of Mrs. Gilbert Phillips, of Darling Point, and the late Dr. Phillips. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. W. A. Curtis, of Hunter's Hill, and the late Mr. Curtis.

AT RIGHT. After he officiated at the wedding of Mr. Edward Finsten, of Burlington, Lake Ontario, Canada, to Miss Neryl Solomon, of Pymble, Rabbi R. Lubofsky and his wife (at left) sat with the bridal couple at the reception at the Australia Hotel following the ceremony at the Great Synagogue.



TOP MARKS TO

St Mark
QUALITY

9'11

**SEND HER
BACK-TO-SCHOOL
IN PERFECT SHAPE
PERFECT COMFORT...**

TEENS BRA

Styled for firm support, gentle shaping, so important to growing, young figures. Finest no-iron poplin, elastic back. Adjustable straps. AA cup, 30 to 34; A, 30 to 36; B, 32 to 36.

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**Magical uplift
St. MARK SHORTLINE**

14'11

Smart figuring come naturally when you wear St. Mark shortline. Magical supports give perfect uplift and comfort. A, 32 to 36; B, 32 to 38; C or D, 34 to 38.

Prices slightly higher some Country areas.
Northern Territory.

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

FATHER



"Going to a dance?"

MOTHER



"Why are you looking nice, Mum? Who's coming?"

It seems to me

A PARAGRAPH about picture-going in this column last week reminded a friend of mine of the gorgeous birthday treats turned on by her grandmother.

Whenever one of the children had a birthday, grandmother took all of them to the pictures. But not to one show. They made a day of it, saw three programmes at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5 p.m.

In between programmes they ate double special sandwiches.

A gleam of reminiscent pleasure comes into my friend's eye when she tells the story. In the entertainment of children nothing succeeds like excess.

I WAS thinking about childhood pleasures when I read a shocking news item from London.

A ten-year-old boy appeared in a children's court on a charge of truancy. The court was told that he was self-conscious because he was so fat.

The magistrate said: "If there is any more of this silly nonsense you will end up in an approved school. You will find a very plain diet there, and you won't be able to indulge your appetite."

That a man with so little imagination and common sense should be allowed to sit in judgment on children is disgraceful.

Self-consciousness about appearance can mean utter misery to a child. And most small boys can eat enormously without putting on weight. This poor child is obviously one of the exceptions.

STILL on diet, but more cheerfully: I don't care for the sound of the new crash diet advocated in a book by an American doctor recently published in Britain.

The author describes how a young woman reduced by four stone in 18 weeks. The diet: Two chops, including fat, seasoned with pepper, at each of three meals a day for the 18 weeks. Only additions: one small cup of black coffee per meal, a total of six glasses of water between meals.

"Unorthodox," said some British doctors. "Dangerous," said others.

Apart from the danger, imagine the horror of that endless procession of chops.

Besides, a mixed diet of 1200 calories per day would take three stone (at least) off the average person in the same time.

It is true that there are some people who don't show as quick a result for calorie-cutting as others.

When scientists do discover why some people can eat what they like and stay skinny, while others spend their lives with one eye on a weighing-machine, they might find a simple answer for all. And I hope it's not peppered chops.

By



Dorothy Drann

ALTHOUGH this year marks the 175th anniversary of Australia's foundation, there's no need to wait 25 years for the next burst of fireworks.

The 200th anniversary of Captain Cook's arrival in Botany Bay will be a suitable occasion for some full-scale junketing and pageantry.

Year by year Australian celebrations of the kind take on more meaning.

I wouldn't mind being that during the Sesquicentenary festivities in 1988 quite a large proportion of the population couldn't have answered the simplest question about early history.

Today there is genuine and increasing interest, fanned by television.

A few experts have carpied about inaccuracies of character drawing and detail in some of these TV series, but the net result has been a much wider reading public for early diaries and popular histories.

Children, too, learn more Australian history at school than they once did. There was a time when it was very sketchily treated, partly because it lacked the glamour of kings and battles, partly because its interpretation was a tricky matter, leading to accusations of political bias.

It was easy enough to simplify British history into Good Things and Bad Things, and matters for pride, not so easy with the comparatively recent beginnings of this country.

WHEN London fashion designers held their spring showings last week the most applause greeted Ronald Patterson's new line, which he calls the "Slipped Disc."

Courage, another season looms. We'll say farewell to ease, To the comfy slouch in the bellless dress? Remember the old trapeze? We've adjusted to all the varied shapes, the muu-muu, shift, and sack,

And you'll maybe remember a few more names, if your mind goes further back.

The A-line, H-line came and went, to name, at random, two, And followed the rage for the post-war look, the Look that was known as New,

And they're all embalmed in snapshot files. ("Oh, isn't that one a scream?")

"I'd have you know that in '43 it was rated a perfect dream." So we soldier on. It's a point of pride, one must, I think, don't you? But I feel uneasy. The Slipped Disc line could be my Waterloo.



Here's Australia's TOP QUALITY milk

-doubly rich, doubly creamy **NESTLÉ'S IDEAL MILK!**

It's Australia's richest, purest milk! From the very cream of the country's finest dairying centres, IDEAL comes to you farm-fresh — with only the water content lessened. IDEAL milk is evaporated to double-richness. No wonder you can give your family the concentrated nourishment of

IDEAL milk every day — in so many ways. Its *creaminess*, its smooth even texture, its purity and richness make it perfect for pouring straight from the can. And you'll find that Nestlé's IDEAL milk is perfect too, for cooking, whenever milk is needed.

Blue Ribbon Suggestions: Try the three ways shown below, for enjoying Ideal — Australia's top quality milk!



In your coffee! Here's *real* milk coffee without the fuss of boiling-over saucepans of milk. All coffee is richer, more satisfying with IDEAL — Australia's top-quality milk!



At breakfast time! Morning cereals stay crisper! They're tastier and they're better for you, when you pour on the concentrated nourishment of doubly-rich, doubly creamy IDEAL milk.



Simple dessert — and luscious! Slice up fresh fruit, or open canned fruit. Then pour on rich, creamy IDEAL milk! Serve IDEAL milk often. It's the best your money can buy!



SOMEBODY DIDN'T LOOK FOR THE

SANFORIZED
SHRUNK FABRIC

LABEL

The fit's the thing... fit is so much a part of fashion that a size that washes away can be disastrous to the appearance and comfort of a cotton garment. Fabric labelled **SANFORIZED*** has been wash-tested to make sure that it conforms to all shrinkage requirements. Look for the 'SANFORIZED' Shrink Fabric label on shirts, shorts, overalls, work trousers, jeans, dresses, and pyjamas. Look before you buy — it is your guarantee that the garment will keep its fit, permanently!

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13/62 CP

WORTH REPORTING

ONE HUNDRED years ago "The Old Courthouse," at Cleveland, 18 miles from Brisbane, dispensed summary justice. Today it dispenses summery afternoon teas and dinner by candlelight.

English writers Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edmunds, formerly of Somerset, have converted the old building into a charming restaurant decorated with antiques and relics collected on their travels.

Bob and Margo Edmunds first met when working on the film script of "French Without Tears" in London.

They were married in Las Vegas, Nevada, by a cowboy sheriff, while Bob was under contract to M.G.M.

Back in England they continued their writing careers and their hobby of restoring old houses.

Bob has written scripts for Walt Disney, George Formby, and Gracie Fields. We have published Margo's short stories.

Two years ago they decided to come to Australia. They found Cleveland and the old courthouse and fell in love with both.

The story of the courthouse goes back to the 1840s when the squatters of Limestone (Ipswich) were trying to promote Cleveland as the capital of Queensland in preference to Brisbane.

They wished to overcome the cost of lightening their wool down the Brisbane River.

The Bigge Brothers bought



● **Kate Edmunds, 13, serving Dr. Meredith Foxton and Mrs. Colin Savage in a cell of an old courthouse, converted into a restaurant by her parents, at Cleveland, Qld.**

the site of the courthouse for £13/7/9. In 1859 Francis Bigge rented the building to the Police Commissioner as a courthouse and police station for £40 a year.

Anglican church services also were conducted there, and Mrs. Francis (Nancy) Bigge held Sunday School classes for the Cleveland children before St. Paul's Church was built.

At the turn of the century, the courthouse became a private dwelling.

Its restoration by the Edmunds' has given it new life, but the old look has been preserved.

Members of the Queensland Women's Historical Association helped with historical souvenirs and documents for the walls.

THERE'S an interesting story behind the Silver Fish awarded to Sydney Girl Guide leader Miss Nancy Kemp.

While visiting Japan, the late Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Guide and Scout movements, discovered that when a son was born the parents hung a small fish on their door. This meant the boy child could swim successfully upstream through the currents of life.

If a daughter was born, a tiny doll was hung on the door, indicating that the girl would be fit only for raising a family.

Lord Baden-Powell decided then to make the Silver Fish the highest award for Guides to show that girls are just as capable as boys of battling against odds.

Sweater "paintings"

"VERY SMART PEOPLE" have been keeping warm this winter in London by "wearing" abstract paintings.

The painting designs have been knitted into sweaters by textile designer John Cardo Doughty.

Sweaters have been marketed in striking red, white, and black, based on Piet Mondrian's works.

But when Mr. Cardo Doughty tried to make the sweaters from a painting by Ben Nicholson, a leading London abstract artist, he stirred up trouble.

Mr. Nicholson, whose paintings sell in London for about £2000, was annoyed.

"I have not been asked for permission," he said, "and I would not give it."

"The painting is in the Tate Gallery," Mr. Cardo Doughty retorted. "I feel it is public property."

Besides, he said, Nicholson was, without doubt, Britain's best abstract artist, and his work should be echoed.

The controversy hasn't sorted itself out yet, but young London artist Sara Leighton, who has one of the sweaters, is all for it.

"It's the funniest thing to happen to an abstract painting," she said, "but I love it."

★ ★ ★
"SURE a man is incomplete until he's married," the young husband was saying. "Then he's finished."

WHAT IS THE BABY SAYING?



HAVE you ever wondered what a baby might say if he could talk? There's a chance to think up some bright remarks in our "Baby Talk" contest — with the opportunity to try for cash prizes totalling £50 each week.

The ice-cream-smeared small boy pictured at left is the third in our contest series.

He could be a Man of History, like Nelson ("Kiss me, Hardy"). Or perhaps he's the withdrawn type ("Touch me and I scream!").

But we'd like to see what you think he's saying. Please keep your caption short and to the point (not more than 15 words), write it on the coupon below, and send it to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each must be written on a separate coupon.

The caption judged the brightest and most apt will receive £20. There's £10 for the runner-up, plus two awards of £5 each and five of £2.

"Baby Talk" Contest No. 3 will close on February 27. The winners will be announced in our issue dated March 20.

HOW TO ENTER

1. On the coupon provided, write a caption of not more than 15 words for this baby picture.
2. You may send in as many entries as you like, but each entry must be on a separate coupon.
3. Please write or print clearly and address entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 3 close on FEBRUARY 27. Winners will be announced in our issue dated March 20.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 13, 1962

COUPON

"BABY TALK" CONTEST No. 3

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

THE BABY IS SAYING:

Artists in the kitchen

● Garrets used to be the place to find artists. Now you discover them in the kitchen, where, piping-bag in hand, the mistress of the house practises the art of cake-decorating.

FOR her, the proof of the cake is in the icing; icing is the medium through which her creative instinct can come to the fore with a clear conscience.

No one can accuse her of wasting time. Not only can she have her work of art for art's sake, but she—and the family—can eat it, too.

Most marvels of wrought royal icing, however, look almost too good to eat. They entail not hours but days of work, and require painting and sculpturing talent of a high order.

This high standard of talent delighted the judges of our Cake-decorating Con-

test. (The winning cakes are featured on pages 29 to 35.)

The big number of entries show that cake-decorating—once the domain of the professional pastrycook—has grown from a hobby for a few artistic housewives into a craze for an enormous number.

Courses in cake-decorating run for adults by evening colleges throughout Australia have helped foster enthusiasm.

"They're terribly popular," said Mrs. Bernice Vercoe, who has been a teacher of cake-decorating at the Sutherland Shire Evening College held at Port

Hacking High School for the past 10 years.

"I have all ages—from teenagers to over 60s."

Though it helps if a pupil has an artistic bent, almost anyone can be trained to become a competent cake-decorator.

"I have taught pupils who are so nervous that their hands shake all the time," said Mrs. Vercoe. "But they can always steady the working hand with the other hand, and sometimes they turn out to be experts."

For the expert, cake-decorating is a hobby which can earn a little pin-money.

Cash prizes can be won in competitions at agricultural

shows. The enterprising housewife-decorator can take icing orders from neighbors.

Generally, however, it is not a paying proposition.

"A really good job featuring some of the more intricate and delicate work," said Leila Howard, our cookery expert, "takes so many hours that you could never get your money back if you were to charge for time spent."

Mrs. Joan Stevens, of Parkes, N.S.W., who won first prize in the Novelty Cake section, finds it stimulates her imagination and tests her powers of ingenuity.

"I work at night," she said, "when the children are out of the way. I do need peace and quiet for it."

Although some of her more intricate cakes take as long as 12 evenings, her Storybook Cottage Cake took her only three evenings.

"I made the cake to raffle for the Far West Children's Home Christmas Appeal Fund," said Mrs. Stevens.

Mrs. A. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W., winner of a £3 prize, took up cake-decorating six years ago on doctor's orders.

"I was losing my hearing," she said, "and my nerves were so bad the doctor recommended the cake-



MRS. JOAN STEVENS, of Parkes, N.S.W. (first prize, Novelty Cake), decorates cakes for charity. Her own three children prefer plain sponge cakes—without icing.

PRIZEWINNERS:

Section One (Wedding Cake): First prize (£10), Mrs. M. Fradd, 44 Beatty St., Linden Park, S.A.; second prize (£5), Mrs. B. Pike, 68 Lambeth St., Panania, N.S.W.; special prize (£10), Mrs. M. Elphick, 3 Penong Ave., Burnside, S.A.
Section Two (Celebration Cake): First prize (£10), Miss J. Irvin, 24 Laura St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.; second prize (£5), Mrs. D. Cassidy, 32 Forest Rd., Launceston, Tas.
Section Three (Novelty Cake): First prize (£10), Mrs. J. Stevens, 37 Bushman St., Parkes, N.S.W.; second prize (£5), Miss B. M. Webster, 140 Edward St., Charleville, Qld.

£3 Prizes: Mrs. N. Matthews, 19 Daisy St., Chatswood, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. Haupt, 1 Stewart St., North Bundaberg, Qld.; Miss G. Deighton, 162 Sussex St., Maryborough, Qld.; Mrs. H. Jelbart, "St. Buryan," Allectown, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. Rawlin, 556 Beryl St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.; Miss D. Murdoch, 10 Creek St., Oakley, Qld.; Mrs. M. Longbottom, Box 125, Minlaton, S.A.; Mrs. M. Elphick, 3 Penong Ave., Burnside, S.A.; Mrs. G. Stack, 45 New Town Rd., Hobart; Mrs. A. Oldfield, 108 Lambeth St., Panania, N.S.W.; Mrs. V. Cassidy, 9 Garfield St., Launceston, Tas.

(All the cakes, except those by Mrs. V. Cassidy and Mrs. Oldfield, are pictured on pages 29 to 35.)

decorating course to take my mind off myself."

Since then Mrs. Oldfield has become a very successful winner of the traditional wedding, christening, and birthday cake sections at Sydney's Royal Easter Show.

Money she earned winning competitions and taking orders from neighbors has gone a long way toward pay-

ing for a successful operation to restore her hearing.

Mrs. Oldfield is proud of Mrs. Betsey Pike, who lives in the same street.

Mrs. Pike (winner of second prize in the Wedding Cake section) first attended evening classes in cake-decorating five years ago, but brushed up on the subject recently in a few sessions with Mrs. Oldfield.



Varicose veins may not show yet, but . . .
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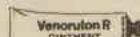
Varicose veins are sometimes painful, always unpleasant and certainly unsightly. They can affect your health, your appearance and consequently your happiness, so at the first sign of trouble, see your family chemist. He'll advise: Venoruton P4 Drops and Ointment!

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An hour in the divorce court

● "Divorce Court," Channel 9's new continuing series show, is unusual — it was made to do good as well as to entertain.

IT'S good to be said to come from stressing the tragedy of divorce and in making viewers look at their own marriage in an effort to solve their troubles.

Having read this in early publicity, I went to a preview a bit reluctantly. My experience is that shows with two objectives generally fall with a ghastly thud between two stools.

"Divorce Court" does not do this. It is an absorbing slice of life, an hour spent in a divorce court.

The cases heard are re-enactments of actual cases, using the facts brought out in evidence when the cases were heard in a Los Angeles divorce court.

Each episode is said to be completely unhearsd. I always doubt this claim, because I feel that making a TV show is too expensive to submit to such a hazard.

Having seen "Divorce Court," I feel the "completely unhearsd" claim could well be truer than such statements usually are.

Actors and actresses are used in all cases except for the presiding judge, Voltaire Perkins, and the attorneys who appear in the cases.

No script

Practising Southern Californian attorneys appear anonymously as counsel, and the judge, Voltaire Perkins, is Professor of Law at Southwestern University, and has also been a practising attorney for 25 years.

With these exceptions the experienced actors in the cast are unhampered by scripted dialogue. They are given only two lists of facts.

One list contains facts revealed openly in court by witnesses in the case; the other has facts that were ultimately and reluctantly revealed in court.

Having received the facts, the actors simply talk over the case with their attorneys beforehand as they would in real life. The story is brought out in evidence and cross-examination.

If you are thinking that this is another "Consider Your Verdict," you are quite wrong.

"Divorce Court" was obviously the inspiration for "Consider Your Verdict," but it is far better.

One of the things about the show that makes it very real is the absence of the movie dressing.

There wasn't a glimpse of pink, a lacquered hairdo, an ultra-fashionable dress to



Dear Lord, please make Mama and Papa stop fighting cause it's hard to take sides when you love them both.

● This picture, a reproduction of one hanging outside the Los Angeles Court of Domestic Relations, will appear before each episode of Channel 9's new series "Divorce Court."

be seen in the first episode.

Another interesting thing is the vast difference it shows between American and British courts.

British justice calls a spade a spade. It calls its divorce court a divorce court, but the Los Angeles court calls its divorce court the Domestic Relations Court.

But illustrating this difference even more is the picture above.

When I saw it in the opening scenes of "Divorce Court" hanging outside the doors of the courtroom, I felt the producer had gone just too far by introducing such a homely and unreal note to a court.

It is not unreal. This homely picture does hang outside the Los Angeles courtroom — so different from the carved majesty of the British Coat of Arms.

REVIEWS OF NEW FILMS

With KIRSTEN WARD

★★ SPOTLIGHT ON MURDER

Seven heirs to a missing count search for an ancient hiding place in a castle, as they cannot inherit unless his body is found. Intrigue develops as one of the party devises a series of "perfect crimes" to get rid of rival heirs — but later falls into a trap. K.Y.—Metro-Continental, Sydney.

In a word . . . TENSE.

★★ THE AMOROUS PRAWN

The first half drags a bit, but it livens up when the General (Cecil Parker) returns to his elegant military headquarters in Scotland to find that his wife has turned it into a hotel catering for wealthy Americans. It's not the funniest film Britain has produced, but it has its moments.—Lyceum, Sydney.

In a word . . . O.K.

★ THE PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER

If this was a little less gruesome it would be a commendable adventure in the Boy's Own style. There's a small band of pirates (complete with eye-patches, gaudy clothes, and parrots) who raid a small religious settlement in search of treasure. —Capitol, Sydney.

In a word . . . GORY.

★ MOON PILOT

A juvenile science fiction film in which a handsome, bewildered astronaut is chased by a beautiful, foreign girl who tries to convince him she isn't a spy. As it turns out she's a girl from another planet come to earth to help him. Youngsters may like it. —Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . SO-SO.

Full Royal coverage

EVERY televiwer in Sydney will have a State Premier's view of the Queen and Prince Philip at all the official ceremonies planned for their arrival in Australia and their visit to Sydney and Canberra.

The three TV channels have combined into one giant Royal channel for the occasions, which means direct live telecasts, uninterrupted with channel identification or advertisements.

You will get exactly the same programme when the Royal channel is operating, whether you switch to Channel 2, 3, 7, or 9.

The Royal channel opens with the arrival of the Queen in Australia on February 18 at Fairbairn Aerodrome, Canberra, at 2.25 p.m.

This is followed by a live telecast of her welcome at "Yarralumla," Government House, Canberra, at 3.10 that afternoon. The same night viewers may see the reception at Parliament House, Canberra, from 9.25.

From then on the coverage is all by film until February 23, when the Queen and Prince Philip go to Flemington Racecourse, Victoria, for the Queen's Cup and the Duke of Edinburgh Stakes.

Their arrival at 2.15 p.m. will be telecast live; also the important races.

The Sydney visit is really getting the full treatment.

Channel 9's team of ocean-going TV specialists, who are noted for their coverage of the start of the Sydney-Hobart yacht race, will put to sea and meet the Britannia outside Sydney Heads at 9.15 a.m. on March 2.

From then on the Royal channel will be telecasting continuously until midday at least. Viewers will see the harbor progress, the official arrival, landing and welcome at the Overseas Terminal in Circular Quay, the Royal Progress to the Archibald Fountain in Hyde Park, and the civic reception.

Sydney pageant

On March 2, at 8.40 p.m., the Pageant of Nationhood will be telecast from Sydney Showground.

There are no telecasts on Sunday, March 3, but all official occasions, including the controversial Schoolchildren's Assembly, will be telecast on Monday, March 4, right through to the couple's departure in Britannia at 5.15 p.m.

When a Royal channel operates, each channel does



● Princess Panda, of "The Happy Show," always wears a tiara on camera.

certain telecasts using their own equipment and commentators, and transmitting direct to all channels.

This means that ABC-TV viewers will be treated to well-known commercial voices; commercial channels will hear the well-modulated unemotional voices of the ABC-TV announcers.

Inside TV the big plum round the channels is the job of Royal commentator.

Roger Climpson has the honor on Channel 9, Channel 7 will use Harry Dearth and Leon Becker, Channel 2 Martin Royal and Bruce Webster, and it is probable that Diana Ward will also do some telecasts.

I was surprised that Michael Charlton, superb on such occasions, didn't get a guernsey from the A.B.C.; surprised, too, about the possible inclusion of Diana Ward.

Getting back to the Schoolchildren's Assembly on Monday, March 4, at 11.30 a.m., I feel sure there are going to be many bitterly disappointed children when the Queen appears without her crown.

Official portraits of the Queen and of Princess Panda of Channel 7's "The Happy Show" will be mainly responsible for this.

Princess Panda never appears without her tiara. The kids adore her, and love the "crown" she wears.

She's just an ordinary fairy princess, but, although she doesn't approach in glamor the image the kids have of the Queen, she certainly has educated them to the wearing of what they think is a crown.

The prettiest hat in the world won't compensate for the absence of the crown or a tiara, I'm sure.



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READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 13, 1963

RUSSELL BRADDON'S exciting life story of the world's top prima donna —and the man behind her



JOAN SUTHERLAND with her husband, Richard Bonynge—a recent photograph.

- When Joan Sutherland was very young and her school in Sydney was casting its annual play, she expressed a passionate desire to be a fairy. "Oh, Joan," her teacher said, "you can't, darling; you're too big." So they made her a giant.

JOAN, a strong child of square build, weighed six stone before her sixth birthday.

Her mother, Muriel Alston, had married a widower, William Sutherland, master tailor, emigre Scot, father already of four children. She presented him with two more: first Barbara, and then, in 1926, Joan—who, at birth, weighed an ominous 11½ lb.

The Sutherland house was an entrancing one for any child. Two storeys high, it sat 111 stone steps above the blue waters of the harbor at Point Piper. The house was mortgaged, admittedly, but this was not a matter to worry a child's mind. Much more important was the private harbor-side beach that lay at the bottom of those 111 steps—a beach on which father Sutherland took his three young children swimming at six o'clock every summer's morning.

And to the children, Jim, Barbara, and Joan, the other inhabitants of their house were wholly satisfying. The father, stern but fair, tall, and grey-haired. The mother, big-boned, stoical, and the possessor of a lovely voice to which they listened as she practised every day. Experts say hers was a glorious mezzo-soprano voice; a voice

which, had she chosen, could have brought her operatic fame. But she had never chosen.

"No," she always said. "I don't want all that!"

Then there was Nancy, who worked in an office; Ailsa, who was a dental nurse; and Heather, who was a student of architecture. And for Joan there was half-brother Jim, eight years older than she; and sister Barbara, four years older—an unusually graceful child. A large family. A good, church-going, Presbyterian family in a good suburb in a stolidly sea-bejewelled city which only occasionally took time off to lament growing unemployment.

In this environment Joan flourished. As a baby she never cried; as an infant she was sweet-natured and fat; as a little girl she was sweet-natured and very fat. Whenever her mother practised her vocalises Joan sat beside her at the piano, ankles entwined, straight-backed, imitating the sounds her mother made; the way her mother breathed.

At no time was she any trouble to anyone. Mrs. Sutherland might have difficulties with her stepdaughters and arguments with Barbara, but Joan was always obedient, undemanding, and self-effacing.

As the 'thirties arrived the dole queues grew longer and Jack Lang, as Labor Premier of New South Wales, grew more infuriating to his critics, who formed militant organisations of opposition and even contemplated civil war.

William Sutherland quietly double-mortgaged his home, continued making excellent suits for lawyers and doctors who could not pay him because their clients and patients could not pay them—and let the family see no sign of the crushing financial fears that oppressed him. He remained strict, but fair. Every Sunday he took them all to church, where he prayed that life might become more secure—and then, lustily but very flat, sang hymns.

IN this atmosphere of security and love and music, Joan remained a sweet and placid child.

For her sixth birthday her parents gave her a new bathing-suit of green and white and a pair of red shoes. On the morning of that day her father took her for a swim, but afterwards he collapsed at the top of those 111 stone steps and died from a heart attack.

William Sutherland's only assets were the many unpaid bills for the suits he had made,

a doubly mortgaged house, and a widespread respect for himself as a man. None of these, however, can support a family. By 1933 the three older girls had moved into a flat of their own; Jim had gone into digs and taken a job; and Mrs. Sutherland, with her two daughters, had returned to her old family home.

For the loss of her father and the abrupt parting from Heather, whom she adored, Joan was partly compensated by a growing intimacy with Barbara—now a beautiful girl—and by the atmosphere of slight distress that enshrouded her new home.

This home had been a fine example of Victorian architecture, built in partnership with his father, by her grandfather, who had made a lot of money erecting not only private homes but also public institutions—among them a most forbidding lunatic asylum at Callan Park. Though the money, in the complexities of wills and marriages, had trickled away from the original Alston family, their old home, and some were graceful but now near-derelict houses in Paddington and Surry Hills, still remained to them. In the former were two charming rooms to delight any little girl.

First of all there was Mrs. Sutherland's older sister, Bloss. She had been christened

Joan Sutherland

EVEN AT 16 she had a fantastic voice. She also weighed 16 stone, suffered from chronic sinusitis, and had appalling teeth. It was her courage, and her husband's guidance, that transformed this gawky girl into a superlative actress-singer.

PART ONE

Annie Ethel, but her brother had nicknamed her Blossom — a name in Australia more commonly reserved for horses and cows. She was tall, spare, immensely independent of nature, and good-humored.

And then there was Uncle Tom. Uncle Tom did not work: he never had. Allegedly he looked after the affairs of the Alston properties: but, since the Alston properties consisted of liabilities on the one hand and the Woollahra house in which he and Bloss — and now Mrs. Sutherland and her children — lived on the other, he simply did not work.

This, however, did not mean that he was a dull or lazy man. On the contrary, he had an endless repertoire of rather vulgar Edwardian ditties—ranging from "My old Woman's an Awful Boozier" to "Twas Only the Leaf of a Rosebud, But it Changed the Whole Course of My Life"—which he sang constantly and in which he was enthusiastically supported by Bloss and Mrs. Sutherland—the latter of whom, as well as her classical works, also had an extensive music-hall repertoire.

JUST as the mood of Joan's home life had now changed, so did its tempo. She was sent to her first school and there proved herself quick to learn. She was soon able to read and developed a taste for sad stories — and her passion to be a fairy in the annual school play.

Every year after the first refusal she would beg to be allowed to be a fairy and all the other children would laugh, because each year she had grown even bigger than she had been the year before. So always she was required to play the part of the giant, or the wolf, or the ugly sister. Amiable as ever, she did what she was told, but there was left in her heart a wild craving to portray from the stage something prettier—and, if possible, sadder. Finding nothing pretty or sad in wolves, giants, and ugly sisters, she sang her mother's sad, pretty songs instead.

Two people liked her singing. The first was a woman with blue bows of silk on her wrists who ran the Fairy Godmother's Hour for children on a Sydney radio station. Twice she used Joan on this programme, but then Mrs. Sutherland, who considered public performances bad for children, decided that twice was enough. Instead she sent her daughter to a music-teacher to learn pianoforte, which is not nearly so satisfying to any child as playing fairies or singing on the radio.

TO WRITE this biography, Russell Braddon spent two years in the company of Joan Sutherland and her husband as they travelled about the world. Like the singer, Braddon was born in Sydney. He was a Japanese-held prisoner-of-war in World War II, and since then has written a succession of best-selling books.

The second was the ice-man. Joan had become very fond of the ice-man, and whenever he delivered ice he would sing duets with her—in spite of the abuse and cat-calls of rude small boys in the street outside —thereby giving him the rare distinction of being the one ice-man in the world ever to have sung frequent duets with a future prima donna.

In 1934 she went to St. Catherine's Church of England School for Girls at Waverley and there settled down to the unspectacular routine of education. She proved herself a good pupil and, in her early years, won prizes. It was French and sport that later were to be her stumbling-blocks. For the one she seemed to have no ear or brain at all; for the other she was much too fat. At the age of 13 she began to feel a little out of things.

Both Joan and her sister Barbara were not as healthy as they might have been. Barbara was by now too highly strung and epileptic as well, and at 17 suffered the awful despair of a beautiful girl who felt ostracised by the torments of her own mind. Since she and her mother were quite unable to understand each other, she confided her fears in loyal, placid Joan, who, being young and unassertive, could find no words of comfort.

Meantime, Joan herself, from the age of five, had been increasingly affected by blocked sinuses, chronic earache, and bad teeth. At first her mother had thought that infected tonsils were the cause of the trouble and had taken her to a specialist.

"That child," the specialist had said, "has the most perfect vocal cords I have ever seen. She must never have any operation that might damage them." At 11, therefore, she retained both her tonsils and her perfect vocal cords, but her sinuses, ears, and teeth were, all of them, in a ruinous and often painful condition. So much so that she had already come to accept pain and ill-health as normal conditions not to be complained of.

THE war came. The Japanese advanced through Malaya, and brother Jim became a prisoner-of-war.

Because all of Australia's men seemed to be in the forces, employers found themselves hopelessly understaffed. One of them, who ran a picture-frame factory, was a friend of Uncle Tom's. To the surprise of all, Uncle Tom decided to help—and went to work. He continued to work all the rest of the war and long after it and enjoyed every moment of it.

"How'd I ever put up with a houseful of women all day?" he asked his sisters and nieces repeatedly. "Never again."

For Joan 1942 passed with voluntary work in canteens; with daydreams—as she sat alone on the swing under the camphor-laurel tree in her back garden—about how one day she would sing in the Sydney Town Hall, and with a growing lack of interest in her piano studies.

"If you won't apply yourself properly—instead of just accompanying yourself while you sing—you'd better give it up," her



● In Handel's opera "Alicia" at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. With Miss Sutherland is Margreta Elkins, also of Sydney.

mother snapped. Joan said nothing. What can a 16-year-old girl with a square face and mousy hair and bad teeth and a weight of 16 stone say on such occasions? That she was imagining herself as Grace Moore in "One Night Of Love," or as Miliza Korjus or Jeanette MacDonald or Deanna Durbin in any of their gorgeous musical films? Hardly. Joan had reached the age where such pipe-dreams, though still permissible, could never again be confessed.

She had reached the age where she realised that, just as all she did at school tennis matches was sit and umpire, so all she would ever do at dances and parties would be to sit and watch.

About this she neither complained nor allowed her hurt to be seen. She just withdrew from all social activities that might embarrass her. She did not attempt to dance. She refrained from going swimming. She avoided meeting new people. Instead, she left school, planned with her mother how she would train both at a secretarial college (so that she might earn her living) and at a school of tailoring (so that she could make her own clothes), and sat on the swing under the camphor-laurel tree singing to the birds in the large, rich voice she had inherited from Mrs. Sutherland.

Joan was quick to learn at both the secretarial and tailoring schools. By the end of 1942 she could type fast and accurately, could take down rapid dictation in shorthand, and could make her own clothes. This latter, with regrettable lack of flair either for color or style, she then proceeded to do.

In 1944 she took her first job as a typist with the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research at Sydney University making out reports on radar and meteorology.

When the war ended she worked for a firm of country suppliers. Surrounded by rabbit-traps and combine harvesters she took down and typed endless letters about rabbit-traps and combine harvesters. This was not the sort of position which would seem likely to appeal to a girl still infatuated with sad romantic stories and operatic music, but Joan was not fussy. She had to earn her own living; it did not matter much to her where she earned it.

What did matter was a newspaper advertisement she read one day. It announced that a certain John and Aida Dickens were

offering a two-year singing scholarship to the winner of a forthcoming competition to be held by them.

"Do you think I could enter?" Joan asked her mother.

"You please yourself, dear," Mrs. Sutherland told her.

Along with 40 others, Joan did enter, and quite soon afterwards found herself summoned to Paling's studios, in the centre of Sydney, there to sing to John and Aida Dickens.

WHEN her turn came she entered the studio. John Dickens, tall, moustached, looked terrifyingly stern as he stood by the piano. His wife, sitting at the piano, though kindly, seemed altogether professional.

Joan wore a brown costume that accentuated every pound of her considerable weight; her make-up consisted only of lipstick—and that applied more with hasty optimism than the intention of cosmetic art—and her hair, of nondescript color, was clamped into ill-arranged bobby-pins. As they looked at her she blushed scarlet and quite obviously longed to be anywhere but where she was. But then, as Aida began to play, she sang.

Standing there like a rock she poured over her astonished examiners a mezzo-soprano voice of extraordinary richness and power and technique. Now all the years she had spent, from infancy onwards, sitting beside her mother as she practised vocalises, had their reward. Instinctively she breathed as her mother had breathed; supported her voice as her mother had done; reproduced the pure tones of her mother's voice. Soaring through the somewhat hackneyed notes of "Softly Awakes My Heart" she banished from both Dickens' minds the possibility of any other entrant winning their scholarship.

When she left them they turned to each other in glee.

"This," declared John, "is absolutely marvellous."

A few days later Joan was called to a neighbor's telephone. She ran across the road. Almost at once she was back.

"Mummy," she shouted, "Mummy—I've won!" She had sung to the birds for the last time.

The entire family took immense pride in Joan's success, perhaps the more so because

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she had never before done anything, except to be sweet and dutiful, in the least unexpected. Straight away she began her two-year period of free tuition.

John Dickens and his family had been thoroughly trained in music and singing. His grandfather, Otto Vogt, had been a cathedral organist in Melbourne, and had even taught the organ to a hoydenish small girl called Nellie Mitchell. This child—who, promptly at the end of her organ lesson, would gallop down to the Yarra River, strip off, and swim nude with the local boys—had always terrified Grandfather Vogt.

"Never leave me alone in the cathedral with her," he instructed.

Later she changed her name from Mitchell to Melba.

Aida Dickens had sung and played professionally.

JOAN, in her early months of her newly won scholarship, felt little sympathy or warm gratitude for John Dickens. He perpetually terrified her and his restlessly paced harangues made her hate him.

He had almost at once decided that, even though she could produce a massively plummy tone at

from page 19

the bottom of her mezzo-soprano voice, she was in fact singing in the wrong register. He ordered her to sing higher scales.

"I can't," she objected.

"Don't say you can't; you haven't even tried," he roared, so that she burst into tears and Aida had to comfort her.

"Now," insisted John, "try it."

Loathing him, she tried it, and at once confirmed him in his decision. From then onwards, stead-

ily and ruthlessly, and not at all to Mrs. Sutherland's pleasure, the Dickens' lifted her voice.

"I can't sing this," she would object; "it's got a G in it."

"Try it!" John would bellow, and make her sing for hours.

"I can't do any more."

"Well, if you can't practise for three hours you'll never be a singer," he taunted.

"I hate you," she vowed, but went on singing.

Endlessly the process of enlarging her voice went on, and even

John had to admire her capacity for work, for which she gave up everything including her escapade visits to the cinema. Life now consisted of nothing but a job among the combine harvesters during the day, practising her singing at night, lessons twice a week, and listening to concerts. That she worked so hard as much from fear of meeting people as out of virtue, John did not know. He only knew that no one could have worked harder. Pitilessly he flogged on the willing horse.

"Have confidence," he would insist.

"You're a soprano, not a contralto," he would nag.

And Joan would glower at him and wish him dead. Then she would go home and practise as he had told her to. But as she approached the studio for her next lesson she would pray devoutly: "Please, God, let him not be there."

He always was, though, in that year of 1945; and steadily her voice edged upwards from mezzo-soprano to steady soprano. She entered several music competitions and won a few minor prizes, which, though they had no great artistic significance, gave her a little more confidence.

"Confidence is what you want," John asserted to the girl who hated her own clothes and shape, but could alter neither.

Joan's own health, although she had the constitution of an ox, continued to be bad—never bad enough to stop her practising; never bad enough to make her complain; but bad enough, 14 years later, almost to cripple her and destroy her voice.

It was still the antruma, sinuses, and ears that were affected; and, in consequence, she had fallen quite naturally into the habit of going to a specialist, once a fortnight so that he could insert a needle up her nostril, puncture the antrum, and wash out the matter which clogged and infected every cavity and tube in her head. She accepted this unpleasantness as one of the normal hazards of life—which was as well, because it was the best that medical science at that time could offer her—and disregarded it. Thus, to a strenuous capacity for work she added a second discipline—the stoic endurance of pain.

NOW the Dickens' suggested that she must learn languages and study stage movements. Obediently she renewed her past and fretful acquaintance with French and, with no sense of conviction at all, joined the Rathbone Academy of Dramatic Art, run by Judy Rathbone Lawless, a journalist and language teacher from England.

Before the first lesson Miss Lawless asked her to read a verse that ran:

"Is it far to the Spa?"

Said Father Barr.

"Not very far,

In the Motor Car."

Flatly Joan read the lines. Dismally Miss Lawless' ear recorded a pronounced Australian accent and an even more pronounced Australian aversion to any of those lip movements necessary to clarity of diction.

"Again," she ordered.

"Is it far to the bar . . ." Joan began.

"To the Spa, dear!" Miss Lawless corrected. "Don't worry. It's a very Australian mistake!"

Joan was not put at ease by the Englishwoman's humor. She felt huge and uncomfortable.

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● Author Russell Braddon (right) with the singer and her husband at their villa in Switzerland.

"Can I take my shoes off?" she asked. "Do," said Miss Lawless; and made a mental note that the girl was ashamed of her own tallness. She also decided, however, that the request indicated a latent spark of joyous abandon which should be capable of encouragement.

The year wore on and then came "The Sun" Aria Contest — which Joan had twice entered already.

When John Dickens gave her his last bit of advice before the contest she nervously confessed to the embarrassment she always felt at her own size.

"Move about, Joan," he urged. "The moment you appear on that platform, your performance begins."

"But I feel so big," she wailed. "And my hands — I just want to get rid of them."

"Your size isn't detrimental," he insisted. "It's an asset."

"Why?" "Small people on a stage look tiny. Tall people fill it."

"I'll fill it all right," she muttered grimly.

"What're you going to wear, dear?" Aida asked.

"Black velvet."

"And nice, long, white gloves," Aida insisted.

So that, on the night, Joan arrived in black velvet and long white gloves. No other contestant wore gloves.

"Think I'll take the damned things off."

"No, they give you something the others haven't got."

"Sure," said Joan. "Gloves!"

"Leave 'em on," John ordered. And, when her turn came to sing, the gloves did lend an air of self-possession. More, she moved tolerably well and sang gloriously.

Joan won the contest and banked the prizemoney.

"You never know," she announced to John Dickens, half jokingly, half seriously, "I might win some more later and be able to go to 'England.'"

SINCE 1946 Joan had had a new job. Again her employers were country wholesalers. Most important was the senior director's generous enthusiasm for her singing. "Pop" Clyde made it as easy as he could for her to study, giving her time off whenever she asked for it.

She now, faintly to her surprise, had some friends. She had joined the Affiliated Music Clubs of New South Wales and was quite often asked to sing at their monthly concerts, which were presented to audiences half suspicious, half shanghaied, in one dreary suburban hall after another. There she met and was accepted by the numerous other youngsters who performed.

One of them was a shy, good-looking boy with dark hair and brown eyes and—it was prophesied—a great future as a pianist. He often accompanied her when she sang and his name was Richard Bonyng.

As generous in helping her as anyone else were John and Aida Dickens. As soon as Joan's two-year scholarship period was completed they continued to teach her free.

Now she was getting ready for the Mobil Quest. Last time in this contest she had won third prize. This time she wanted the Vacuum Oil Company's first prize—£1000. And one did not win £1000 just by opening one's mouth and singing. Phrasing, breathing, and every other department of technique had to be as perfect as possible to win that prize.

The money, however, was not any longer her only motive for wanting to win the Mobil Quest competition. Barbara was another; beautiful Barbara and her fanatical faith in the talent of her sister. Now this faith had to be justified, because Barbara, at last too far tormented by her unfathomable illness, had one day gone to the heights of South Head and there had jumped to her death. Mrs. Sutherland had rung Joan at work and said simply, "You'd better come home."

TO be overwhelmed, by grief was not in the nature of either mother or sister. The mother had never understood this striking, headstrong girl who had just died: the sister had never been able to help enough to prevent the appalling torment that must have prompted her last, desperate, solitary jump. So slamming the door on an intrusive, inquisitive, and remorseless Press they had kept their grief to themselves. But a first prize in the next Mobil Quest would be something at least to offer Barbara in return for her years of implacable confidence in Joan's future.

Not that Barbara was the only one who had confidence.

"If you win," said her mother's music-loving cousin John, who was always looking for excuses to give his lonely niece presents, "I'll double the prizemoney."

That meant that if she won she would have £2000, plus her "Sun" Aria Contest prize, plus her savings. Enough to go to England. And if she went to England, maybe, one day, if only in the chorus, she would sing at Covent Garden. Suddenly deciding that, as a career, she would much prefer singing to stenography, she gave her job up.

Now she worked harder than ever with John and Aida, and sometimes she sang for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Meanwhile, others of her Music Club friends were branching out—among them Richard Bonyng, who had distinguished himself at the Sydney Conservatorium and commended himself particularly to its director, Sir Eugene Goossens. Bonyng had just won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music in London. A benefit concert was held for him at the Conservatorium, and Joan, whom he had so often accompanied in suburban recitals, sang at it.

Bonyng looked at her on this occasion with the shrewd eye of a 19-year-old who wonders how much a concert is worth to him and how great is the contribution of each performer. He found her gawky of figure and frizzy of hair, and noticed yet again how bad were her teeth. Her voice he considered magnificent in its largeness, but hard and cold, utterly lacking in the roundness and limpidity without which, to him, voices were not voices at all.

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Joan Sutherland

From page 21

Thus, already, there was controversy about the Sutherland voice. John Dickens considered it a magnificent, dramatic soprano voice. Mrs. Sutherland considered it a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice that was being unnaturally hoisted to a false register which would eventually ruin it. Judges at competitions found it better than most other voices. Many young musicians, like Bonyng, found it brilliantly clear and loud, and nothing else. Sir Eugene Goossens considered it a perfect instrument for Wagnerian roles, its quality steely and excitingly pure. Joan herself still just liked to open her mouth and sing.

Indeed it was already one of her characteristics that wherever she was—in her bedroom, in the bathroom, in the kitchen, in the garden, the street, the Dickens' studio or a concert hall—she was always singing. Sometimes trills and cadenzas; sometimes snatches of an aria, or a hymn, or a popular song; sometimes "My Old Woman's An Awful Boozer" or any other ditty from the unlikely repertoire of her mother and Uncle Tom, but always singing.

The final round of the Mobil Quest contest was held in Melbourne. Ten minutes after the last contestant had performed the judges began to announce the names of those who had won prizes. Cruelly they worked through the long list backwards—from those who had won minor prizes, slowly and with a calculated sense of drama, to the name of the singer who had won first prize.

The name they announced then was: "Miss Joan Sutherland."

Jumping up and down in thoroughly unbecoming excitement, Joan clapped her hands together with joy—a curiously child-like reaction which removed any sense of bitterness there may have been among her defeated rivals. They crowded round to congratulate her.

"Yippee," she said, "next stop London."

IN fact, it was not to happen quite so swiftly. Because she had "worked" to win her thousand pounds the Taxation Department demanded a slice of her prize. The Vacuum Oil Company, on the other hand, as sponsors of the Mobil Quest competition, offered her a farewell concert at Sydney Town Hall, the profits to be hers. From this concert she made £350, and so paid off the predatory taxman, without whose clearance no Australian could depart from the homeland.

Cousin John, as he had promised, also gave her a cheque for £1000. She put it into a fixed deposit and there it stayed untouched till 1954. Sudden wealth did not rush to the head of Miss Sutherland the soprano; she had been, for too long, Joan the girl who made her own clothes and worked in a country wholesaler's.

Also at this time Sir Eugene Goossens offered her the soprano role in his opera "Judith," which he was presenting at the Sydney Conservatorium. He made the offer in spite of the many who considered that this was going too far.

"That girl?" they complained. "That great fat thing with the loud voice?"

Judith, the Jewess, seduces her people's enemy, King Holofernes, and cuts his head off. Sir Eugene had to admit that Joan did not instantly appear the seducing type, but she could, he thought, convey all he wanted with her voice.

On the night the wardrobe department covered her in drapes the better, as they euphemistically expressed it, to minimise her size. Having done so they were unable to decide whether she looked minimised or pregnant.

"Get out there and give 'em all you've got," Mrs. Sutherland instructed her daughter as she made her world debut in opera. Joan did exactly as she was told. Nothing deterred her, not even the baritone's brilliantly colored Australian socks glaring out from beneath his costume.

Amid tremendous applause the curtain fell on a flushed Judith holding aloft a gory papiermache head, behind her the decapitated body of Holofernes. But something was amiss. The mattress was sliding off the upstage end of Holofernes' couch and with it was sliding Holofernes. The

curtain rose again to discover Judith lying on Holofernes' aid. Judith, the actress, Holofernes, orange socks, and vanished off the end of the couch, doubled applause.

At home that night Joan announced: "Mum, I'm going to England."

"Oh, Joan, you're not! How will you keep yourself?"

"I've got £2000. After that, if I can't find a job, I can always go back to be a secretary."

"Oh, well, if you've decided, we'd better see about passports, then, hadn't we?"

"You mean you'll come, too?"

"Of course." Mrs. Sutherland had intentions of allowing her daughter to the horrid dangers of London alone.

"Good," said Joan. "I wonder how we can get there?"

MOTHER and daughter arrived

London in August, 1951, and stayed at a very small hotel suitable for mothers and daughters who are determined to waste a penny.

Richard Bonyng met Joan the morning and she told him of her coming interview with the distinguished Professor Clive Carey—to whom Dickens had given her a letter of introduction—at the Royal College of Music.

Richard's views on the Royal College were a little dampening, because the director had not allowed him to study Music under Kathleen Long, the famous pianist and teacher, as he had wished, nor to be conducting as he had planned. As a result, if not downright disgruntled, he had virtually abandoned his schooling, going instead for private tuition to Herbert Fryer and had nothing good to say of the College.

Refusing, however, to be discouraged by any of Richard's scathing comments, although she had a much higher regard for his talents than for her own, Joan kept her appointment with Professor Carey. He was charming to her and listened to her eagerly and attentively.

He noticed that her voice was mezzo-ish and that she had enormous vocal control. Indeed, as she surged on in phrase after phrase without seeming to breathe at all, he was left in a state of mingled astonishment and admiration.

"Well," he said at last, "you've got an extremely good voice. Really extremely good. But you don't seem altogether happy on your highest notes."

"I'm not," she admitted. "As a matter of fact, when I see a high B flat coming, I see it for bars ahead."

Carey thought for a moment. Then: "And you want to sing opera? How much stage experience?"

"One production. 'Judith,' in Sydney. Carey laughed. "Well, we'll have to do something about that if you're to sing at Covent Garden, won't we. I think you'd better come here to the Opera School and study for at least a year."

Promptly Joan and Mrs. Sutherland moved out of their cheap hotel—which was in view of the expense of a year's studying on capital alone, had become an extravagance—and into a bed-sitting-room at Notting Hill Gate, then at its post-war seclusion. They shared a kitchen and what passed for a bathroom with the other tenants, and Britain's horrible 1951 rationed food was settled down to see what progress Joan would make.

JOAN'S first reaction to the Opera School was that she was a lumpy, ignorant, innocent intruder amongst the really sophisticated, and wicked habits of the smart club.

She also found, to her horror, that she was required to study elementary ballet. The idea of herself at the barre was repulsive to her utterly. Just as the bad language of many of her fellow students shocked her profoundly and the casual talk about who was sleeping with whom made her cringe with embarrassment.

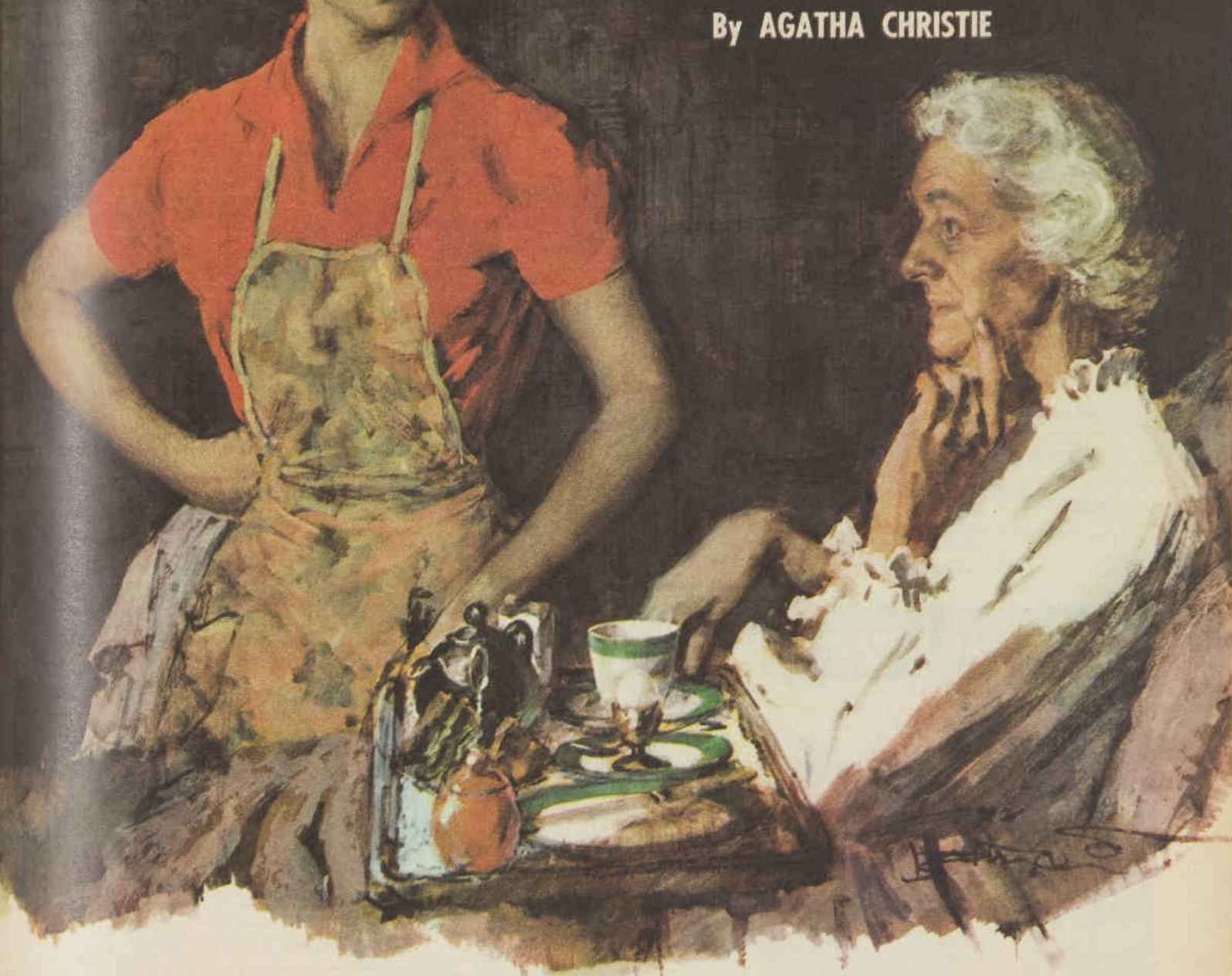
Gradually, though, she grew accustomed to the life. At the first ballet lesson she quickly noticed that few of the students

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The mirror crack'd from side to side

Scotland Yard steps in . . . second instalment of our serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE



The ageing MISS JANE MARPLE finds herself confined to her cottage in the village of St. Mary Mead, after an illness. Her nephew has installed a kindly but irritating MISS KNIGHT as a companion, as well as another helper in the house, CHERRY BAKER, who lives in the new housing development area. Sending Miss Knight out shopping one day, Miss Marple decides to walk to the housing area. While there she stumbles and is helped by a married couple, HEATHER and ARTHUR BADCOCK. Over a cup of tea they discuss Gossington Hall's new owners, MARINA GREGG, a film star, and her fifth husband, JASON RUDD, a producer.

Soon after their arrival, MRS. BANTRY, the former owner of the Hall and a friend of Miss Marple, is invited to call. She is interested in the changes made by Marina, and also meets ELLA ZIELINSKY, Jason's secretary, who, when they are left alone for a while, says she thinks Marina will only be happy there for a couple of years, as she is a neurotic woman who cannot settle anywhere.

A few days later, the grounds of Gossington Hall are opened for a charity benefit for the local ambulance association. A few selected people are invited inside to meet Marina and her husband, by HAILEY PRESTON, Jason's personal assistant. Among them are Mrs. Badcock, the secretary of the association, her husband, and Mrs. Bantry, as well as people from Marina's studios, and some personal friends. Mrs. Bantry cannot help noticing a strange look come over Marina's face as Mrs. Badcock insists on going into long detail about how she had left a sick bed to meet Marina when entertaining troops in the war.

Mrs. Bantry then takes some other women to see the house, but they are interrupted by Ella looking for sal volatile, as Mrs. Badcock has become ill. Then Jason calls out that it is too late—she is dead. NOW READ ON:

"What a shocking thing. Did she suffer from heart trouble?" Miss Marple asked after Cherry had told her about Heather Badcock's death at Gossington Hall the day before.

MISS KNIGHT settled a breakfast tray in front of Miss Marple. "And how are we this morning? I see we've got our curtains pulled back," she said with a slight note of disapproval in her voice.

"I wake early," said Miss Marple. "You probably will when you're my age," she added.

"Mrs. Bantry rang up," said Miss Knight, "about half an hour ago. She wanted to talk to you, but I said she'd better ring up again after you'd had your breakfast. I wasn't going to disturb you at that hour before you'd even had a cup of tea or anything to eat."

"When my friends ring up," said Miss Marple, "I prefer to be told."

"I'm sorry, I'm sure," said Miss Knight, "but it seemed to me very inconsiderate. When you've had your nice tea and your boiled egg and your toast and butter, we'll see."

"Half an hour ago," said Miss Marple thoughtfully, "that would have been—let me see—eight o'clock."

"Much too early," reiterated Miss Knight.

"I don't believe Mrs. Bantry would have rung me up then unless it was for some particular reason," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "She doesn't usually ring up in the early morning."

"Oh, well, dear, don't fuss your head about it," said Miss Knight soothingly. "I expect she'll be ringing up again very shortly. Or would you like me to get her for you?"

"No thank you," said Miss Marple. "I prefer to eat my breakfast while it's hot."

"Hope I haven't forgotten anything," said Miss Knight cheerfully. "The tea had been properly made with boiling water, But nothing had been forgotten."

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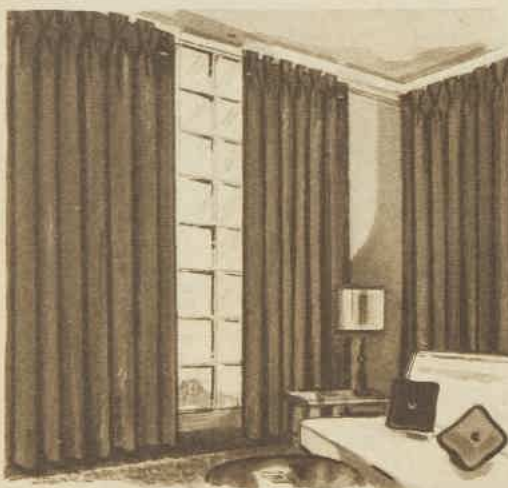


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**LETTER
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In-law trouble

THERE must be thousands of young married couples who face our problem — too much unwanted advice from parents and in-laws. I am the mother of a three-month-old daughter and have heard nothing but what I should or shouldn't do to bring up the baby. To make matters worse, both mothers have different opinions which, more often than not, clash. Also some of their methods are old-fashioned. This has caused arguments between my husband and me because we start running down each other's parents. The only solution I can think of is to stay away from both families and not encourage any visits. Do readers have a better solution?

£1/1/- to "I Keep Trying" (name supplied), Whyalla, S.A.

They filch her spinster title

AS an aged spinster, I wish to protest against the habit some married women have of using their maiden names when they are artists or in business. In the first place this is an anomaly. In the second place it robs unmarried women of their title. One never hears of a spinster calling herself "Mrs.," though I think this should be allowed after middle age. "Mrs." is more dignified than "Miss," owing to the superior status always granted to it. In future, I shall adopt "Mrs." — unless I see that my married friends stop stealing my miserable "Miss."

£1/1/- to "M.M." (name supplied), Vauluse, N.S.W.

Supermarket softie

I HAVE a "self-service" hand. Every week I sneak into a huge, gleaming supermarket hoping to fool that uncontrollable limb. I wheel the shopping basket around at a speed that bodes no good to shins or large feet of other customers, but somehow, when it comes to checking-out time at the cashier, there in that basket are tins of such unlikely things as chocolate ants and sugared grasshoppers' legs. Is there any solution?

£1/1/- to "Woe Is Me" (name supplied), Springvale, Vic.

Fat — but NOT lazy

I OFTEN hear stout women referred to as "fat and lazy." This makes me see red. I am quite a bit overweight, but am far from lazy. My day starts at 5 a.m. and usually ends about 10 p.m., and I have three girl-friends, all within the "stout" class, who are very good workers, keeping homes, gardens, and children neat and tidy. I also have a girl-friend who is in the very slim category, and when I visit her before lunch any day I find her and the two children in their nightclothes, breakfast dishes on the table, and the house in an uproar. Judging by my personal friends, I would say that the "fat woman" runs rings round the lean one as far as work is concerned.

£1/1/- to "Obese" (name supplied), Burnie, Tas.

Mum or Dad?

"PROBLEMS," N.S.W., asks if sons always turn to their mothers with their troubles and amusing incidents and daughters turn to their fathers. In my family, the trend has been just the opposite. My boys attend their father's old boarding-school and are just so close to him that my 15-year-old daughter and myself seem "no-hopers," and at times my daughter becomes quite jealous. Probably for this reason, too, and I are the greatest pals and more like sisters. I like it this way and adore the lot of them.

£1/1/- to "Trudy" (name supplied), Double Bay, N.S.W.

"PROBLEMS" children talk mostly to their mother not because they don't love their father as much but because they have always had more to do with their mother, and they turn to her first from force of an unconscious habit.

£1/1/- to M. Barnden, Barmera, S.A.

I THINK the trouble started in babyhood when "Problems" wouldn't or couldn't try to understand the little fellows. He probably said to himself, "I'll be a mate to them when they are older." But it was too late then. Maybe he forgot to give them a pat on the back when they passed an exam, or didn't make time to go to school concerts or sport days, or run in the "old buffers' race." Did he help them to build a billy-cart or a tree-house? Above all, now he must find time to listen to them and not run his opinion down their throats, no matter how wise he may feel.

£1/1/- to "Torre" (name supplied), Port Moresby, Papua.

PERHAPS "Problems" lost touch with his sons during their earlier years through being away from home. My daughter, born after the war, is very friendly with her father. Her brothers, born before the war, always came to "Mum." However, I find that now they are fathers themselves they go more to "Dad."

£1/1/- to "Susie" (name supplied), Dandenong, Vic.

FROM my experience boys go to Mum with their problems and amusing incidents and girls make for Dad. I have three sons and one daughter. The boys have been wonderful to me and thoughtful and kind, but my daughter on the other hand is much more friendly with her father than with me.

£1/1/- to "DiDi" (name supplied), Devonport, Tas.

Ross Campbell writes...

IT is not all root-beer and skittles being a teenage idol.

I have just been reading about the problems of Helen Shapiro, the young pop-singing star.

Helen, we are told, lives in constant danger of growing up.

An agent who knows about the pop-music business said: "Just suppose Helen got herself married. It could kill her career stone dead."

As a warning of what might happen, he pointed to Tommy Steele. He said: "The kids went for Tommy when he was their sort, but he has been and got himself married. He has joined the grown-ups."

It is disappointing to learn that Tommy's career has been messed up by matrimony. I met him while he was in Australia, and a very bright, popular young chap he was. Little did I know that the grim fate of being a husband lay ahead of him.

Young singers are in just the opposite situation from young doctors.

A doctor's patients prefer him to be married. If he wants to build

FALLEN IDOLS

up a good practice he must get a wife, whether he wants one or not. (There are a few bachelor doctors, like Ben Casey, but they are only on TV.)

For the teenage singing star, marriage is the end of the road. Even getting engaged can be a tragedy.

You can imagine the panic in a girl singing idol's home when she turns up wearing an engagement ring. Mother sobbing, Dad saying brokenly: "She'll never be in the chart's again."

I have never been to a pop singer's wedding, but it must be a sad scene. The bride in black, mourning for her lost career; guests weeping unrestrainedly; the groom worried about the cost of the honeymoon.

What is the best course for a star like Helen Shapiro? Clearly she must put off marriage as long as possible.

She could try to discourage

suitors by dressing unattractively, using little make-up.

If that fails, she must at all costs avoid going steady. She should not go out on moonlight nights; she should refuse dates with any young man who is serious and wants her to meet his family; if necessary, have a chaperon.

Even if young singing stars remain single, another peril awaits them—they get older.

Sooner or later they must face the stark fact that they are grown up. They are too old for the job. They are banished from the Top 40.

Taking the long view, the soundest idea seems to be a superannuation scheme. Teenage stars should be able to retire in security when they are over 21.

I don't like to think of these friendless, destitute old folk in their late twenties with no wife or husband to care for them. Let them get married, like other people, and spend the evening of their lives in happiness.

THRIFT SHOP ROMANCE

Despite the incredible
confusion Roger found
just what he wanted...
a short short story

By **NORAH
SMARIDGE**



HURRYING into the Good and Plenty Thrift Shop, Paula Johnson hung up her coat and looked to see whether the typewriter was still there. It wasn't. Someone must have bought it while she was off duty, someone with more money than Roger Burton.

Too bad, Paula thought. That young Mr. Burton really wanted it. He'd been in several times, trying it out longly. The first time he had seen it, his eyes had shone. "Boy, do I need you!" he had said to it. And to Paula: "How much do you want for it?"

"There's a tag on it — forty-five dollars," Paula had said, adding, in unconscious mimicry of Eve Van Ryn's finishing-school tone: "Absurdly cheap!"

"You think so?" He had grinned wryly. "Not for an editorial assistant. With excellent prospects I hasten to say — but with three fatherless brothers back home who are forever in need of shoes!" He had given Paula a quick look, taking in her bright hair, her smiling mouth, her slim figure. "At least I can look at it."

He had been in several times, including yesterday. Paula, busy with a customer, had not spoken to him. At closing time, tidying the stock quickly, she had found the note in the typewriter. He had typed: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party!" and he got an accurate version. Then he had added: "Glamor Girl, this machine is ten dollars too expensive for your truly, Roger Burton."

Glamor Girl, Paula smiled; so that's what he thought. He probably imagined her a debutante, like Eve Van Ryn, or a young society matron like Mrs. Charles! Whereas she was only Paula Johnson, a nobody from Little Falls, trying to get along in the big city.

Three weeks ago, when she got the secretarial job with Mr. Wales Sinclair, she had not expected her duties to include selling in a thrift shop. But Mrs. Sinclair had said: "You're so quick, Miss Johnson. I'll never have enough work to keep you busy." She had considered for a moment. "Unless you'd take my place at the Good and Plenty Thrift Shop three times a week? I'm a volunteer."

So Paula found herself doing two jobs, and liking both. On her first day in the Thrift Shop she had stared around in amazement, thinking: "Even our attic was never like this!" Wealthy people donated an incredible variety of articles, to be sold for charity. Lawnmowers, Turkish lamps, pipes, baby clothes — even a suit of armor!

Now, hurrying to tidy the stock a little (it was impossible to keep things in order with all the pawing and nosing that went on), Paula found to her relief that the typewriter had not been sold after all. It was hidden under a pile of shawls.

"Those shawls came in this morning — and they may be valuable," Mrs. Charles called to her as she scooped them up. "Better put them in the back room until Mrs. Lovellard can price them." She added casually: "There's a man interested in the typewriter, but he says it's too expensive."

Roger's been in again, Paula thought — and flushed suddenly, thinking of his lean, attractive face, his humorous smile. He wants that typewriter so much. A sudden thought struck her, and her flush deepened. It would be a charity, after all. Why shouldn't she change the price tag?

She consulted Mrs. Charles, and that lady nodded. "Make it thirty-five dollars, then," she said, adding: "But you'd better describe the young man to Eve and Jane Symons. They'll be here this afternoon on duty." She smiled at Paula. "We want to be sure the right man gets it, after all."

The right man did get it. "He simply stared when he saw the new tag," Eve told Paula the next day. "Then he scooped up the machine, paid me — and staggered out with it as if he were afraid I'd snatch it back." She smiled reminiscently. "Rather a pet, that young man!"

It wasn't until later that Paula suddenly realised she would not be likely to see Roger Burton again. Her heart sank oddly. He had what he wanted now. He wasn't likely to come in again — unless he thought of something wild like trying to buy shoes for his brothers.

There was no sign of Roger Burton that day, nor the next. Listlessly tidying the stock on Friday, Paula was certain she had seen the last of him. "I miss him," she thought. "It's ridiculous — when I don't even know him..."

Then, at ten minutes past five, he came hurrying in. Going straight to Paula, he tried to thrust something into her hand. "Swell of you, Glamor Girl," he said. "I couldn't resist it, but I don't really want charity!"

"Charity?" Paula flushed, pushing his hand away. "What are you talking about?"

"You reduced the price for me," Roger accused. "And now I want you to take the ten dollars. It's okay, I can afford it. I sold an article." He grinned. "The great American novel isn't complete yet — though it soon will be. Say another six months. That machine is like a dream."

Paula laughed, liking him. "It was all perfectly in order. We do reduce merchandise when it doesn't sell. And you were the only person interested." She glared. "Put that money back in your wallet. If I try to put it in the cash register now, I'll upset all our finances!"

Roger Burton looked at her for a moment, uncertainly. Then he smiled. "Then we'll spend it together!" he said. "I'll buy us a drink in whatever plush place you frequent. I'll wait outside until you're ready." And, before she could speak, he strode out of the shop.

Joining him ten minutes later, Paula wondered why he looked at her so critically. "You've left off the mink scarf; that's tactful of you," he said. "Now, if you'll just dismiss the chauffeur..."

Paula laughed. She looked without envy at the blue car at the kerb. "Idiot," she said. "That car belongs to Eve Van Ryn. I don't own a car or a mink scarf."

As he stared, she went on quickly: "I'm a working girl, not a society volunteer. I'll tell you all about it while we eat." And as he started to smile, she said: "We certainly won't waste that ten dollars on cocktails. I know where we can get a really good dinner for three dollars fifty!"

"You're wonderful," Roger Burton said. He took her hand gently and drew it under his arm. "When I sell the great American novel, we'll have dinner in the best restaurant and you shall have a mink scarf!"

"From the Good and Plenty Thrift Shop?" Paula said happily, and thought, with a quick-beating heart, what a funny place for a romance to start. For start it had!

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Now you can set your hair and spark it with colour, too. With Bandbox TINT·N·SET you do both at once. Not a rinse, not a permanent dye, this new creme lotion gives long-lasting waves and curls with the added glow of a subtle tint. Whatever your natural shade, Bandbox TINT·N·SET gives



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10 exciting shades — choose the one to blend with your hair colouring, from your nearest chemist 4-5 glamorous 'colour sets' in each tube

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Refresh yourself the healthy way!

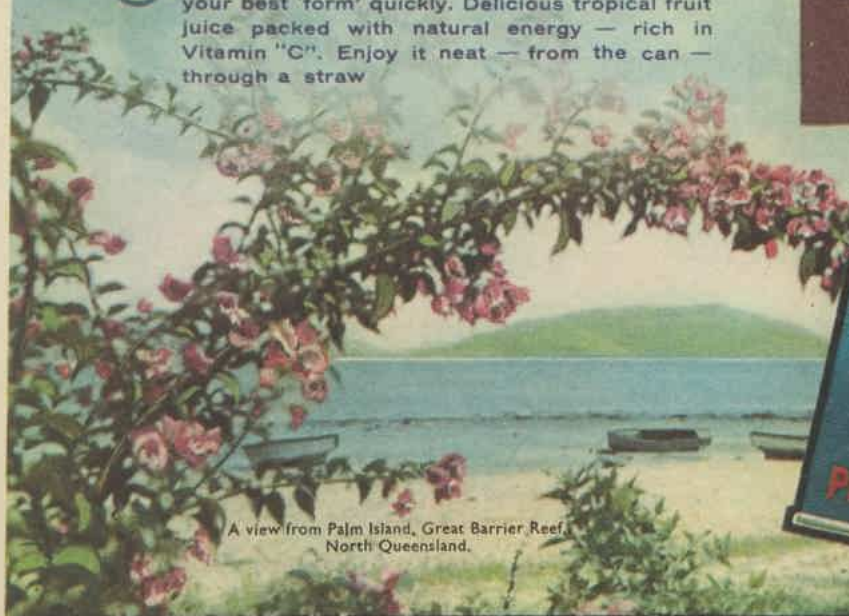
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Golden Circle

Here's refreshment that snaps you back into your best 'form' quickly. Delicious tropical fruit juice packed with natural energy — rich in Vitamin "C". Enjoy it neat — from the can — through a straw

**Tropical PINEAPPLE JUICE
PINEAPPLE and ORANGE
PINEAPPLE GRAPEFRUIT**

rich in vitamin "c"



A view from Palm Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland.



The C.O.D. Cannery, Northgate, Brisbane, Queensland



MARY "BAD NEWS"

A short story
By LEO DAMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY PETERSEN

IT was an item in the Alumni Newsletter that caught my eye:

Class of '57

by Nancy Ruff Wilkinson

Word has been received by this correspondent about Mary (alias "B.N.") Mathews. (Anyone who graduated with Mary wasn't very likely to forget her!) Well, Mary's living in New York now and is doing right well for herself. She's working as a junior copywriter on the NuYouth Cosmetics account for Buckmeister, Beck, and Heflin advertising agency right on Madison Avenue! Good luck, Mary! (And, come to think of it, good luck NuYouth!)

Of course I remembered Mary Mathews. And I remembered, too, how she had come to be labelled Mary "Bad News." I guess it must have been Buddy York, a fraternity brother of mine who had given her the name after she had driven his car through the front plateglass window of the Acme Supermarket on Main Street after a Saturday afternoon football game.

"That girl's just bad news," Buddy had said, unfairly, afterwards; and the name had stuck.

Of course, no one could blame Mary for what happened. The car, a brand-new convertible we had all been led to believe was Buddy's (it was his older brother's borrowed for the weekend) had been patently defective. Was it Mary's fault if the steering wheel jammed the same minute the brakes failed? Nobody could have avoided that accident!

Fortunately, no one had been hurt, except for some squashed vegetables. And, of course, the window was damaged, too. Even so, Buddy York didn't take it very well. Neither did Buddy's brother!

But blame her or not, things just seemed to go wrong somehow whenever Mary was around. Like the Spring Formal that had just missed being a complete fiasco because the band hired for the night had managed somehow to get itself lost and never showed up.

All right, so Mary had been chairman of the Spring Formal Planning Committee.

"I'm jinxed!" Mary admitted to anyone who would listen. "It's been like this my whole darn life!"

I didn't believe it. Not at first, anyway. Here was Mary Mathews: five foot two, eyes of blue, hair of gold. Shapely. Sparkly. Nice. Good mind. Lovely smile.

But after reading the news item I found myself at the phone and I was saying, "May I speak to Mary Mathews, please?"

"Mary who?" the voice on the other end said.

"Mary Mathews," I said. "She works on the NuYouth account, I believe."

"Oh, that Mary Mathews!" the voice said. There was a long, nervous pause. "I'm sorry, but Mary's not with us any more. In fact, neither is NuYouth."

The voice dropped confidentially. "Listen, if you should see Mary, tell her that no one blames her for losing the account. The poor kid."

To page 60

When Mark encountered Mary after a lapse of some time he realised that she was lovelier than ever.

Now I haven't a care
in the world
about skin blemishes



Like thousands of young people everywhere she has found the answer to an acne-pimple condition in wonderful BIO-CLEAR... the fast acting, fast healing medicated treatment.

BIO-CLEAR dries up excess oils and destroys acne-causing bacteria—pimples shrink away fast without a sign of after scar. Skin toned and greaseless Bio-Clear never shows you're using it. Bio-Clear is not a cosmetic but a scientific medicated treatment, and, BOYS—it will work wonders for you, too. Keep a tube handy for quick treatment. 9/11.



A product of the Helena Rubinstein Clinical Research Division
Bio-Clear is available at your Helena Rubinstein Chemist...
and all leading stores throughout the Commonwealth

PROTECT YOUR PETS
Ticks & Fleas killed instantly



Shampuss
FLEA & TICK POWDER

- Safe for cats
- Makes coat glossy
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Shampooch LIQUID

The ONE WASH combined
Insecticide Shampoo

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Shampooch
FLEA & TICK POWDER

- Quick & easy to use
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- Also for use between SHAMPOOCH LIQUID washes during flea & tick plagues.



from Chemists & Pet shops everywhere

The high stone wall

A charming short story

By LYNN BRETTON

SHE stood by the open gates looking down the long, straight drive that led to the school building. Moment of trial, she thought. Moment preceding yet another failure?

I've tried so hard, she thought. So hard. Too hard? In three long weeks she had drawn no nearer to John's son. Made no headway. Duncan was not rude. Just unforthcoming. A silent, almost sullen boy.

The aunt who had been caring for him had given her a word of warning. "He's not an affectionate child." Her lips had closed in a tight little line. "I can't say that I'm sorry to see somebody else take over. You won't find him easy."

Rachel had readily admitted that it would not be easy for Duncan, either. He was still so young. A schoolboy. His mother had died two years ago. And during the greater part of those two years his father had been away from home. The return of his father with a brand-new wife would be a shock for him, even though John in his letters had done his best to prepare him for it.

"Rachel is going to look after us both, son."

She had tried to do—just that.

On the day John had brought her home she had been nervous, presenting a facade of brightness to hide the nerves. Pretending a confidence she did not feel.

"So—this is Duncan! I've heard so much about you." She had held out her hands to him, going on smiling, even when he ignored the outstretched hands.

He looked so much the way John must have looked as a boy. A bony boy. Small for his age. Solemn.

Involuntarily she had thought of John on the day she had met him. At a small, informal party in her mother's home town.

"John Colver—the taciturn-looking man," somebody had said. "Good type once you know him. Come over and meet him."

A thin, dark man. He had looked at her earnestly at a moment. Then had come the smile that could transform his lean face. His hand had closed about hers. And their friendship had begun. Friendship that had grown, well into something deeper; that had led, in a few short years, to their marriage.

"I can't go without you, Rachel." There had been sincerity in his voice when he had said that. An expression for her he was no longer a taciturn man.

They had been married quietly, without fuss, so that she could be with him for what was left of his mother's business trip before he went back to the south.

Perhaps they had done things the wrong way, she thought. Perhaps she should have insisted on more time with Duncan before she and John were married. Perhaps she would have been the fairer way. Fairer to Duncan and to herself. But only one thing had mattered. John needed her.

Duncan didn't. In a thousand and one small ways he made it obvious that he didn't need her. He was an odd, self-sufficient boy. It was as if he had set up a deliberate barrier between himself and her. A high stone wall with no place where the light could get through it. She had tried to get beyond the barrier. To find the gap in the high stone wall.

She wanted to love him, because he was John's son. He was his mother's son, too. She had the expectation of taking his mother's place in his affections. She wanted only to be needed. To draw nearer to him. To be friends.

She tried suggesting outings, only to be met with an unvarying, polite: "I'd rather stay around home, thanks."

Yet he was rarely in the house. Her tentative efforts to get him to bring his friends home met with no response. He would sit in his own room and do his school work, then vanish to the house of some other boy.

She used all her imagination, all her skill, preparing exciting meals for him. He would eat them with a boy's appetite, but no show of interest. He would answer when she spoke to him, rarely more than that.

She had no alternative but to go on being impetuous, pretending a confidence she could not feel. But the strain was telling.

To page 62



Rachael was distressed when she thought of the barrier between Duncan and herself

OUR CAKE-DECORATING CONTEST

● In this four-page feature are the prizewinners and other interesting entries in our recent competition in which readers were invited to submit photographs of cakes they had iced and decorated, with the directions for doing the work.

WEDDING CAKE

A quantity of 1½lb. of fruit-cake mixture was baked in one 11½in. and one 6½in. six-sided cake-tin. Each cake was then covered with almond paste and fondant icing.

An interesting design of flooded poinsettias and cornelli work, piped with a fine writing tube, was used to decorate top and part of sides of each tier, then the same design was repeated on tulle for the unusual fan-shaped ornamentation. A wooden ice-block stick covered with icing gives extra support to the fan.

Attractive sprays on each of the corners were composed of piped orange blossoms, buds, and tiny pale green leaves. Tatting lace edging and gathered tulle give a dainty effect.



SECTION 1 (Wedding Cake): First prize of £10 to Mrs. M. Fradd, 44 Beatty St., Linden Pk., S.A.



CELEBRATION CAKE

This pretty, feminine 21st-birthday cake featured a three-dimensional effect of lake and sky background, with decorations of swans, trellis work, and crinolined lady in relief, and blossom tulle and dainty fan in foreground.

Each section was prepared separately and when dry assembled in position on the painted floodwork background.

Fine wire was used to strengthen the decorated tulle fan so it stood out from the cake and allowed the moulded tinted blossom to come from underneath.

A card with its piped message of congratulations was also made from floodwork. Touches of gold paint applied with a fine brush gave extra glimmer to the cake.

Three top corners of the cake were decorated with appropriate number of candles.

Piped cornelli work and shell edging completed the side design.

SECTION 2 (Celebration Cake): First prize of £10 to Miss J. Irvin, 24 Laura St., Moonee Ponds, Victoria.



SECTION 3 (Novelty Cake): First prize of £10 to Mrs. J. Stevens, 37 Bushman St., Parkes, N.S.W.



FRONT VIEW of the prizewinning cottage cake, showing house and garden decorations.

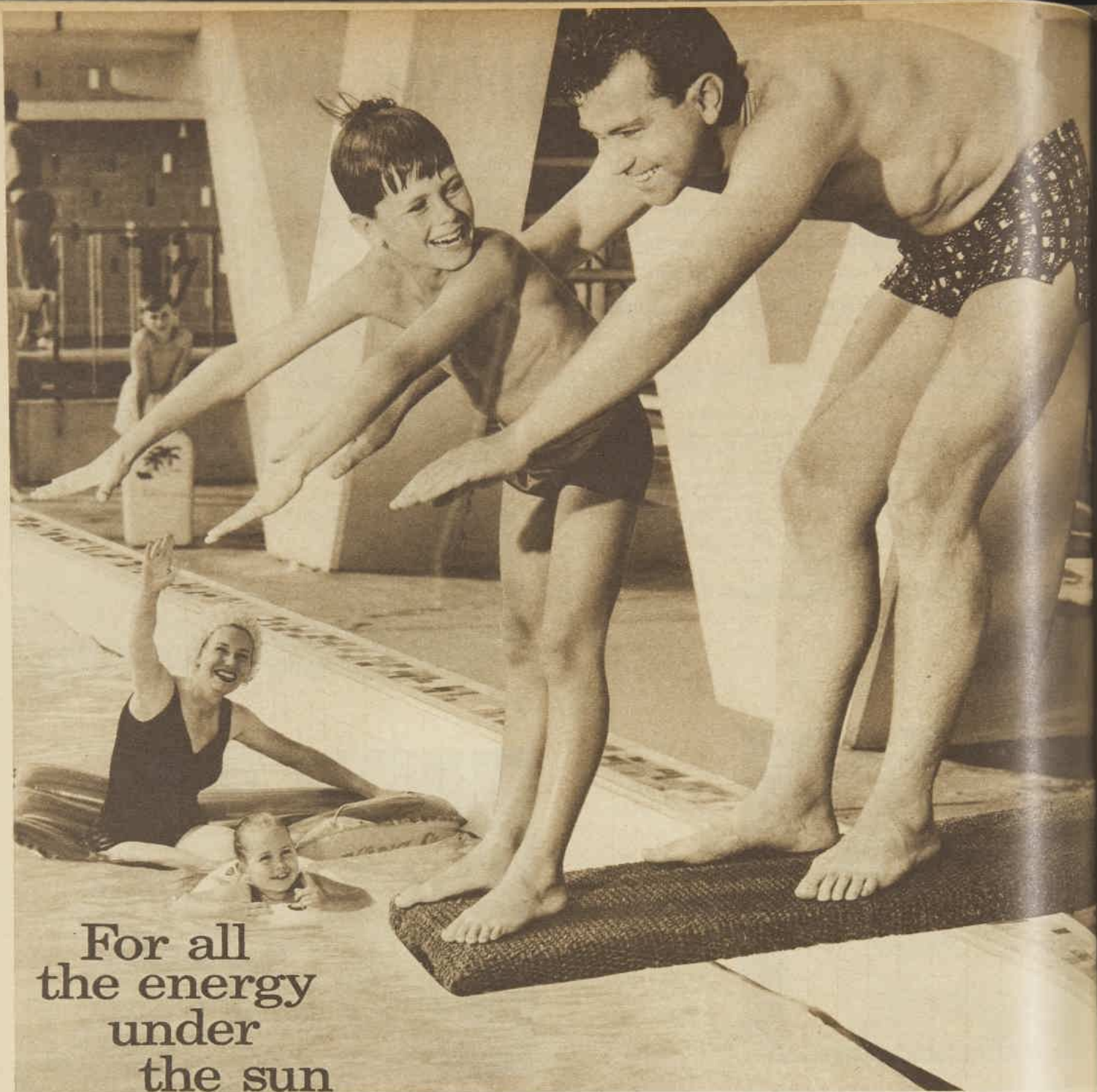
NOVELTY CAKE

Two cakes, one deep and 6in. square and one shallow and 8in. square, were required to make this attractive novelty cottage. The 6in. cake was cut in halves diagonally, secured back to back, and placed on firm cardboard over the smaller cake to form a sloping roof, with eaves overhanging at least 1in. Wooden skewers secured cakes in position.

The house was decorated with windows, doors, colored tiles, white chimney, beams, etc., all made of icing to resemble an old-world story-book cottage.

Extra touches are the fondant lawns, and climbing rose vines, fish pond, colored pathway, garden flowers, ferns, flower-pots, window-boxes, beehive, letterbox, newspaper, dog and kennel, and 2 minute milk bottles outside front door.

More cakes on page 31



For all
the energy
under
the sun

it's marvellous what a difference **MILO** makes!

Dad gives lessons on the spring-board, but Mum's the family authority on fitness. She knows how MILO keeps everybody's energy bouncing! Chocolatey MILO with frosty-cold milk makes a perfect hot day refresher... full of light, easy-to-digest energisers. MILO quenches thirst and keeps you in the thick of the fun, safe from summer fatigue. Serve it any time. Ice tinkling in your MILO glass tells you - it's marvellous what a difference MILO makes!



ALL THE GOOD THINGS MILO GIVES
Malted Cereal—for energy and body tone.
Vitamin A—to build resistance, promote growth.
Vitamin B—promotes appetites and improves digestion.
Vitamin D—helps the body absorb minerals Calcium, Magnesium and Phosphorus.
Iron—helps keep blood healthy.
Calcium/Magnesium/Phosphorus—aid development of strong bones and teeth, steady nerves.

MORE AWARDS

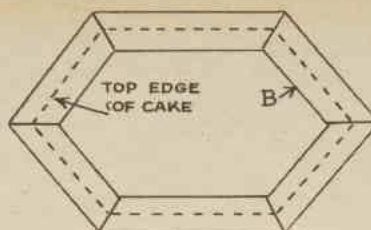
In judging this contest, points considered included originality of design, quality of photographs, and clarity of directions as well as decorating skill.

TRADITIONAL WEDDING CAKE

A special prize of £10 was awarded for the beautifully decorated wedding cake (shown at right) in the traditional classic style.

It was made from three six-sided cakes. (If six-sided cakes are not available, make round cakes and cut them into hexagonal shapes when cooked.) At least 1 in. was allowed on the baseboards for extension sections. (See figure A in diagram below.)

Thinly rolled gum paste (recipe below) was used to make the carefully cut hexagonal-shaped template (or support for latticed sections) of each tier with 1 in. overlap. Template is shown above (right). Base template was 1 in. wide; centre-tier template, 1½ in.; and top-tier tem-



SHAPE of the three templates of gum paste on which design is built up.

plate, 1½ in. These were allowed to dry for several days, then secured to top of each cake.

Side designs of church scene, bridal group, and wedding bells were piped on with royal icing. Lattice extension strips (figures B, C, and D in diagram) were all done in floodwork and piping on waxed paper, then lifted off and secured to templates and base of each cake with royal icing. Angled sections are approximately 30 degrees.

A moulded urn-shaped vase and commercially-made flower spray form the top ornamentation.

Gum Paste Recipe: Mix 4oz. powdered gum tragacanth (available at chemists) with 2oz. icing-sugar and 5oz. water. Stand overnight (if hardened next day, soften by warming to 180 degrees). Then mix to batter consistency before adding 2oz. cornflour and 1½ lb. to 1¾ lb. icing-sugar until correct consistency is obtained. A few drops of laundry blue-bag blue will give a whiter appearance.

Store in airtight jar and keep well covered while working, because the tragacanth dries rapidly. Use for moulding pillars, bells, figures, vases, etc., and rolled plaques or templates of various designs.

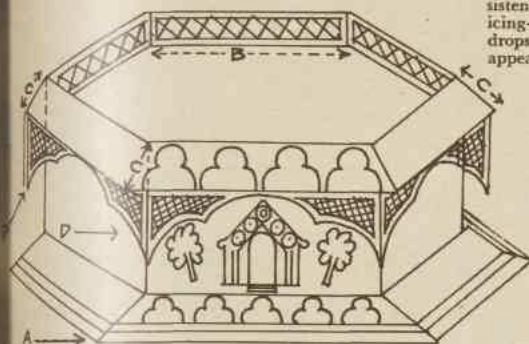


DIAGRAM shows first tier with baseboard (A), sections of lattice extension work (B and C), and outside framework (D).



SPECIAL PRIZE of £10 to Mrs. M. Elphick, 3 Penong Ave., Burnside, S.A., for this cake.



TWO-TIER WEDDING CAKE

An artistic posy in pastel colors and dainty top and side designs made pretty decorations on this wedding cake.

Dainty Bess roses and hyacinths in the posy were all finely moulded from modelling paste. Cecil Brunner roses and forget-me-nots were piped in royal icing and leaves were made from tulle outlined with piping. Fine wire was used to support the flowers and leaves in the top ornamentation, which was assembled in a simple stemmed glass dish.

Extension threadwork and lace in royal icing was piped with finest writing-tube to form the top decoration of each tier. Clipperwork, loops, tiny bluebirds holding true lover's knots of icing, and corner flower sprays with tulle leaves completed the side and corner designs.



CLOSE-UP of pretty posy on top of Mrs. Matthews' cake.

AWARD OF £3 to Mrs. N. Matthews, 19 Daisy St., Chatswood, N.S.W., for cake above.

HEART-SHAPED WEDDING CAKE

This unusual wedding cake consisted of three heart-shaped cakes and one elevated round centrepiece cake. The heart-shaped cakes stood at a 30-degree angle from a centre stand and were supported by a wedge-shaped strip of wood attached to each baseboard.

On each cake was a smaller heart design, piped in a flowered brocade effect. Tatting lace decorated each cake, and a focal point of the design was two birds holding a golden wedding ring.

Top and front ornamentation was an arrangement of moulded roses and tulle leaves. A series of fan-shaped embroidered tulle pieces were attached to the sides of each cake with dainty ribbon bows.



AWARD OF £3 to Mrs. C. Haupt, 1 Stewart St., North Bundaberg, Qld., for cake above.

FAN-SHAPED CAKE

A large square cake was trimmed off, then covered with pale pink fondant and used as the base of this fan-shaped novelty cake. Smaller fans of piped bridgework extension and tiny rosebuds of royal icing formed the side decoration.

Each rib section of the big fan that almost covers the top was iced over a pattern placed under waxed paper and allowed to dry. It was then carefully lifted off and assembled in overlapping pieces to form the shape of an opened fan.

Looped bows of pale pink ribbon and extra rosebuds and leaves formed a tie to hold the ribs of the fan in position.



Second prize winners on page 33

AWARD OF £3 to Miss G. Deighton, 162 Sussex St., Maryborough, Qld., for this cake.

Cool and refreshing . . .
and it looks so tempting . . .



RECIPE FOR WONDERFUL WEEK-END SALAD

All spoon and cup measures are level.
An 8 fluid oz. measuring cup is used.

Ingredients: 1 cup cooked rice (1/3 cup raw);
1 cup cooked peas; 1/2 cup chopped celery;
6 1/2 oz. can Green seas Tuna, chunk style;
1 dessertspoon lemon juice; 1 teaspoon
finely grated onion; salt, pepper; 4 oz. Kraft
Cheddar Cheese, cut into strips; lettuce
leaves; 2 tomatoes, cut into wedges, for
garnish; Kraft Mayonnaise.
Method: Combine all the ingredients, except
the lettuce leaves, tomato and mayonnaise,
in a bowl. Season to taste with salt and
pepper. Spoon into lettuce lined bowl and
garnish with tomato wedges; chill. Serve
with Kraft Mayonnaise. 4 servings.

Patio Salad *the Kraft Cheddar way*

Golden strips of Kraft Cheddar make this
cooling salad a sustaining meal.

Why not try salads more often? They're light, they're
nourishing, and they're delicious. Just right for the summer!
This refreshing Patio Salad is wonderful . . . golden-good
Kraft Cheddar with crisp lettuce, fluffy rice and chunky tuna
pieces. You'll love the blend of flavours. Kraft Cheddar is
the only cheese that slices so perfectly . . . blends just right.
Serve Patio Salad on *your* patio — with rolls and long cooling drinks.



Kraft Cheddar is rich in pro-
tein, vitamins and minerals
because it takes a whole gallon
of creamy milk to make every
pound of this fine cheese.
Kraft Cheddar is a bargain in
nutrition — there's a size right
for your family.

There's more goodness to give them with **KRAFT CHEDDAR.**

SECOND PRIZE WINNERS

● These three second prize winners and the other two cakes below show artistry and imagination in their design and coloring.



SECTION 3 (Novelty Cake): Second prize of £5 to Miss B. M. Webster, 140 Edward St., Charleville, Qld.

CORNUCOPIA CAKE

The basic cake for the cornucopia was baked in a nut-roll tin, then covered with fondant and moulded to shape required. (This is made easier if the extremities are moulded over curved shapes such as wire, wood, etc., similar to a horn.) Piped basket weave in a rich brown color was used to cover outside and inside mouth of cornucopia.

Fruits and vegetables of various sizes and colors were first moulded from almond icing and dried before coloring.

(Those requiring fine moulding, such as lettuce, cauliflowers, are made from fondant.)

Extra touches such as potatoes rolled in cocoa, peaches given a "bloom" of icing-sugar, cherries grouped on wire stalks, turnips or carrots given leafy tops, etc., all helped to give a more lifelike appearance.

Fruit and vegetables were allowed to dry before being arranged in design on baseboard.



SECTION 2 (Celebration Cake): Second prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Cassidy, 32 Forest Rd., Launceston, Tasmania.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

An artistic design of painted fondant with raised figures in a religious theme was used to decorate this beautiful Christmas celebration cake.

The background design was painted straight on to the covering fondant and allowed to dry before the cornelli work was piped around the outside of the top and down the sides of the cake.

Two front panels of kneeling angels and banner with "Joyous Christmas" formed the front decoration.

Figures in the Holy Crib scene were flooded on to waxed paper, and while drying were grooved slightly to give a sculptured appearance. When thoroughly dry they were painted and placed in position on the cake.



SECTION 1 (Wedding Cake): Second prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Pike, 68 Lambeth St., Panania, N.S.W.

WEDDING CAKE

A 10in. round cake and 6in. heart-shaped cake formed the two tiers of the dainty wedding cake above.

Decorations consisted of fine tatting lace edging the centre heart shape of each tier, and an all-over brocade design of dots and ears of wheat extending over the sides to the base where an edging of bridgework was neatened with a strip of narrow white ribbon. Moulded pink roses and pale green leaves formed a trail down one side of the lower cake.

Top decoration was a heart-shaped fondant cushion with gold wedding ring placed against an embroidered tulle handkerchief, and an arrangement of more rosebuds and leaves.

Two attractive celebration cakes



SCOUTS' CAKE: £3 awarded to Mrs. M. Elphick, 3 Penong Ave., Burnside, South Australia.

SCOUTS' CAKE

The Boy Scout celebration cake at left was baked in a 9in. square tin, then cut away at the corners into an octagonal shape. The cake was covered in white fondant.

Separate top design was traced and slightly enlarged from shape of top of cake, then filled with floodwork of soft royal icing and piped with scroll and "Be Prepared" wording when dry.

Four side badges were also made from floodwork icing, then both were gilded as shown.

Wattle design was made from tiny balls of fondant rolled in tinted castor sugar and pale green leaves. Patrol emblem was piped in colored floodwork on top of cake.

Small balls of fondant elevated the floodwork section from top of cake.

More cakes on page 35



CHESSBOARD CAKE: £3 to Mrs. G. Stack, Flat 4, 45 New Town Rd., Hobart.

CHESSBOARD CAKE

The simple yet effective chessboard cake above has a design of alternate colored squares and cut-out chessmen.

A large square cake was covered with ivory fondant, and when dry marked into equal squares. Extra fondant was rolled thinly, and from it the tiles for board and the various chessmen were carefully cut, dried, and placed in position. Knights form the corner decoration.



No dials to set with *Keymatic*

AUTOMATIC WASHER



Just click in the key—that's all you do! Hoover Keymatic is the simplest, most advanced washing machine ever. No settings to learn, no dials to turn—just a simple keyplate marked with separate washing programmes. Select the programme you want, click in the keyplate, and the washing process is automatically controlled. Washing's as easy as posting a letter with the new Hoover Keymatic.

A perfect wash for every fabric

Every fabric has a special programme to give perfect results, e.g., bed linens are washed in hot water with two different actions—triple rinsed, spin dried. Delicate fabrics are gently tumbled in luke warm water, rinsed three times at reducing temperatures to avoid shrinkage, then spin dried. And the key controls it all!

2 completely different washing actions

Not just two speeds, but two different washing actions—each one automatically selected by the keyplate.

1. Famous 'Boiling Action' pulsator for robust, everyday washing. Proved in over 500,000 Australian homes.

2. New 'Tilted Tumble Action' for gentle washing. Tilted washbowl keeps clothes constantly immersed in water, gently flexing as the tub revolves slowly. Safe for even the most delicate fabrics.

Big capacity. Easy to load and unload

Keymatic takes up to 10 lb. of clothes. You can't overload it—takes all you can fit into it. Keymatic is easier to load and unload because the tilted washbowl is right there in front of you. No need to reach or stoop. Just lower the door and you've got a handy shelf for stacking the clothes.

See Keymatic at all Hoover retailers now.

Keymatic has everything—yes, everything

Compact design, fits anywhere—under a bench in kitchen or bathroom. No special plumbing-in or installation. Moves on easy-roll castors. Automatic heater controls exact washing and rinsing temperature for each fabric. Re-uses water—returns and re-heats to correct temperature for next load.



Price: 220 gns.

HOOVER Keymatic *The only automatic washer with no dials to set*

BOY FISHING IN POND

This cake and the others on this page received awards of £3 each.

At right is a cleverly moulded novelty cake in the shape of a small boy fishing in a pond.

Two cakes were used for this design, one a bar shape 8in. by 4in. for the boy's body, and the other a nut-loaf for the log on which he is sitting.

After cutting the bar cake into shape the body was covered with white fondant and moulded into shape with attention paid to folds in shirt and overalls, facial contours, hands, feet, etc. It was then skewered in position on the fondant-covered log, and, after drying, the hair, eyes, freckles, clothing patches, apple, etc., were painted.

The grassy bank was made with green coconut, and the colored water-lilies in blue fondant gave a pretty finishing touch.

AWARD OF £3 to Miss D. Murdoch, 10 Creek Street, Oakley, Queensland.



Enlarged black-and-white photographs of all cakes in this feature are available from our Photo Sales Department, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Price 5/- each, plus postage.

NOW A QUALITY GIFT PEN...

... from the largest pen Company—

comes the world's quality leader, Pilot

—acclaimed in almost every country

and now sold in Australia.



The Pilot V-line outclasses all other pens in its range—slim-line styling—sheer elegance in pen craftsmanship—you write with character when you write with Pilot.

56/3

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Agents: Tomasetti & Son Pty. Ltd.

Luggage
you'll be
proud to
claim . . .

Regal
RAMBLER



Luggage as smart as your travel ensemble . . . that's Regal Rambler. You'll love the new tapered slimness, the gay colours, the modern fittings. In matched sets or single cases . . . ideal gifts for weddings and birthdays. Available at all leading stores.

LOOK FOR THE LABEL—AUSTRALIAN MADE

LOVELY CURLS FOR YOUR BABY

CURLYPET will give your baby beautiful curls, healthy hair, soothes scalp irritation and leaves baby's tender scalp so clean, fresh and fragrant.

Curlypet

Makes baby's hair grow curly



FISHERMAN'S BASKET

Two round 8in. cakes were used to give required height to this novelty decorated cake. A small piece was sliced off one side of the cakes to make a flat back to the basket. The cakes were cut with slanting front surfaces, making top about 1in. smaller than base. All pieces were then covered with almond paste.

Royal icing was used to make the cane weave of the basket, and the correct cane color was obtained by using food coloring and cocoa, mixed lightly to give a realistic color variation. Strong cardboard lid was covered with the same basket weave and finished with paper ribbon to resemble leather straps.

Moulded fondant fishes were brightly painted with pure food coloring and arranged round top and base of board.

AWARD OF £3 to Mrs. C. Raulins, 556 Beryl St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.



NOTEPAPER AND PEN

An oblong cake covered with fondant moulded 3in. higher than top of cake made the box section of this unusual novelty cake. Lid was strong piece of fine plywood (or use cardboard) covered with fondant. Very thinly rolled fondant in pastel colors was used to make sheets of paper and envelopes.

After drying, the embroidery design was piped on top and sides of box and notepaper corners. Extra tones were given to flowers, etc., with concentrated food coloring, using fine brush.

The stamp was done in painted floodwork, writing in pipework, and pen made from moulded fondant and silver paper. Doily motifs were piped separately in tating design and assembled on grained wood board.

AWARD OF £3 to Mrs. H. Jelbart, "St. Buryan," Alectown, N.S.W.



CELEBRATION CAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

This simple yet effective design for a Christmas celebration cake was achieved with rough snow frosting, finished with glitter-splashed holly leaves and two moulded robins as a centrepiece.

A double circle of icing floodwork with scalloped edging in white and pale green formed base of top decoration. Festive touch was given with the bright red ribbon and attached gift tag.

Snow frosting was made from royal icing spread thickly on to the cake and then roughed up with point of knife.

This is a cake a beginner can attempt and achieve a gay and pleasing effect.

AWARD OF £3 to Mrs. M. Longbottom, Box 125, Minlaton, South Australia.





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BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

A cocktail bar under the stairs

• Don't waste needed space on stuffy and inaccessible cupboards built-in under the stairs. It can be just the right place for a cocktail bar.



UNDER THE STAIRS can be an ideal place to install a cocktail bar.

WHEN old two-storey houses are being remodelled, how best to use the space under the stairs often presents a problem. This area, in such houses, is usually built-in with dark unventilated cupboards that are useful only for storing junk.

One of the best ways to use this under-stairs space is to make a cocktail bar.

The sketch above shows how one homeowner's under-stair space was converted to a streamlined unit with shallow shelves for glasses and bottles and a wider ledge that can be used for pouring out drinks.

All the old-fashioned moulded panels were stripped off and replaced with smooth sheets of fibrous plaster. New, narrow skirting at the base matches that used throughout the room.

The curved bannisters were removed, also. Now the neat wrought-iron railing gives a look of modernity.

The shallowest part of the corner cupboard space was blocked off and faced with timber-textured hardboard.

The recess was filled with glass shelves clipped to cleats, and spaced so different-sized bottles and glasses could be stored on them. The lowest shelf is of plywood and folds up into the cupboard when not in use.

The door is faced with timber-patterned hardboard on both sides. When closed it merges with the wall. The inside of the door could be decorated with decoupage (cut-outs glued to the surface). Save pictures of bottles, drinks, glasses, and attractive bottle labels and glue them, overlapping each other, all over the door. Then use

several coats of plastic to make a hard, water-resistant finish.

Another idea is to cover the inside of the door with a map of the wine-producing districts of Europe — or Australia if you can get hold of one!

Another way to make a bar in the same space re-uses the old panelling, and leaves room for a barman to stand behind a narrow counter.

Start by stripping most of the front panelling away to leave an opening. Re-use the panelling to face the counter.

A large mirror on the back wall will give an impression of space and lightness. Use glass shelves to heighten this effect.

If the under-stair area is wide enough you can have fixed shelves for glasses up to waist height faced with the old panelling and also leave an opening beside them for the barman.

But if the stairs are steep there is less scope. It's a good idea to have narrow shelves on the back of a counter that is hinged to swing open.

Under-stair space can also be put to good use as a sewing centre, with built-in sewing machine on a pull-out shelf, dovelling on the back of a door to hold fabrics and perforated board to hold cottons, scissors, and other accessories on hooks.

Or it may be an advantage to leave the area open to give an impression of greater space in the room.

A Sydney couple has made a small reading nook in their dining-room by filling in the entire width of the under-stair space with simple bookshelves and placing a cushioned divan underneath.

NEXT WEEK: Plan for house with three bedrooms.

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● With Di and Mike safely back at school, I'd been looking forward to a quiet time for a few days — lunch on the verandah with a book, and maybe an hour or two in the garden each day before the evening rush begins.

I'D reckoned without Kay. And without Hugh's mother, who is staying with us.

Between the two of them, I've been plunged into a positive orgy of cuttings-out and fittings and consultations and dealing with fits of temperament and despair (Kay's).

It's funny the way I always come in for this, because I can't think of anyone less suited to straightening out other people's dressmaking muddles than I am! My own are bad enough, but at least with them I have a rough idea how I got into them.

Kay is always extraordinarily optimistic when she's buying a pattern.

If I suggest, when she brings it home, that it looks wildly complicated, she always says, "But there are full instructions, so how can I go wrong?"

Three or four days later, when it has all gone wrong in the most puzzling and baffling way, she turns it over to me saying: "I'll go shopping for you, I'll wash up, I'll get the dinner, I'll do anything if you'll only work out this mess for me."

"I've got to get it right — I've got £3 invested in it."

Sewing botch (a cup of tea may help)

YESTERDAY, while I was vainly struggling to unpick a collar that seemed to have more pieces than any decent collar should, a friend called in for a cup of tea.

"Did you follow the instructions?" she asked Kay, after looking at the collar and being as baffled as all the rest of us were.

"I did at first," Kay said, "but then they obviously got muddled themselves and didn't know what they were talking about."

Kay is impatient, as I am. We're both likely to toss the instruction sheet overboard and think we know a better and quicker way of putting things together.

I may say it never works!

My friend, on the other hand, follows instructions religiously, step by step and stitch by stitch.

"If they told me to go and put my head in the oven I'd probably do it without thinking," she says.

"The sort I'd like would be the instruction sheet that, just before you got to the slide fastener and the buttonholes, would say 'You've had it — go and make yourself a strong cup of tea.'"

Luckily Kay had some material over, and in the end, by starting the collar again from scratch, we worked it out between us.

Dress problems for the over-sixties

MY mother-in-law is a less ambitious and less impetuous dressmaker, but she's extraordinarily fussy about the way things fit, and near-enough is never good enough for her.

"I don't want to sew," she says, "but I have to. There's a fortune to be made by the first person who opens an over-sixties shop with the right sort of clothes in it."

Having been shopping with her last week, I agree. She's 70, but she has a slight, trim figure, and she carries herself well.

She likes cool, light colors, and she likes to keep her waist in the spot that it's been in most of her life.

All the summer frocks we could find that were in the pale colors she likes were either sleeveless, or they had no discernible waists at all, or they were collarless, or else they had belled skirts, which are only flattering to the very young and supple and straight-legged.

Those that were plain and straight-forward, with a waist in the middle and a collar and bracelet-length sleeves, were always in drab greys or blacks or dreary old navies with a sketchy and depressing sort of pattern on them.

"Either I have to wear light suits all the summer, which I don't find comfortable," she says, "or else I've just got to make what I want myself."

Comment on shoes, hats (and ears)

SHOES are another of her problems. Like all Hugh's family, she has a very high instep, so that a moderately high-heeled shoe is far more comfortable for her than a low one.

But she doesn't want them spectacularly high, or very pointed at the toes, and she doesn't, very naturally, feel secure in the small-diameter heels with which we're all busy pock-marking our own and everyone else's floors.

Having failed with frocks last week, we went shoe-hunting, and with no more success.

They seem to make what she wants in tiny sizes and in enormous ones, but nary a one in the 6½A that would fit her.

"Hats are the only things I don't have any trouble with," she says. "Today's big, soft hats are marvellous for old people — it makes me feel 20 years younger just to put one on."

Well, she's lucky. The effect of my putting one on is to remind me of a baker's horse out of my youth.

He used to stop at our gate wearing a huge straw hat tied under his chin, with a tartan bow and with holes cut in the crown to let his ears stand clear.

I look much the same in this summer's hats, except that I lack the piquant touch of the large, sensitive ears.

I've seen two shop notices that have amused me this week — a new butcher's shop which has "NO LONG WAIT OR SHORT WEIGHT IN THIS SHOP" in letters a foot high across one wall; and the sombre black notice, "NEVER ON SUNDAYS," some N.S.W. chemists are putting in their windows as a comment on restricted trading hours.

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HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS



A READER'S STORY

* A real-life account written in reply to the article "A doctor's advice: IF YOU ADOPT A CHILD" in our issue dated January 9 this year.

'We adopted a baby'

● For nearly four months now, I have been wanting to shout from the roof-tops — we have a baby — a very special baby — an adopted baby.

HERE is a story of one who knows — or rather one who is learning the joys of being an adoptive parent.

My husband and I are in our twenties. He is 29 and I am 25, and we have been married for four years.

For the last three, we have been in the care of a leading Melbourne gynaecologist, who after tests and treatment can find no reason why we cannot have children of our own.

We had been thinking vaguely about adoption for some time, so when the final test was over we decided to go into it more fully.

I remember we sat up until the very early hours of the morning, putting forward every obstacle and overcoming them together, imagining as many hurdles as possible and agreeing how to cope with them.

We decided to leave it to our doctor, who agreed wholeheartedly.

We placed our application with our Church Family Planning Bureau, so with the specialist's letter of introduction, our own doctor's medical certificates, and references from our priest, the wheels started to turn.

It was June 20. Within a few days, a form came in the

mail, in which we had to answer all manner of questions — our weekly income, our assets and liabilities, our home, and finally personal questions of height, coloring, etc.

The following week we had our interview with the social worker, a truly wonderful person.

We were seen for nearly an hour separately and then about 30 minutes together.

It was no gruelling ordeal as I had imagined, just a pleasant chat about all manner of topics, from which, I presume, she was assessing our character, personality, and so on.

We did not ask for a boy or girl, but left it to them to try to find a child to suit our way of life and our standard of intelligence — a basis which they regard as most important, for they do not place a baby of parents with a limited amount of intelligence with a brilliantly clever couple, or vice versa.

We were told we would have to wait only three to six months.

We were both deliriously happy. I remember hum-

ming to myself over and over, we're having a baby — at long last — it was hard to believe.

They were busy weeks. I had been doing a lot of knitting and putting away little things in my "box," but we had to "do" the nursery.

Six weeks

I dislike painting and am certainly not much good, but with a new-found vigor I tackled pastel-blue walls and a white ceiling.

When the bassinet was "installed" we felt we were ready and were delighted when a phone call assured us there would be a baby in six weeks.

The following day we went away for holidays.

We had two weeks of parties and fun because now, suddenly, I was feeling like a condemned woman.

There were a thousand things I wanted to do before the baby came.

We decided to spend the third week of our holidays at home, going to the theatre, visiting friends, etc., and doing all the little things

this baby so much — we both did — but I was afraid. The next day the journey to the foundling home seemed endless. I couldn't speak or even raise much of a smile. I felt stunned, yet very churned up.

Our appointment was for 3 p.m. and promptly at that time Sister walked in with the tiny bundle, dropped him in my arms.

I looked down at his tiny little face, practically hidden by an enormous matinee jacket, and bundled up in a yellow bunny rug — and felt nothing.

I had expected to feel a great surge of motherly love, and instead I looked at this little creature and thought, "What a funny little face!"

I was thinking, will people like him; will they accept him; but mostly, why don't I feel anything?

Sister left us alone, and I turned to Peter for reassurance.

"Do you like him?" I asked.

He answered quietly, "I think we'll take Michael home."

'Wonderful grin'

we wouldn't be able to do very soon.

However, to please my husband, as soon as we arrived home and dropped the suitcases near the door, I rang the sister in charge, expecting to be told "another three or four weeks."

Imagine our feelings on being told "Your baby son is waiting to go home, he is seven weeks old."

I put down the phone and cried. I wasn't ready!

After all this time I wanted everything to be perfect. I hadn't done any baking, the garden was a mess (as if it mattered).

I was stunned.

For the first time in my life I couldn't raise a smile.

I was even a little frightened — what if I didn't like the baby, etc.

Luckily Peter made up for my shortcomings — he bustled around the house singing nursery rhymes.

That afternoon I did a mountain of washing and ironing, but it didn't help — that night I hardly closed my eyes.

A million doubts ran through my mind. I wanted

It was the first time we'd decided on that particular name — and I wouldn't have cared if he'd called him Father Christmas.

Sister returned and took Michael to be dressed in his new layette and shawl, and when we left I'm sure she wondered about us — I'm sure she'd never seen such a cold mother.

It was September 20.

For the next few days I still felt Michael wasn't really ours.

We had looked after several babies for weeks at a time, and were quite used to parents thanking us and taking their baby home.

The result

However, having to feed Michael every three hours (he was still very tiny), I couldn't help the peaceful feeling that stole over me.

Seeing this tiny white bundle in Peter's arms brought a lump to my throat, and when he laid him on the rug and said, "Now, Michael, are you

watching, Dad-ad-ad!" I really felt at last we were a family.

Michael is a joy. He is fair, with big blue eyes and perfect satiny skin.

He has thrived, and gained as much as a pound each week. At five months he weighs 16lb., and is very strong.

He will lie in his bassinet and play quietly with his hands. When he is awakened accidentally his face breaks into a (as yet) toothless grin, and a sunnier natured child you couldn't find.

He has never caused us a moment's worry, and since he himself cut out his 2 a.m. and 10 p.m. feeds we have never had to get up to him.

Perfect strangers have commented how beautiful he is, but to his slightly biased parents his beauty is in his happy nature and in the joy and love he has brought to us both.

Next month we go to court and sign a document to make him legally ours. His mother had already signed during the six weeks before we got him, and until we go to court he belongs to the foundling home.

The legal part has never worried me, as every safeguard is taken to protect all parties.

So many people have said to us, "How can these mothers forsake their babies?"

I don't know how they can.

They must have great courage and real love for their babies, plus the gift of unselfishness, and I know we are eternally grateful to Michael's other mother, whom we shall never know or see.

We used to pray for a baby of our own until I realised we should perhaps just pray for a baby — that perhaps this is what we were meant to do.

Our names are down for a brother or sister in the near future.

If anyone reading this is toying with the idea of adoption, may I say:

● You must both want the baby equally.

● Don't be influenced by anyone.

● The deciding is the hardest part.

● But the result is wonderful.

Go ahead — and good luck!

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Apple tart wins prize

● A delicious Continental tart made with a spicy pastry shell and a creamy coconut filling wins the £5 prize.

ALL spoon measurements are level.

APPLE COCONUT TART

Pastry: Two cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons orange juice. Sift flour with baking powder, cinnamon, salt, ginger, cloves, and

brown sugar, cut in butter. Combine vinegar and orange juice, sprinkle over flour mixture. Combine lightly until blended. Roll out to fit into 9in. flan-tin. Chill.

Filling: Three eggs, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, 1 cup well-drained apple pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, juice of 2 lemons, grated peel of 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1-3rd cup shredded coconut, icing sugar, chopped walnuts.

Separate eggs. Beat yolks until

light, add condensed milk, apples, salt, lemon juice and peel, vanilla, mix until blended. Stir in coconut. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold in. Turn into chilled pie-shell. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Cool, just before serving sprinkle walnuts over top, then whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, pile on top, sprinkle with icing sugar.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. V. Wilson, 24 Leofrene Avenue, Marrickville, N.S.W.

SEAFOOD CHOWDER

One packet cream of chicken soup, milk or water, 1 crushed bay leaf, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 large onion (finely chopped), 1 red and 1 green pepper (sliced thinly), 1 cup chopped celery, 1 small carrot (diced), 1 cup chopped cauliflower or cabbage pieces, 2 rashers bacon (or use a little salt pork or ham), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped almonds, 1 bottle oysters (drained), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. shelled prawns, 1lb. cooked fish (cut into small pieces), or use any seafood mixture desired, juice 1 lemon, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green shallots or par-cooked peas.

Make up packet soup, using only $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity of liquid stated (preferably milk instead of water), adding bayleaf. Melt butter in heavy pan, gently fry onion, peppers, celery, carrot, chopped cauliflower or cabbage, chopped bacon, and almonds. Sprinkle seafoods with lemon juice, pepper, salt. Mix gently with soup and vegetables, add chopped shallots or peas. Place in large saucepan, heat gently, do not boil. Serve with boiled rice.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mr. M. Burke, 125 Ourimbah Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

HOME HINTS

● A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for each of these hints sent in by readers.

To clear blocked sinks or wash-basins: Put one large tablespoon bicarbonate of soda and half a cup vinegar down the plughole. Put in plug and fill basin or sink with boiling water, then pull out the plug. —Mrs. A. Peck, "Sunnyvale", Boundary Rd., Mt. Eliza, Vic.

Before sewing on bias binding, turn the edge of the material over once and run the iron along it. Binding attached like this won't break away, because it is sewn through two thicknesses of material. —Mrs. J. R. Bailey, Warner's Bay Rd., Mount Hutton, N.S.W.

If your fruit cake turns out soggy, put it in a pudding basin, pour a little milk or brandy over it, and steam half an hour. Served with cream or brandy sauce, it makes a delicious pudding. —F. Foster, 12 Gofflands Terrace, Glenelg, S.A.

MARBLED CHOCOLATE DESSERT

Half-cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2oz. unsweetened chocolate, 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup chilled evaporated milk, 1 Tin. sponge, whipped cream, shaved chocolate.

Thoroughly mix sugar, gelatine, salt, chocolate, and milk in top half of double saucepan, stirring constantly until gelatine is dissolved and chocolate has melted. Gradually add beaten egg-yolks, continue cooking until slightly thickened. Add vanilla, allow to chill until beginning to thicken. Meanwhile beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture is of meringue consistency. Fold into chocolate mixture with stiffly beaten evaporated milk, as a marbled effect is obtained. Carefully stir in sponge which has been cut into small pieces. Spoon into glass casserole dish, allow to set. If desired, decorate with whipped cream and shaved chocolate. Serve.



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● This maternity shift and tailored blouse was specially chosen for a young mother-to-be.

HERE is part of her letter and my reply:

"I need a pattern for a comfortable, loose-fitting maternity dress that can be worn over a blouse or sweater. I really have in mind a type of pinafore dress."

What you need is a maternity shift; the design is illustrated at right. Actually, the dress can be worn two ways — with or without the blouse or sweater. If you decide to order, please do so according to bust size before pregnancy. Our patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"What type of two-piece will make a small figure look taller?"

I would also like to know if I am too small to wear a coat with a rather large fur collar? My height is 5ft. 2in."

A hip-length overblouse and matching slim easy-cut skirt will make a short girl look taller. Yes to the second question.

"Is there any really new skirt-line for autumn?"

Yes there is — the skirt with a deep inverted front pleat starting at the waistline. This skirt looks extra new, because it gives the appearance of a divided skirt. This skirtline was shown all through the Dior autumn collection.

"Is a hostess gown suitable for entertaining guests at the cocktail hour?"

Depends on your interpretation of hostess gown. No hostess gown should ever look as if it belongs to the bedroom. At-home clothes should be chosen to make you look your best in your own surroundings.

"My husband and I are invited to a formal dance, and he thinks it is not necessary for him to wear a dinner suit. Would a dark lounge suit be correct? The women are wearing very dressy clothes."

Find out in advance what the other men are wearing. Your husband should wear the same attire. Strictly speaking, a dinner suit or tails are both correct for a formal dance.

"Please tell me the correct shoes and gloves to wear with a short-skirted red satin evening frock."

Wear satin shoes dyed to match your dress and wrist-length white gloves.

"What should I wear to a function at my child's school?"

What type of function? If it's daytime, dress fairly casually, but wear gloves and look your best. Remember, you're a mother on view.

By BETTY KEEP

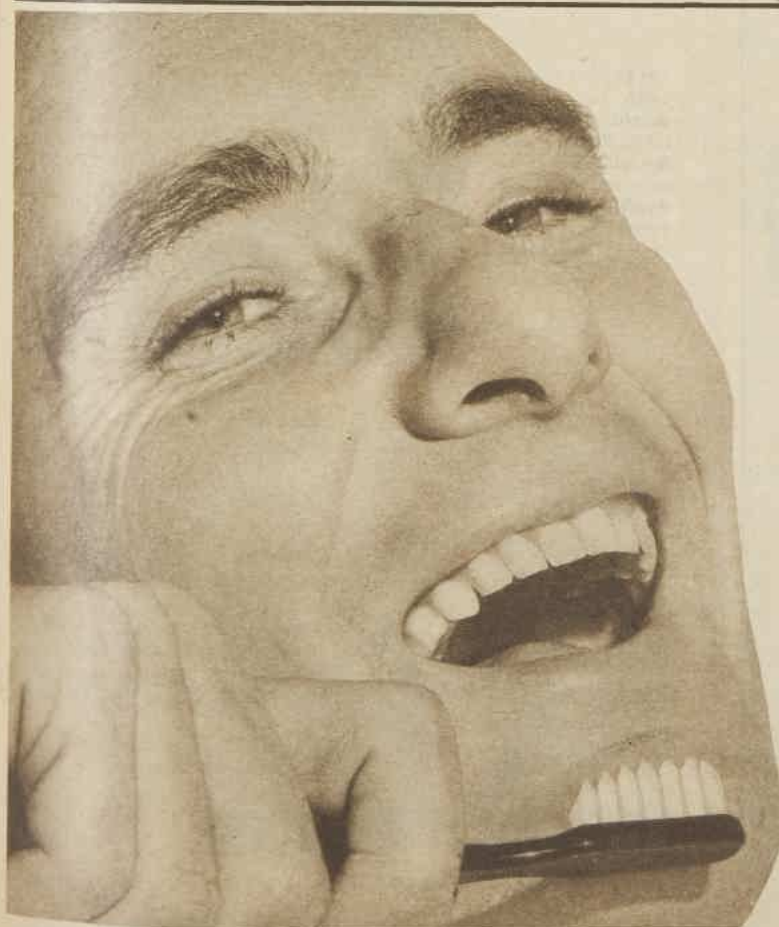


DS511.—Maternity shift and blouse in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires: Shift, 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material; blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

DAFFODILS

● The daffodil has a long and distinguished lineage—poets sang its praises in ancient Greece (they called it narcissus). Among modern daffodils here are old favorites and new varieties.



"LONGERAY" has delicate coloring in its cup and perianth (petals). This new variety was shown in Melbourne last spring. Gardening Book—page 94



"KING ALFRED," with its rich all-yellow trumpet, is one of the most popular of the daffodil varieties for indoor decoration.

"HOLLANDIA," with its cup of double formation, flowers prolifically, unlike most other doubles. Not yet generally available in Australia.



"FORTUNE" is a handsome daffodil with a large, ruddy-hued cup. It has tall stems and therefore is specially suitable for indoor use.

Gardening Book—page 95



"GOLDEN CASTLE" won in the open class in the Royal Horticultural Society's camellia and daffodil show in Melbourne. Gardening Book — page 96



"MRS. R. O. BACKHOUSE" is claimed to be the first pink daffodil ever bred, with its pink trumpet and white petals.



"PEEPING TOM" has a very narrow, long trumpet, and the petals are set at a backward angle. The color is intense.



"SUN-POOL" is notable for its large, very expanded cup.

OVERLEAF: Advice to growers

Gardening Book — page 97

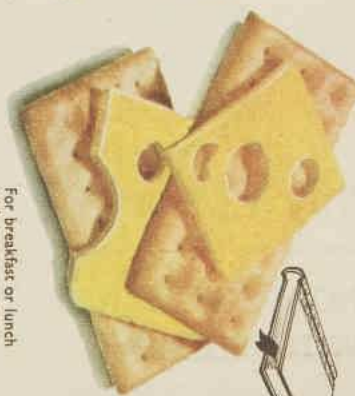
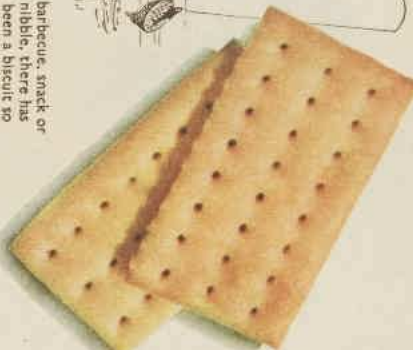
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DAFFODILS—continued

GROUP THE BULBS



● Some of the million daffodils (of 136 named varieties) at "Tavistock," home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Burrow, overlooking the Tamar River near Launceston, Tasmania. Picture by W. E. Rudge, Moonah, Tasmania.

DAFFODILS, whatever the variety, look their glorious best when planted in clumps of a half-dozen or more, or in drifts of hundreds in spacious gardens. In single rows they appear insignificant.

Under deciduous trees they can be "naturalised" or made to grow as if wild. Open sunny bushland is suitable, too; so are slopes or meadows where the grass needn't be cut until after daffodil foliage has ripened.

Such plantings are often left undisturbed for 12 or 15 years.

Gardening Book—page 98

Remember that the bulb continues to develop after the flowering and doesn't become dormant till the foliage has turned yellow. That's why the green foliage should be left.

Drainage must be good and the soil fertile but not too heavy. If manure is used it should be very old, and placed deeply so that the bulbs don't come into contact with it.

Liberal quantities of bone-dust or blood and bone and superphosphate, or a balanced fertiliser, may be mixed with the soil to give nutriment for a long time. Bone-dust will last for four or five years; the more soluble commercial fertilisers much less.

Once the bulbs have bloomed an annual top-dressing of bone-dust and hardwood ashes will keep them happy.

Daffodil bulbs should be planted from about the end of January to early April, but the earlier the better, as they have to become established before the ground freezes, if sown in very cold areas, and in time to allow them to develop good root systems before winter sets in.

Only 24 named daffodils were known in England in 1548, but today the Royal Horticultural Society lists well over 10,000 varieties.

Although all belong to the narcissus family, the more general practice is to use the name "daffodil" for the big trumpet types, and "narcissus" for the smaller and paler species.

The yellow-trumpet daffodil is probably the most generally popular; the blooms are always the largest of all, with perianths (petals) of various shades of yellow and near-orange.

Prominent among these are King Alfred, Emperor, Warwick, Olympia, Whistler, Gold Harvest, Lord Wellington, Duchanel, Dawson City, Alaska, and Ben Hur, but there are some

thousands of others, all with long trumpets but varying otherwise in shape or shade.

In recent years the white trumpet daffodil has also become popular, and many fine varieties have reached the market in Australia.

These include Alice Knight, Silver Glory, Lord Louis Mountbatten, President Carnot, Rosabella, Ada Finch, Mme. de Graff, Mrs. D. V. West, Mrs. E. H. Krelage, Mrs. Thompson, and Sulphur Beauty.

Bicolor trumpet daffodils are also sought after, and some beautiful varieties have been raised by experts. Outstanding among these are Empress, Glory of Sassenheim, Moonlight, Pride of Hillegom, Robert E. Lee, Victoria, and Weardale Perfection, but there are scores of others.

Newer varieties

Here is a list of daffodils which will be released in nurseries and stores this year:

Carbineer.—Bright yellow perianth with all exhibition qualities, well-formed bright red cup.

Cheerfulness.—Creamy white perianth, full double centre of white and yellow, two or more blooms to a stem.

Emerald.—An enormous (4½ in. in diameter) white perianth, with a pale-lemon-yellow heavy frilled flat crown.

La Argentina.—Large broad white perianth; crown is flat, but flute is yellow, alternating with white and orange-red. Not seen in Australia before.

Orange Monarch.—Ivory-white perianth 5 in. in diameter with very large (¾ in.) flat crown of brilliant orange-red.

Ptolemy.—Large bloom, broad creamy white perianth, primrose-tinted canary trumpet.

Tunis.—White perianth with long white cup edged with coppery tips.

Unsurpassable.—The largest golden daffodil available, twice the size of King Alfred, on long, strong stems.

Gardening Book—page 99

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

"DUKE OF WINDSOR" was grown by Thomas Harper, of Stranraer, Scotland. Simplicity of the coronet of white petals is heightened by the richly fluted trumpet.



"REVELRY" has superbly shaped and defined petals. This also was grown by Thomas Harper.

Gardening Book — page 100

"FERMOY" is another white-petalled blossom; but here the fluted trumpet displays its deepest tone of color at the edges.



"TEXAS," a double bloom, has alternate rows of deep yellow and curling orange petals. This daffodil has a long, straight stem.

Gardening Book — page 101

DAWN
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DTA201CH

Joan Sutherland

any way resembled dancers. At the acting lessons she was fortified by the way others dissolved into laughter at the mere idea of themselves miming a butterfly or a tree. In the breaks between lessons she soon observed that her fellow students always talked more obscenely and of matters even more immoral than usual the second they noticed her.

"Look at her blushing," they mocked good-naturedly. Almost, but never quite completely, she gave up blushing.

As the months progressed she became gradually aware of the stage-craft of operatic singing; and she absorbed all the weird superstitions of the theatre, from not whistling in the stage precincts to never passing anyone on the backstage staircase.

All this time she and Richard were going to concerts and theatres together, always in the cheapest seats. Also Joan and her mother moved into another bed-sitter at the top of five flights of stairs and bought, for £14, a terrible piano which evoked from the carters a flood of bad language as they lugged it up to the fifth floor. Thereafter Richard became a regular visitor, attracted as much by Mrs. Sutherland's cooking as he was by the Sutherlands' company.

He would eat, play the piano while Joan practised, and then go home.

"Every time he bangs a note," Mrs. Sutherland once complained, "another string breaks. And he's eating all my ration of loaf sugar."

"The lad's hungry," Joan defended him, almost maternally.

"He's spoilt," stated Mrs. Sutherland flatly, and began to fill in a football coupon.

RICHARD'S teacher, the greatly respected Herbert Fryer, had taught his pupil to share his own passion for Chopin, and from there it had been a short transition to his learning to love the romantic music of early 19th-century Italian opera, of Bellini and Donizetti especially. In 1952 he remembered again how, as a 13-year-old in Sydney, he had bought and learnt by heart the score of "I Puritani." He remembered how, as a boy soprano, he had sung and loved all the soprano arias in that opera; how, as a student, later, he had accompanied his cousin who sang coloratura roles.

Now, half unconsciously, half deliberately, he began to preach to the Sutherlands the virtues of a coloratura's more florid and brilliant singing.

Both women rejected his proselytising with scorn; Mrs. Sutherland with the full-blooded contempt of a richly endowed mezzo-soprano from a land that has produced few such singers—and hundreds of coloraturas; Joan with the anxious irritation of a girl who had already been browbeaten into singing hated high B flats and had no intention whatever of now being browbeaten into attempting utterly unattainable F's.

Yet Richard, watching and listening intently, was certain that Joan was wrong.

All day long round the house he had noticed that she sang and sang, and always in a natural, pure voice which was much higher than the voice she used when she worked. He decided that she was depressing her real voice to produce the sounds she did when she worked. Why shouldn't she be able to apply her natural, round-the-house voice to her practice?

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because I can't."

"Well, at least you could bloody well try."

"Don't you talk to my daughter like that."

"Talk to her how I like."

"You'll ruin her voice."

"Nonsense. She's got a throat of steel and the stomach muscles of a draught-horse."

"Well, I won't do it," Joan shouted, and Richard, grabbing a handful of loaf-sugar, walked out.

Meanwhile, Professor Carey was telling her: "You're opening your mouth too wide. Makes too big a space so that your high notes sound hollow."

Joan passed on this comment to Richard, whose eyes gleamed a little, but he said nothing. If he couldn't win this battle honestly, he'd win it by treachery.

He knew well, by now, that neither Joan nor her mother had an ear for perfect pitch—that though both could reproduce a note perfectly once it was played, they could neither of them sing it off the cuff—as few, even of the greatest singers, can.

Even more to his advantage than this was

Mrs. Sutherland's constantly reiterated, "Joan, you must practise your vocalises."

So he began the perfidious habit of sitting down to accompany Joan in her exercises and exploiting their lack of a perfect pitch.

"Don't stand beside me," he would say. "Learn to move around." Joan would move away. "Now," he would ask, "where shall I start?"

"Ooh, round about middle C."

"O.K." And he would start in E flat!

Effortlessly and blissfully unaware, Joan always followed him. After a while he lifted the vocalises even higher. Still Joan followed him without any effort, her voice perfectly supported.

RICHARD now had an ambition to make

Joan a coloratura soprano singing the Italian early 19th-century operas. He began to mark her scores to indicate where she should breathe; he began to argue about inflexions that would heighten the effect of a phrase; and he even succeeded in persuading the good-natured girl with whom he worked to sing arias by Bellini.

Occasionally he would bully her too far—too far even for Joan—so that she would throw the score away and abuse its composer.

"Rubbish," she would shout. Then Richard would bang his hands down on the keyboard, strings would snap inside the ancient piano, and the maestro, black-faced, would stalk out.

Inevitably, however, he began to wear down the arrogant and innate contempt of Sutherland the academic dramatic soprano, for Sutherland the girl who trilled round the house all day like a born coloratura. Rather self-consciously she went one day for her lesson with Carey and said: "Rick's been playing me a record of 'Qui la voce sua soave' from Bellini's 'I Puritani.' He says I ought to sing it."

Carey looked surprised. This was an appallingly difficult aria, well beyond the range of any dramatic soprano.

"Done any work on it?" he asked.

"Well," rather shamefacedly, "quite a lot, really."

He moved over to the piano and put the music of the aria in front of him.

"All right," he said, "off you go."

What followed astounded him. Using a tone production he had never heard her use before, she sang Bellini's difficult aria with dazzling skill and perfection, ornamenting it with a series of superbly executed arpeggios and trills and rounding it off with an effortlessly pure high E flat.

"Now who," he demanded, "taught you that?"

"Ricky. Was it all right?"

"It was perfect," he told her somewhat bewildered, because what does one do with a soprano one had always imagined to be Wagnerian who suddenly sings to perfection in a style forgotten since the days of Milan, Paganini, Pasta, and Grisi?

And what, anyway, in these days of Callas was the use of a soprano, either Wagnerian or coloratura, who, when she first entered the Opera School, acted and moved round the stage like a sack of flour, and now, after a year's intensive training, acted and moved round the stage like half a sack of flour? However good its voice, what company would ever employ a half sack of flour?

In fact, Joan hoped that Covent Garden's Royal Opera House Company would employ her; it was about to give her an audition.

Richard would be her accompanist. The two decided on various dramatic and coloratura soprano arias which ranged from Wagner to Bellini.

After the audition Covent Garden's representatives told Joan that they would like to hear her again in six months' time.

To the Administrator they reported: "She starts with a good ring in the voice, but has very little experience or gifts by nature," as bland a way as any of saying that, though she sounded impressive, she looked terrible.

"Next time you must sing more coloratura," Richard urged.

"Not coloratura. Not this canary stuff!"

Once again Richard stormed out of the house.

"I know he's a wonderful musician," Joan complained to her mother after he had gone, "but what's he know about singing?"

Later, though, she felt sorry for her anger—sorry also for Richard. He needed looking

To page 50

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THE CLEANEST CLEAN UNDER THE SUN IS FAB CLEAN



● Sheffield plate soup tureen.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives his opinion on a soup tureen, a coin, a meat dish, and a pottery jug owned by readers.

Could you give me some information about the Sheffield plate soup tureen that I own, please?—Mrs. L. Hammelt, North Geelong, Vic.

Your tureen (above) is a genuine example of old Sheffield plate and was made about 1830. It appears to be in fine state of preservation.

I have a coin which I have been told is a penny of the George III era made in 1797. It has King George on one side and a woman with a trident and shield on the other—Phillip Smith, Mittagong, N.S.W.

The large "cartwheel" penny, which weighed 1oz. when struck, was designed and made by the firm of Mathew Boulton, of Soho, near Birmingham, in 1797.

Could you tell me how old is this 15in. x 12in. heavy cream meat dish? The colors are muted yellow, greens, deep pink, and lavender. Marks on the back are Rd N7890, DEPOSE, H3362, and stamped into the plate is M. A. and G. Brown, Westons. Moore & Co. — Mrs. W. H. Bockholt, Wimmera, Vic.



● Meat dish.

Your meat dish (above) was made in England about 1885.

This jug is made of pottery, has a windmill and figure in relief, and a handle in the shape of a greyhound. There are no markings. Could you tell me its history and age, please? — Mrs. D. C. Sturt, South Coogee, N.S.W.

The pottery jug (below) is an interesting collectors' item and is probably Fulham stoneware. Your specimen dates about 1840. It is not easy to attribute this type of ware, in the absence of a mark, to any particular potter. William White, of Fulham, potter, was noted for manufacturing this type of ware. The factory closed in 1862.



● Pottery jug.

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* A Perfect Summer Sweet! — Marbled Chocolate Dessert (recipe from page 42)

Pictured: 2½ pint oblong utility dish — crystal clear to show off the beauty of the food itself.

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Page 49

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*Marmite contains no meat and is not an extract of meat

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Joan Sutherland

From page 48

after. And because of his acute disappointment with the attitude of the Royal College of Music toward his studies he needed someone with whom to work on music that he enjoyed. Admittedly he was doing concerts and television performances, but he did not seem to take pleasure in them. He only really came to life when he sat down to play for Joan and to work on her voice.

"Look," she said next time they met, "you don't cook properly for yourself, you'd better come and eat with us."

FOR the next six months she continued her studies at the Opera School, her work with Carey, her practice with Richard — and their arguments. Then she wrote to Covent Garden and reminded them that they had said they wanted to see and hear her again. Fairly promptly she was granted a second audition.

As Richard played she sang heavy dramatic arias first and then finished her performance with "Non mi dir" from "Don Giovanni," complete with all those hellish coloratura adornments that contemporary dramatic sopranos had made it their sensible practice to omit almost entirely.

She was asked to sing again, this time in the presence of the Administrator and this time on the stage of the Royal Opera House.

"Well," she said, "at least I'll always be able to say I sang at Covent Garden once!" And she and Richard set off for the Opera House.

Arrived there she was asked to repeat her "Non mi dir." She sang the aria, as Richard had taught her to, in the way that Mozart had intended it to be sung—in the way that the great Aloysia Weber and La Bastardina had sung it—shirking none of its fantastic complexities nor any of its demands on vocal agility. She sang it as Covent Garden had not heard it sung for many years. She also sang arias in what she, her mother, and all her past teachers regarded as her true style—that of a heavy dramatic soprano.

Covent Garden's reaction, in its confidential report, was: "Stylish. Very good diction. Top quite good. Middle very good. Sympathetic. But is she a proposition for the theatre?"

To Joan they said nothing more than politeness demanded. Three auditions, it seemed, had gained her nothing.

Her year at the Opera School was now near its end, and to mark its conclusion the students were to perform Puccini's "Il Tabarro." Joan was given the soprano role of Giorgetta. The production and her performance in it were well but not rapturously received. Representatives of Covent Garden were in the audience. But still no one made any move to employ her. What was she to do now? Apply for a fourth audition?

Two months later the telephone rang at the Sutherlands' fifth-floor bed-sitter. Mrs. Sutherland answered it. "Joan," she called. "Covent Garden."

Warily, Joan picked up the receiver. Covent Garden offered her a yearly contract at £10 a week in London, £15 a week on tour. Would she accept?

She lost no time in accepting such unheard-of riches.

Then would she please start by looking at the roles of the First Lady in "The Magic Flute," Clothilde in "Norma," and the High Priestess in "Aida"? For £10 a week and the opportunity of joining the Covent Garden opera company Joan would have looked at the role of Boris in "Boris Godunov." She accepted everything.

"Mum," she shouted. "They want me to sing. Isn't it marvellous? I must ring Rick and tell him."

AT the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, its Administrator, Mr. David Webster, now Sir David Webster, had decided, as soon as he heard her, that Joan Sutherland had a great voice. The fact that she moved badly on the stage and was emphatically unglamorous on it or off it deterred him not at all.

"This," he told anyone who would listen — and few who saw her would listen — "is the first singer we've had here since the war who is capable of becoming a star."

Joan arrived punctually, but timidly, for

her first rehearsal. Her immediate colleagues were Janet Howe, an English singer, and Jean Watson, a Canadian, who played the other Ladies-in-Waiting in the first coming production of "The Magic Flute."

From 10.30 till lunchtime they rehearsed, and then Joan did not know where to go for lunch. Swiftly banishing all her preconceived notions of backstage jealousy and bitchiness, Janet Howe and Jean Watson escorted her to the nearest Lyons Tea Shop.

After lunch, from 2.30 till 5.30, were more rehearsals. Full of Lyons' tea Joan wandered desperately where the Opera House kept its lavatories, but was too shy to ask. An attempt to find them for herself only left her lost in the catacombs below stage so that, doubly discomfited, she had to ask how to get back to it.

Everywhere was the confusion of an opera house in rehearsal, the studied chaos of an organisation comprised of more than 700 beings, all of whom, except Joan, knew exactly what they were doing and where they were going.

Janet and Jean taught her the geography of the Opera House; they introduced her to the more musical of the Covent Garden vegetable market's porters, who nicknamed her "Aussie"; they offered to help with her make-up.

Everyone was good to her, because everyone was sorry for her, and anyone who might have been jealous of her as a possible rival ceased to be so as soon as she began rehearsing. Certainly she had a very accurate voice, but equally certainly, by her mannerisms, she convinced all who watched her that she could never reach the top.

The slightest mistake on her part had her grimacing like a self-conscious schoolgirl, slapping the side of her head in extravagant self-reproach, drawing down the corners of her mouth in over-elaborate, clown-like dismay. Such antics belied the potential of her voice: gauche rehearsals precluded the possibility of polished performances. No one had any need to fear her: all were kind to her.

When she was not rehearsing she was in the hands of Opera House *repetiteurs*, who took her endlessly over possible new roles. Four or five times a week she would be required to attend upon men like Peter Gelhorn and Norman Feasy and Ted Downes for such coaching. Hundreds of hours were to be spent with these *repetiteurs* as, laboriously, they took her over new roles.

"No, not like that; like this . . ." "Make it rounder . . ." So it went on, through weeks after aria, role after role, score after score.

It was an aspect of life in an opera company that had never occurred to her, yet she recognised at once how crucially important it was, for how else could a small-part soloist like herself ever build up the repertoire that might one day lead to bigger and more important roles?

WHEN she was not rehearsing, or on call to a *repetiteur*, she was at home working with Richard. Though he had recently played on the concert platform in Belgium he was now almost totally obsessed with Joan's voice, helping her moulding it, with the inflexible aim one day of transforming it. Jealously he guarded her voice.

This last was as vital and difficult as anything else that had to be done. Even in Australia with its warm, clean air Joan had been the chronic victim of sinusitis. In damp, foggy London she suffered acutely. Her sinusitis grew worse; because of it she had less resistance to colds; because of them her sinusitis grew worse still. Here was a viciously damaging circle for any person for a singer's voice, it must be fatal.

At the slightest hint, then, of a cold or an earache Richard insisted that Joan visit the Opera House's specialist, Mr. David Griffiths.

Griffiths privately considered that this patient had no right to be a singer at all, so congested were all the cavities in the front of her head; but since she did manage to sing and since she did sing for Covent Garden, then it was his duty to clear the sinuses.

Plunging his needles up through the nostrils and into the blocked cavities beyond, he pumped, washed out, and cleared them.

Joan Sutherland

that astonished him then was that she would yield not at all to an ordeal which would leave men faint and for which, usually, he prescribed several days' rest. This rather ordinary girl would go straight back from her surgery to Covent Garden and there would sing. And next day, as if nothing had happened, she would be practising with Richard.

Nowadays, when Joan went for lessons to Clive Carey, which she did as a private pupil, Richard went with her and played the piano. He said nothing during the lesson, but Carey knew that he listened to everything, and used it later as he worked with Joan at home. He even urged Richard not to work her too hard.

"You mustn't bully her so much," he said, but though Carey was a famous teacher, a one-time pupil of the great Jean de Reszke, Richard knew that he must bully.

Joan was neither well organised nor ambitious. Too often when she should have worked she pleaded a meal to cook or clothes to wash. Shouting at her, Richard compelled her to abandon both cooking and laundering and practise instead. Equally, having arrived at Covent Garden, Joan felt that she had achieved all that she needed, but Richard saw her as a great singer, not just as one of Covent Garden's four available resident sopranos, and was prepared to disregard Clive Carey and everyone else to drive her to the success he felt her voice deserved.

THE opening night of "The Magic Flute" came and went. Joan was petrified as she confronted her first Covent Garden audience, which included Richard and her mother, each clutching the other's hand, their feuding, for the moment, forgotten. In their minor roles all three Ladies-in-Waiting acquitted themselves with sufficient honor.

Work went on. Work now mainly meant learning the role of the maid Clothilde in "Norma" — in which Maria Callas was to sing the leading role — and in this project Edward Downes, then a *repetiteur*, found it his appalling task to coach Joan.

Appalling because not only was she a lump, which he could have forgiven, and a clumsy actress, which he could have forgiven, but because she was also an incredibly slow learner, which he could not forgive. At one of the weekly musical staff meetings he had therefore advocated that she be dismissed from the company, but the Administrator refused to entertain the suggestion.

Joan remained in a state of ignorance about Downes' attempts upon her status. Now only one thing mattered to her — that she was soon going to sing with the woman regarded by all as the greatest star of post-war opera, Maria Callas.

In the event she was not disappointed. Far from there being any prima donna attitudes, Callas was easy to work with and appreciatively considerate of others. As she and Joan stood together in the wings on the opening night, whilst Ebe Stignani sang the part of Adalgisa, Callas, enormous arms folded, said: "Please be my eyes, Joan. Make sure I'm in the right position for the song."

Almost blind without her glasses, Callas had paced everything out in rehearsal, but it was useless her counting paces, as she moved across the stage, if she started off slightly in the wrong direction and so strode briskly into the orchestra pit.

Stignani was singing. Callas said, "God, how she can sing!"

And so she made her entrance. With each of these great artists at her best the show that followed was at the same time a perfect performance and a marvellous battle. Each offered the other everything she could; each fought the other with every brilliant weapon in her own brilliant, vocal armoury. At the end of the duet the house exploded in applause for them both, and Joan jumped and clapped her hands together in her habitual childlike manner.

a dramatic soprano with a large voice, herself should do. And exactly what she had always said was absurd, telling him that she knew more about her own voice than he did.

At one performance as she waited in the wings with Callas, Joan mentioned tentatively that she herself one day would like to sing coloratura roles.

"Why not?" asked Callas. "It means a lot of work, but why not?" And at that moment Richard Bonyngé won his first beach-head in what was still to be a very long battle.

IN December, 1952, everything started to go wrong with the Opera Company's plans. Verdi's "The Masked Ball" was to open on the 29th, and one after the other all the more experienced sopranos were smitten with illness. If the guest artist, Helene Werth, should be indisposed, neither Sylvia Fisher nor Adele Leigh nor Blanche Turner would be able to take her place.

On December 29 a cable, unfortunately delayed, arrived from Hamburg. It came from Miss Werth. She was ill and could not fly to London to sing that night.

To add to their dilemma, the Opera House had a traditional policy that, once a performance had been advertised, that performance must go on. Which being the case and Sutherland being the only available soprano, there was just one thing to do — offer this awkward beginner, at one day's notice, the leading role in "The Masked Ball" on its opening night.

"If you decline, we'll quite understand," the management told her.

Joan knew that she had not yet nearly mastered the part, but also that she was the only soprano available. She knew that the performance must go on, but did not believe that she could carry it. She knew that she had to say "yes," and her every instinct was to say "no."

"All right," she said, "I'll try."

Her prompter on the night of December 29 was that most disgruntled of her critics, the *repetiteur* Edward Downes. She would have been even less at ease (as the curtain rose to an audience already notified that an unknown stand-in was singing the leading role of Amelia) had she realised just what Downes thought of her as an operatic singer. But she did not know, and, anyway, she could hardly, in fact, have been less at ease.

All those words and notes to remember, and all those stage movements, and her throat so tight with nervousness, tight when it most needed to be relaxed; she knew that she couldn't succeed.

Richard and her mother sat in the audience together as before, hands more tightly clasped than ever. Another Australian soprano, Joan Hammond, sat beside them, and the opera began.

Remembering more than she had thought she could remember of Amelia's difficult role, picking up her cues from the attentive Downes better and more alertly than she had ever learnt anything from him as a *repetiteur*, forgetting some words, leaving others out simply because she was preoccupied with her movements on the stage, she nevertheless won a good reception and saved the production from a critics' mauling.

She took five curtains at the opera's conclusion. After them Joan Hammond turned to Mrs. Sutherland in the audience. "A lovely voice," she congratulated, "but she's got a lot of heartbreaks ahead."

Backstage, Downes hugged her and shouted, "You did it, you did it! And you've shown me a thing or two."

"Oh?"

"I tried to have you kicked out of the company," he confessed courageously, at which Joan looked stricken. "Don't worry, I won't ever do it again."

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NEXT WEEK:

"Why don't we get married?"
said Richard Bonyngé

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 13, 1963.



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Regular or King Size

V 117
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the egg had been boiled exactly three and three-quarter minutes, the toast was evenly browned, the butter was arranged in a nice little pat, and the small jar of honey stood beside it. In many ways undeniably Miss Knight was a treasure. Miss Marple ate her breakfast and enjoyed it. Presently the whirr of a vacuum-cleaner began below. Cherry had arrived.

Competing with the whirr of the vacuum-cleaner was a fresh tuneful voice singing one of the latest popular tunes of the day. Miss Knight, coming in for the breakfast tray, shook her head.

"I really wish that young woman wouldn't go singing all over the house," she said. "It's not what I call respectful."

Miss Marple smiled a little. "It would never enter Cherry's head that she would have to be respect-

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 23

ful," she remarked. "Why should she?"

Miss Knight sniffed and said, "Very different to what things used to be."

"Naturally," said Miss Marple. "Times change. That is a thing which has to be accepted." She added, "Perhaps you'll ring up Mrs. Bantry now and find out what it was she wanted."

Miss Knight bustled away. A minute or two later there was a rap on the door and Cherry entered. She was looking bright and excited and extremely pretty.

"Your hair looks nice," said Miss Marple.

"Went for a perm yesterday," said Cherry. "A bit stiff still, but it's going to be all right. I came up to see if you'd heard the news."

"What news?" said Miss Marple. "About what happened at Gosington Hall yesterday. You know there was a big do there for the St. John Ambulance?"

Miss Marple nodded. "What happened?" she asked.

"Somebody died in the middle of

it. A Mrs. Badcock. Lives round the corner from us. I don't suppose you'd know her."

"Mrs. Badcock?" Miss Marple sounded alert. "But I do know her. I think—yes, that was the name—she came out and picked me up when I fell down the other day. She was very kind."

"Oh, Heather Badcock's kind, all right," said Cherry. "Overkind, some people say. They call it interfering. Well, anyway, she up and died. Just like that."

"Died! But what of?"

"Search me," said Cherry. "She'd been taken into the house because

of her being the secretary of the St. John Ambulance, I suppose. And the mayor and a lot of other people. As far as I heard, she had a heart of something, and about five minutes later she was took bad and died before you could snap your fingers."

"What a shocking occurrence!" said Miss Marple. "Did she suffer from heart trouble?"

"Sound as a bell, so they say," Cherry said. "Of course, you never know, do you? I suppose you can have something wrong with your heart and nobody knowing about it. Anyway, I can tell you this. They never sent her home."

Miss Marple looked puzzled. "What do you mean, not sent home?"

"The body," said Cherry, her cheerfulness unimpaired. "The doctor said there'd have to be an autopsy. Post-mortem—whatever you call it."

"He said he hadn't attended her for anything, and there was nothing to show the cause of death. Laughed at me," she added.

"Now, what do you mean by funny?" said Miss Marple.

"Well," Cherry considered. "Funny. As though there was something behind it."

"Is her husband terribly upset?"

"Looks as white as a sheet. He saw a man as badly hit, to look at—that is to say."

MISS MARPLE

ears, long attuned to delicate nuances, led her to cock her head slightly on one side like an inquisitive bird.

"Was he so very devoted to her?"

"He did what she told him and gave her her own way," said Cherry. "but that doesn't always mean you're devoted, does it? It may mean you haven't got the courage to stick up for yourself."

"You didn't like her?" asked Miss Marple.

"I hardly know her, really," said Cherry. "Knew her, I mean. I don't—didn't—dislike her. He she's just not my type. Too interfering."

"You mean inquisitive, now?" "No, I don't," said Cherry. "I don't mean that at all. She was a very kind woman, and she was always doing things for people. And she was always quite sure she knew the best thing to do. What I thought about it wouldn't have mattered. I had an aunt like that. Very fond of seed cake herself, and she used to bake seed cakes for people and take them to them, and she never troubled to find out whether they liked seed cake or not. There are people who can't bear it, just can't stand the flavor of any way. Well, Heather Badcock was a bit like that."

"Yes," said Miss Marple thoughtfully. "yes, she would have been. I knew someone a little like that. Such people," she added, "be dangerously—though they don't know it themselves."

Cherry stared at her. "That's a funny thing to say. I don't quite get what you mean."

Miss Knight bustled in. "Mrs. Bantry seems to have gone out," she said. "She didn't say where she was going."

"I can guess where she's going," said Miss Marple. "She's coming here. I shall get up now," she added.

Miss Marple had just enclosed herself in her favorite chair by the window when Mrs. Bantry arrived. She was slightly out of breath.

"I've got plenty to tell you, Jane," she said.

"About the fete?" asked Miss Knight. "You went to the fete yesterday, didn't you? I was there myself for a short while early in the afternoon. The tea tent was very crowded. An astonishing lot of people seemed to be there. I didn't catch a glimpse of Marina Gypsy, though, which was rather disappointing."

She flicked a little dust off a table and said brightly, "Now I'm sure you two want to have a nice little chat together," and went out of the room.

"She doesn't seem to know anything about it," said Mrs. Bantry. She fixed her friend with a keen glance. "Jane, I believe you do know."

"You mean about the death yesterday?"

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Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

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"She didn't know at all," said Miss Marple slowly, "what the world was like. She didn't know what people were like. She'd never thought about them. And so, you see, she couldn't guard against things happening to her."

"I don't really think I understand a word of what you're saying," said Mrs. Bantry.

"It's very difficult to explain exactly," said Miss Marple, apologetically. "It comes really from being self-centred and I don't mean selfish by that," she added. "You can be kind and unselfish and even thoughtful. But if you're like Alison Wilde, you never really know what you may be doing. And so you never know what may happen to you."

"Can't you make that a little clearer?" said Mrs. Bantry.

"Well, I suppose I could give you a sort of figurative example. This isn't anything that actually happened, it's just something I'm inventing."

"Go on," said Mrs. Bantry. "Well, supposing you went into a shop, say, and you knew the proprietress had a son who was the spivvy young juvenile delinquent type. He was there listening while you told his mother about some money you had in the house, or some silver or a piece of jewellery. It was something you were excited and pleased about and you wanted to talk about it. And you also perhaps mention an evening that you were going out. You even say that you never lock the house. You're interested in what you're saying, what you're telling her, because it's so very much in your mind. And then, say, on that particular evening you've forgotten something and there's this bad lot of a boy in the house, caught in the act, and he turns round and coshes you."

"That might happen to almost anybody nowadays," said Mrs. Bantry.

"Not quite," said Miss Marple, "most people have a sense of protection. They realise when it's unwise to say or do something because of the person or persons who are taking in what you say, and because of the kind of character that those people have. But as I say Alison Wilde never thought of anybody else but herself—She was the sort of person who tells you what they've done and what they've seen and what they've felt and what they've heard. They never mention what any other people said or did. Life is a kind of one-way track—just their own progress through it. Other people seem to them just like — like wall-paper in a room." She paused and then said, "I think Heather Badcock was that kind of person."

Mrs. Bantry said, "You think she was the sort of person who might have butted into something without knowing what she was doing?"

"And without realising that it was a dangerous thing to do," said Miss Marple. She added, "It's the only reason I can possibly think of why she should have been killed. If, of course," added Miss Marple, "we are right in assuming that murder has been committed."

"You don't think she was blackmailing someone?" Mrs. Bantry suggested.

"Oh, no," Miss Marple assured her. "She was a kind, good woman. She'd never have done anything of that kind." She added vexedly,

"The whole thing seems to me very unlikely. I suppose it can't have been—"

"Well?" Mrs. Bantry urged her.

"I just wondered if it might have been the wrong murder," said Miss Marple thoughtfully.

The door opened and Dr. Haydock breezed in, Miss Knight twittering behind him.

"Ah, at it already, I see," said Dr. Haydock, looking at

whole story, decided on the verdict, and decided on a good many other points, too, I expect. Well," he added, "I shan't waste time here. It's no good wasting time on a patient that doesn't need my ministrations. Your cheeks are pink, your eyes are bright, you've begun to enjoy yourself. Nothing like having an interest in life. I'll be on my way." He stomped out again.

"I'd rather have him than Sandford any day," said Mrs. Bantry.

"So would I," said Miss Marple. "He's a good friend,

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the two ladies. "I came in to see how your health was," he said to Miss Marple, "but I needn't ask. I see you've begun to adopt the treatment that I suggested."

"Treatment, Doctor?" Dr. Haydock pointed a finger at the knitting that lay on the table beside her. "Unravelling," he said. "I'm right, aren't I?"

Miss Marple twinkled very lightly in a discreet, old-ladyish kind of way.

"You will have your joke, Doctor Haydock," she said.

"You can't pull the wool over my eyes, my dear lady. I've known you too many years. Sudden death at Gosington Hall and all the tongues of St. Mary Mead wagging. Isn't that so? Murder suggested long before anybody even knows the result of the inquest."

"When is the inquest to be held?" asked Miss Marple.

"The day after tomorrow," said Dr. Haydock, "and by that time," he said, "you ladies will have reviewed the

too," she added thoughtfully. "He came, I think, to give me the go-ahead sign."

"Then it was murder," said Mrs. Bantry. They looked at each other. "At any rate, the doctors think so."

Miss Knight brought in cups of coffee. For once in their lives, both ladies were too impatient to welcome this interruption. When Miss Knight had gone Miss Marple started immediately.

"Now then, Dolly, you were there—"

"I practically saw it happen," said Mrs. Bantry, with modest pride.

"Splendid," said Miss Marple. "I mean—well, you know what I mean. So you can tell me just exactly what happened from the moment she arrived."

"I'd been taken into the house," said Mrs. Bantry. "Snoob status."

"Who took you in?"

"Oh, a willowy-looking young man. I think he's Marina Gregg's secretary or something like that. He took me in, up the staircase. They

were having a kind of reunion reception committee at the top of the stairs."

"On the landing?" said Miss Marple, surprised.

"Oh, they've altered all that. They've knocked the dressing-room and bedroom down so that you've got a big sort of alcove, practically a room. It's very attractive looking."

"I see. And who was there?"

"Marina Gregg, being natural and charming, looking lovely in a sort of willowy white dress. And the husband, of course, and that woman, Ella Zielinsky, I told you about. She's their social secretary. And there were about — oh, eight or ten people, I should think. Some of them I knew, some of them I didn't. Some I think were from the studios—the ones I didn't know. There was the vicar and Doctor Sandford's wife. He wasn't there himself until later, and Colonel and Mrs. Clittering and the High Sheriff. And I think there was someone from the Press there. And a young woman with a big camera taking photographs."

Miss Marple nodded.

"Go on."

"Heather Badcock and her husband arrived just after me. Marina Gregg said nice things to me, then to somebody else, oh yes—the vicar—and then Heather Badcock and her husband came. She's the secretary, you know, of the St. John Ambulance. Somebody said something about that, and how hard she worked, and how valuable she was. And Marina Gregg said some pretty things."

"Then Mrs. Badcock, who struck me, I must say, Jane, as rather a tiresome sort of woman, began some long rigmarole of how years before she'd met Marina Gregg somewhere. She wasn't awfully tactful about it since she said exactly how long ago and the year it was, and everything like that. I'm sure that actresses and film stars and people don't really like being reminded of the exact age they are. Still, she wouldn't think of that, I suppose."

"No," said Miss Marple, "she wasn't the kind of woman who would have thought of that. Well?"

"Well, there was nothing particular in that except for the fact that Marina Gregg didn't do her usual stuff."

"You mean she was annoyed?"

"No, no, I don't mean that. As a matter of fact I'm not at all sure that she heard a word of it. She was staring, you know, over Mrs. Badcock's shoulder and when Mrs. Badcock had finished her rather silly story of how she got out of a bed of sickness and sneaked out of the house to go and meet Marina and get her autograph there was a sort of odd silence. Then I saw her face."

"Whose face? Mrs. Badcock's?"

"No. Marina Gregg's. It was as though she hadn't heard a word the Badcock woman was saying. She was staring over her shoulder right at the wall opposite. Staring with—I can't explain it to you—"

"But do try, Dolly," said Miss Marple, "because I think perhaps that this might be important."

"She had a kind of frozen look," said Mrs. Bantry, struggling with words, "as though she'd seen something that — oh, dear me, how hard it is to describe things. Do you remember the Lady of Shalott? The mirror crack'd from side to side. The doom has come upon me," cried the Lady of Shalott. Well, that's what she looked like. People laugh at Tennyson nowadays, but the Lady of Shalott always

thrilled me when I was young and it still does."

"She had a frozen look," repeated Miss Marple thoughtfully. "And she was looking over Mrs. Badcock's shoulder at the wall. What was on that wall?"

"Oh! A picture of some kind, I think," said Mrs. Bantry. "You know, Italian. I think it was a copy of a Bellini Madonna, but I'm not sure. A picture where the Virgin is holding up a laughing child."

Miss Marple frowned. "I can't see that a picture could give her that expression."

"Especially as she must see it every day," agreed Mrs. Bantry.

"There were people coming up the stairs still, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, there were."

"Who were they, do you remember?"

"You mean she might have been looking at one of the people coming up the stairs?"

"Well, it's possible, isn't it?" said Miss Marple.

NODDING, Mrs.

Bantry agreed. "Yes — of course. Now let me see. There was the mayor, all dressed up, too, with his chains and all, and his wife, and there was a man with long hair and one of those funny beads they wear nowadays. Quite a young man. And there was the girl with the camera. She'd taken her position on the stairs so as to get photos of people coming up and having their hands shaken by Marina, and — let me see, two people I didn't know. Studio people, I think, and the Grices from Lower Farm. There may have been others, but that's all I can remember now."

"Doesn't sound very promising," said Miss Marple. "What happened next?"

"I think Jason Rudd nudged her or something because all of a sudden she seemed to pull herself together and she smiled at Mrs. Badcock, and she began to say all the usual things. You know, sweet, unspoilt, natural, charming, the usual bag of tricks."

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"And then Jason gave them drinks."

"What kind of drinks?"

"Daiquiris, I think. He said they were his wife's favorites. He gave one to her and one to the Badcock woman."

"That's very interesting," said Miss Marple. "Very interesting, indeed. And what happened after that?"

"I don't know, because I took a gaggle of women to look at the bathrooms. The next thing I knew was when the secretary woman came rushing along and said someone had been taken ill."

The inquest, when it was held, was short and disappointing. Evidence of identification was given by the husband, and the only other evidence was medical. Heather Badcock had died as a result of an

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overdose of tranquillising drugs. There was no evidence to show how the drug was administered.

The inquest was adjourned for a fortnight.

After it was concluded, Detective-Inspector Frank Cornish joined Arthur Badcock.

"Could I have a word with you, Mr. Badcock?"

"Of course, of course."

Arthur Badcock looked more like a chewed bit of string than ever. "I can't understand it," he muttered. "I simply can't understand it."

"I've got a car here," said Cornish. "We'll drive back to your house, shall we? Nicer and more private there."

"Thank you, sir. Yes, yes, I'm sure that would be much better."

They drew up at the neat little blue-painted gate of No. 3 Arlington Close. Arthur Badcock led the way and the inspector followed him. He drew out his latch-key, but before he had inserted it into the door it was opened from inside. The woman who opened it stood back

looking slightly embarrassed. Arthur Badcock looked startled.

"Mary!" he said.

"I was just getting you ready some tea, Arthur. I thought you'd need it when you came back from the inquest."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Arthur Badcock gratefully. "Er—" he hesitated. "This is Inspector Cornish, Mrs. Bain. She's a neighbor of mine."

"I see," said Inspector Cornish.

"I'll get another cup," said Mrs. Bain.

She disappeared and rather doubtfully Arthur Badcock showed the

inspector into the bright, ornate, covered sitting-room to the right of the hall.

"She's very kind," said Arthur Badcock. "Very kind always."

"You've known her a long time?"

"Oh, no. Only since we came here."

"You've been here two years, I believe, or is it three?"

"Just about three now," said Arthur. "Mrs. Bain only got here about six months ago," he explained.

"Her son works near here and so after her husband's death, she came down to live here and be brought with her."

Mrs. Bain appeared at this point, bringing the tray from the kitchen. She was a dark, rather immovably looking woman of about forty years of age. She had gipsy coloring that went with her dark hair and eyes. There was something a little odd about her eyes. They had a watchful look. She put down the tray on the table and Inspector Cornish said something pleasant and non-committal.

Something in him, some professional instinct, was on the alert. The watchful look in the woman's eyes, the slight start she had given when Arthur introduced him, had not passed unnoticed. He was familiar with that slight uneasiness in the presence of the police. There were two kinds of uneasiness. One was the kind of natural alarm and distrust as of those who might have offended unwittingly against the majesty of the law, but there was a second kind. And it was the second kind that he felt sure was present here.

Mrs. Bain, he thought, had had at some time some connection with the police, something that had led

FROM THE BIBLE

● "In Him was life;
and the life was the
light of men."

— John 1:9

The Apostle John knew that life and light, the two basic needs of all vital things, are to be found in Jesus Christ.

her wary and ill at ease. He made a mental note to find out a little more about Mary Bain. Having set down the tea tray, and refused to partake herself, saying she had to get home, she departed.

"Seems a nice woman," said Inspector Cornish.

"Yes, indeed. She's very kind, a very good neighbor, a very sympathetic woman," said Arthur Badcock.

"Was she a great friend of your wife?"

"No. No, I wouldn't say that. They were neighborly and on pleasant terms. Nothing special about it, though."

"I see. Now, Mr. Badcock, we want as much information as we can from you. The findings of the inquest have been a shock to you, I expect?"

"Oh, they have, Inspector. Of course I realised that you might think something was wrong and I almost thought so myself, because Heather has always been such a healthy woman. Practically never a day's illness. I said to myself, 'There must be something wrong. But it seems so incredible, if you understand what I mean, Inspector. Really quite incredible. What is this stuff — this bi-ethylene?' — He came to a stop."

"There is an easier name for it," said the inspector. "It's sold under the trade name of Calmo. Ever come across it?"

Arthur Badcock shook his head, perplexed.

"It's more used in America than here," said the inspector. "They prescribe it very freely over there. I understand."

"What's it for?"

"It induces, or so I understand, a happy and tranquil state of mind," said Cornish. "It's prescribed for those under strain, suffering anxiety, depression, melancholy, sleeplessness, and a good many other things. The

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 13, 1963

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 54

"And your wife drank her daiquiri then?"

"Well, no, not then she didn't." "Well, if she didn't drink it then, when did she drink it?"

Arthur Badcock stood frowning in remembrance. "I think—she set it down on one of the tables. She saw some friends there. I think it was someone to do with St. John Ambulance who'd driven over from Much Benham or somewhere like that. Anyway, they got to talking together."

"And when did she drink her drink?"

Arthur Badcock again frowned.

"It was a little after that," he said. "It was getting rather more crowded by then. Somebody jogged Heather's elbow and her glass got spilt."

"What's that?" Inspector Cornish looked up sharply. "Her drink was spilt?"

"Yes, that's how I remember it . . . She'd picked it up and I think she took a little sip and made rather a face. She didn't really like cocktails, you know, but all the same she wasn't going to be downed by that. Anyway, as she stood there somebody jogged her elbow and the

glass spilled over. It went down her dress and I think it went on Miss Gregg's dress, too. Miss Gregg couldn't have been nicer. She said it didn't matter at all and it would make no stain and she gave Heather her handkerchief to wipe up Heather's dress, and then she passed over the drink she was holding and said, 'Have this; I haven't touched it yet.'"

"She handed over her own drink, did she?" said the inspector. "You're sure of that?"

Arthur Badcock paused a moment while he thought. "Yes, I'm quite sure of that," he said.

"And your wife took the drink?"

"Well, she didn't want to at first, sir. She said, 'Oh, no, I couldn't do that,' and Miss Gregg laughed and said, 'I've had far too much to drink already.'"

"And so your wife took that glass and did what with it?"

"She turned away a little and drank it, rather quick, I think. And then we walked a little way along the corridor looking at some of the pictures and the curtains. Lovely curtain stuff it was, like nothing we'd seen before. Then I met a pal of mine, Councillor Allcott, and I was just passing the time of day with him when I looked round and saw Heather was sitting on a chair looking rather odd, so I came to her and said, 'What's the matter?' She said she felt a little queer."

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INGREDIENTS: 1 can pear halves, rounds of sponge cake, cherry, 1 egg white, 1 tablespoon sugar. (Loaf sugar, lemon essence.)

METHOD: Drain pears. Cut sponge cake for the number of persons to serve, sprinkle with sherry. Place 1 pear half on each round of sponge. Make meringue by beating egg white until stiff and gradually add the sugar and beat until smooth. Pipe meringue round base of pears. Place under grill until lightly brown. Place in individual dishes. Top with loaf sugar soaked in lemon essence and set this alight and serve immediately.

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properly prescribed dose is not dangerous, but overdoses are not to be taken. It would seem that your wife took something like six times the ordinary dose."

Heather never said anything like that in her life," he said. "I'm sure of it. She wasn't one for taking medicines, anyway. She was never depressed or worried. She was one of the most cheerful women you could possibly imagine."

The inspector nodded. "I see. And no doctor had prescribed anything of this kind for her?"

"No. Certainly not. I'm sure of that."

"Who was her doctor?"

"Dr. Sims. But I don't think they been to him once since we've been here."

Inspector Cornish said thoughtfully, "So she doesn't seem the kind of woman to have been likely to need such a thing, or to have taken it?"

"She didn't, Inspector. I'm sure she didn't. She must have taken it by a mistake of some kind."

"It's a very difficult mistake to imagine," said Inspector Cornish. "What did she have to eat and drink that afternoon?"

"Well, let me see. For lunch—" "You needn't go back as far as lunch," said Cornish. "Given in such quantity the drug would act quickly and suddenly. Tea. Go back to tea."

"Well, we went into the marquee in the grounds. It was a terrible storm in there, but we managed in the end to get a bun each and a cup of tea. We finished it as quickly as possible because it was very hot in the marquee and we came out again."

"And that's all she had: a bun and a cup of tea there?"

"That's right, sir."

"And after that you went into the house. Is that right?"

AARTHUR BADCOCK nodded. "Yes. The young lady came and said that Miss Marina Gregg would be very pleased to see my wife if she would like to come into the house. Of course, my wife was delighted. She had been talking about Marina Gregg for days. Everybody was excited. Oh, well, you know that, Inspector, as well as anyone does."

"Yes, indeed," said Cornish. "My wife was excited, too. Why, from all around people were paying their calling to go in and see Gossington Hall and what had been done there, and hoped to catch a glimpse of Marina Gregg herself."

"The young lady took us into the house," said Arthur Badcock, "and up the stairs. That's where the party was. On the landing up there. But it looked quite different from what it used to look like, so I understood. It was more like a room, a sort of big hollowed-out place with chairs and tables with drinks on them. There were about ten or twelve people there, I suppose."

Inspector Cornish nodded. "And you were received there—by whom?"

"By Miss Marina Gregg herself. Her husband was with her. I've forgotten his name now."

"Jason Rudd," said Inspector Cornish.

"Oh, yes, not that I noticed him at first. Well, anyway, Miss Gregg greeted Heather very nicely and seemed very pleased to see her, and Heather was talking and telling a story of how she'd once met Miss Gregg years ago in the West Indies and everything seemed as right as rain."

"Everything seemed right as rain," echoed the inspector. "And then?"

"And then Miss Gregg said what would we have? And Miss Gregg's husband, Mr. Rudd, got Heather a kind of cocktail. A dicky or something like that."

"A daiquiri."

"That's right, sir. He brought two. One for her and one for Miss Gregg."

"And you, what did you have?"

"I had a sherry."

"I see. And you three stood there drinking your drinks together?"

"Well, not quite like that. You see, there were more people coming up the stairs. There was the mayor for one, and some other people—as an American gentleman and lady, I think—so we moved off a bit."

"What kind of queerness?"
"I don't know, sir. I didn't have time. Her voice sounded very queer and thick and her head was rolling a little. All of a sudden she made a great half gasp and her head fell forward. She was dead, sir, dead."

"St. Mary Mead, you say?" Chief-Inspector Craddock looked up sharply.

The assistant commissioner was a little surprised.

"Yes," he said, "St. Mary Mead. Why? Does it—"

"Nothing, really," said Dermot Craddock.

"It's quite a small place, I understand," went on the other. "Though of course there's a great deal of building development going on there now. Practically all the way from St. Mary Mead to Much Benham, I understand. Hellingforth Studios," he added, "are on the other side of St. Mary Mead, toward Market Basing." He was still looking slightly inquiring. Dermot Craddock felt that he should perhaps explain.

"I know someone living there," he said. "At St. Mary Mead. An old lady. A very old lady by now. Perhaps she's dead, I don't know. But it not—"

THE assistant commissioner took his subordinate's point or at any rate thought he did.

"Yes," he said, "it would give you an 'in' in a way. One needs a bit of local gossip. The whole thing is a curious business."

"The County have called us in?" Dermot asked.

"Yes. I've got the chief constable's letter here. They don't seem to feel that it's necessarily a local affair. The largest house in the neighborhood, Gossington Hall, was recently sold as a residence for Marina Gregg, the film star, and her husband. They're shooting a film at their new studios, at Hellingforth, in which she's starring. A fete was held in the grounds in aid of St. John Ambulance. The dead woman—her name is Mrs. Heather Badcock—was the local secretary of this and had done most of the administrative work for the fete. She seems to have been a competent, sensible person, well liked locally."

"One of those bossy women?" suggested Craddock.

"Very possibly," said the assistant commissioner. "Still, in my experience, bossy women seldom get themselves murdered. I can't think why not. When you come to think of it, it's rather a pity. There was a record attendance at the fete, it seems, good weather, everything running to plan, Marina Gregg and her husband held a kind of small private reception in Gossington Hall. About thirty or forty people attended this."

"The local notables, various people connected with the St. John Ambulance Association, several friends of Marina Gregg herself, and a few people connected with the studios. All very peaceful, nice, and happy. But, fantastically and improbably, Heather Badcock was poisoned there."

Dermot Craddock said thoughtfully, "An odd place to choose."

"That's the chief constable's point of view. If anyone wanted to poison Heather Badcock, why choose that particular afternoon and circumstances? Hundreds of much simpler ways of doing it. A risky business, anyway, you know, to slip a dose of deadly poison into a cocktail in the middle of twenty or thirty people milling about. Somebody ought to have seen something."

Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 55

"It definitely was in the drink?"

"Yes, it was definitely in the drink. We have the particulars here. One of those long inexplicable names that doctors delight in, but actually a fairly common prescription in America."

"In America. I see."

"Oh, this country, too. But these things are handed out much more freely on the other side of the Atlantic. Taken in small doses, beneficial."

"Supplied on prescription or can it be bought freely?"

"No. You have to have a prescription."

"Yes, it's odd," said Dermot. "Heather Badcock have any connection with these film people?"

"None whatever."

"Any member of her own family at this do?"

"Her husband."

"Her husband," said Dermot thoughtfully.

"Yes, one always thinks that way," agreed his superior officer, "but the local man—Cornish, I think his name is—doesn't seem to think there's anything in that, although he does report that Badcock seemed ill at ease and nervous, but he agrees that respectable people often are like that when interviewed by the police. They appear to have been quite a devoted couple."

"In other words, the police there don't think it's their pigeon. Well, it ought to be interesting. I take it I'm going down there, sir?"

"Yes. Better get there as soon as possible, Dermot. Who do you want with you?"

Dermot considered for a moment or two.

"Tiddler, I think," he said thoughtfully. "He's a good man, and, what's more, he's a film fan. That might come in useful."

The assistant commissioner nodded. "Good luck to you," he said.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Marple, going pink with pleasure and surprise. "This is a surprise. How are you, my dear boy—though you're hardly a boy now. What are you—a chief inspector, or this new thing they call a commander?"

Dermot explained his present rank.

"I suppose I need hardly ask what you are doing down here," said Miss Marple. "Our local murder is considered worthy of the attention of Scotland Yard."

"They handed it over to us," said Dermot, "and so, naturally, as soon as I got down here I came to headquarters."

"Do you mean—" Miss Marple fluttered a little.

"Yes, Auntie," said Dermot disrespectfully. "I mean you."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Marple regretfully, "I'm very much out of things nowadays. I don't get out much."

"You get out enough to fall down and be picked up by a woman who's going to be murdered ten days later," said Dermot Craddock.

Miss Marple made the kind of noise that would once have been written down as "tut-tut."

"I don't know where you hear these things," she said.

"You should know," said Dermot Craddock. "You told me yourself that in a village everybody knows everything."

"And just off the record," he added, "did you think she was going to be murdered as soon as you looked at her?"

"Of course not, of course not," exclaimed Miss Marple. "What an idea!"

"You didn't see that look in her husband's eye that reminded you of Harry Simpson or David Smith, or somebody you've known years ago, and who subsequently pushed his wife off a precipice?"

"No, I did not!" said Miss Marple. "I'm sure Mr. Badcock would never do a wicked thing of that kind. At least," she added thoughtfully, "I'm nearly sure."

"But human nature being what it is—" murmured Craddock, wickedly.

"Exactly," said Miss Marple. She added, "I dare say, after the first natural grief, he won't miss her very much . . ."

"Why? Did she bully him?"

"Oh, no," said Miss

"No," said Miss Marple, "she lives in the East Lodge at Gossington. She was at the party that day. She used to own Gossington at one time. She and her husband, Colonel Bantry."

"She was at the party. And she saw something?"

"I think she must tell you herself what it was she saw. You mayn't think it has any bearing on the matter, but I think it might be—just might be—suggestive. Tell her I sent you to her and—ah, yes, perhaps you'd better just mention the Lady of Shalott."

Dermot Craddock looked at her with his head just slightly on one side.

"The Lady of Shalott," he said. "Those are the code words, aren't they?"

"I don't know that I should put it that way," said

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Marple, "but I don't think that she—well, she wasn't a considerate woman. Kind, yes. Considerate—no. She would be fond of him and look after him when he was ill and see to his meals and be a good housekeeper, but I don't think she would ever—well, that she would ever even know what he might be feeling or thinking. That makes rather a lonely life for a man."

"Ah," said Dermot, "and is his life less likely to be lonely in future?"

"I expect he'll marry again," said Miss Marple. "Perhaps quite soon. And probably, which is such a pity, a woman of much the same type. I mean he'll marry someone with a stronger personality than his own."

"Anyone in view?" asked Dermot.

"Not that I know of," said Miss Marple. She added regretfully, "But I know so little."

"Well, what do you think?" urged Dermot Craddock. "You've never been backward in thinking things."

"I think," said Miss Marple, unexpectedly, "that you ought to go and see Mrs. Bantry."

"Mrs. Bantry? Who is she? One of the film lot?"

Miss Marple, "but it will remind her of what I mean."

Dermot Craddock got up. "I shall be back," he warned her.

"That is very nice of you," said Miss Marple. "Perhaps if you have time you would come and have tea with me one day. If you still drink tea," she added, rather wistfully, "I know that so many young people nowadays only go out to drinks and things. They think that afternoon tea is a very outmoded affair."

"I'm not as young as all that," said Dermot Craddock. "Yes, I'll come and have tea with you one day. We'll have tea and gossip, and talk about the village. Do you know any of the film stars, by the way, or any of the studio lot?"

"Not a thing," said Miss Marple, "except what I hear," she added.

"Well, you usually hear a good deal," said Dermot Craddock. "Goodbye. It's been very nice to see you."

"Oh, how do you do?" said Mrs. Bantry, looking slightly taken aback when Dermot Craddock had introduced himself and explained who he was. "How very exciting to see you. Don't you

always have sergeants with you?"

"I've got a sergeant down here, yes," said Craddock. "But he's busy."

"On routine inquiries?" asked Mrs. Bantry, hopefully.

"Something of the kind," said Dermot gravely.

"And Jane Marple sent you to me," said Mrs. Bantry, as she ushered him into her small sitting-room. "I was just arranging some flowers," she explained. "It's one of those days when flowers won't do anything you want them to. They fall out, or stick up where they shouldn't stick up, or won't lie down where you want them to lie down. So I'm thankful to have a distraction, and especially such an exciting one. So it really was murder, was it?"

"Did you think it was murder?"

"Well, it could have been accident, I suppose," said Mrs. Bantry. "Nobody's said anything definite, officially, that is. Just that rather silly piece about no evidence to show by whom or in what way the poison was administered. But, of course, we all talk about it as murder."

"And about who did it?"

"That's the odd part of it," said Mrs. Bantry. "We don't. Because I really don't see who can have done it."

"You mean as a matter of definite physical fact you don't see who could have done it?"

"Well, no, not that. I suppose it would have been difficult but not impossible. No, I mean, I don't see who could have wanted to do it."

"Nobody, you think, could have wanted to kill Heather Badcock?"

"Well, frankly," said Mrs. Bantry, "I can't imagine anybody wanting to kill Heather Badcock. I've seen her quite a few times, on local things, you know. Girl Guides and St. John Ambulance, and various parish things. I found her a rather trying sort of woman. Very enthusiastic about everything and a bit given to over-statement, and just a little bit of a gusher."

"But you don't want to murder people for that. She was the kind of woman who in the old days if you'd seen her approaching the front door you'd have hurried out to your parlourmaid—which was an institution we had in those days and very useful, too—and told her to say 'Not at home' or 'Not at home to visitors,' if she had conscientious scruples about the truth."

"You mean that one might take pains to avoid Mrs. Badcock, but one would have no urge to remove her permanently?"

"Very well put," said Mrs. Bantry, nodding approval.

"She had no money to speak of," mused Dermot, "so nobody stood to gain by her death. Nobody seems to have disliked her to the point of hatred. I don't suppose she was blackmailing anybody?"

"She wouldn't have dreamed of doing such a thing, I'm sure," said Mrs. Bantry. "She was the conscientious and high-principled kind."

"And her husband wasn't having an affair with someone else?"

"I shouldn't think so," said Mrs. Bantry. "I only saw him at the party. He looked like a bit of chewed string. Nice but wet."

"Doesn't leave much, does it?" said Dermot Craddock. "One falls back on the assumption that she knew something."

"Knew something?"

"To the detriment of somebody else."

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Mrs. Bantry shook her head again. "I doubt it," she said. "I doubt it very much. I struck me as the kind of woman who if she had known anything about it, she couldn't have helped talking about it."

"Well, that washes her out," said Dermot Craddock. "So we'll come, if we may, to my reasons for coming to see you, Miss Marple, to whom I have the greatest admiration and respect, and who that I was to say to you the Lady of Shalott."

"Oh, that!" said Mrs. Bantry.

"Yes," said Craddock. "That! Whatever it is."

"People don't read much Tennyson nowadays," said Mrs. Bantry.

"A few echoes come back to me," said Dermot Craddock. "She looked out at Camelot, didn't she?"

Out flew the wet and floated wide;

The mirror crack'd from side to side;

The curse has come upon me," cried

The Lady of Shalott."

"Exactly. She did," said Mrs. Bantry.

"I beg your pardon. Who did? Did what?"

"Looked like that," said Mrs. Bantry.

"Who looked like what?"

"Marina Gregg."

"Ah. Marina Gregg. Who was this?"

"Didn't Jane Marple tell you?"

"She didn't tell me anything. She sent me to you."

MRS. BANTRY said, "That's tiresome of her, because she can always do things better than I can. My husband always used to say that I was so abrupt that he didn't know what I was talking about. Anyway, it may have been only my fancy. He when you see anyone looking like that you can't help remembering it."

"Please tell me," said Dermot Craddock.

"Well, it was at the party. I call it a party because who can one call things? But it was just a sort of reception up at the top of the stairs where they've made a kind of recess. Marina Gregg was there and her husband. They fetched some of us in. They fetched me, I suppose, because I once owned the house, and they fetched Heather Badcock and her husband because she'd done all the running of the house, and the arrangements. And we happened to go up the stairs at about the same time, so I was standing there, you see, when I noticed it."

"Quite. When you noticed what?"

"Well, Mrs. Badcock went into a long spiel as people do when they meet celebrities. You know, how wonderful it was, and what a thrill and they'd always hoped to see them. And she went into a long story of how she'd once met her years ago, and how exciting it had been. And I thought, in my own mind, you know, what a bore it must be for these poor celebrities to have to say all the right things. And then I noticed that Marina Gregg wasn't saying the right things. She was just staring."

"Staring—at Mrs. Badcock?"

"No—no, it looked as though she'd forgotten Mrs. Badcock altogether. I mean, I don't believe she'd even heard what Mrs. Badcock was saying. She was just staring with what I call this Lady of Shalott look, as though she'd seen something awful. Something frightening, something that she could hardly believe she saw and couldn't bear to see."

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Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 56

"No question of another woman or another man?"

The other shook his head. "Nothing of that kind. No hint of scandal anywhere. She wasn't what you'd call the sexy kind. She was on a lot of committees and things like that and there were some small local rivalries, but nothing beyond that."

"There wasn't anyone else the husband wanted to marry? No one in the office where he worked?"

"He's in Biddle & Russell, the estate agents and valuers. There's Florrie West with adenoids, and Miss Grundle, who is at least fifty and as plain as a haystack — nothing much there to excite a man. Though for all that I shouldn't be surprised if he did marry again soon."

Craddock looked interested.

"A neighbor," explained Cornish. "A widow. When I went back with him from the inquest she'd gone in and was making him tea and looking after him generally. He seemed surprised and grateful. If you ask me, she's made up her mind to marry him, but he doesn't know it yet, poor chap."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Good-looking," admitted the other. "Not young, but handsome in a gipsyish sort of way. High color. Dark eyes."

"What's her name?"

"Bain. Mrs. Bain. Mary Bain. She's a widow."

"What'd her husband do?"

"No idea. She's got a son working near here who lives with her. She seems a quiet, respectable woman. All the same, I've a feeling I've seen her before." He looked at his watch. "Ten to twelve. I've made an appointment for you at Gossington Hall at twelve o'clock. We'd best be going."

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The star... is you!



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Hollywood stars . . . the mild beauty soap that
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"The curse has come upon me," suggested Dermot Craddock helpfully.

"Yes, just that. That's why I called it the Lady of Shalott look."

"But what was she looking at, Mr. Bantry?"

"Well, I wish I knew," said Mrs. Bantry.

"She was at the top of the stairs, you say?"

"She was looking over Mrs. Badcock's head — no, more over one shoulder, I think."

"Straight at the middle of the staircase?"

"It might have been a little to one side."

"And there were people coming up the staircase?"

"Oh, yes, I should think about ten or six people."

"Was she looking at one of these people in particular?"

"I can't possibly tell," said Mrs. Bantry. "You see, I wasn't facing that way."

"I was looking at her. My back was to the stairs. I thought perhaps she was looking at one of the pictures."

"But she must know the pictures quite well if she's living in the house."

"Yes, yes, of course. No, I suppose she must have been looking at one of the people. I wonder which."

"We have to try to find out," said Dermot Craddock. "Can you remember at all who the people were?"

"Well, I know the mayor was one of them, and his wife. There was someone who I think was a

It is no disgrace to fail when trying. The one time you don't want to fail is the last time you try.

—Charles F. Kettering

reporter, with red hair, because I was introduced to him later, but I can't remember his name. I never hear names. Galbraith—something like that."

"Then there was a big black man. I don't mean a negro—I just mean very dark, forceful looking. And an actress with him. A bit overblown and the minky kind. And old General Barnstable from Much Benham. He's practically ga-ga now, poor old boy. I don't think he could have been anybody's doom. Oh! and the Grices from the farm."

"Those are all the people you can remember?"

"Well, there may have been others. But, you see, I wasn't—well, I mean I wasn't noticing particularly. I know that the mayor and General Barnstable and the Americans did arrive about that time. And there were people taking photographs. One I think was a local man, and there was a girl from London, an arty-looking girl with long hair and a rather large camera."

"And you think it was one of these people who brought that look to Marina Gregg's face?"

"I didn't really think anything," said Mrs. Bantry with complete frankness. "I just wondered what on earth made her look like that, and then I didn't think of it any more. But afterwards one remembers about these things. But of course," added Mrs. Bantry with honesty, "I may have imagined it. After all, she may have had sudden toothache or a safety-pin run into her or a sudden violent colic. The sort of thing where you try to go on as usual and not to show anything, but your face can't help looking awful."

Dermot Craddock laughed. "I'm glad to see you're a realist, Mrs. Bantry," he said. "As you say, it may have been something of that kind. But it's certainly just one interesting little fact that might be a pointer."

He shook hands and departed to present his official credentials in Much Benham.

"So locally you've drawn a blank?" said Craddock later, offering his cigarette case to Frank Cornish.

"Completely," said Cornish. "No enemies, no quarrels, on good terms with her husband."

He was a pleasant young man, anxious that his own views, reminiscent of those of Dr. Pangloss that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, should be shared by anyone in whose company he happened to be. He said several times and in different ways that a terrible shame this had been, how worried everyone had been, how Marina was absolutely prostrated, how Mr. Rudd was more upset than he could possibly say, how it absolutely beat anything that a thing like that should happen, didn't it? Possibly there might have been some kind of allergy to some particular kind of substance? He just put that forward as an idea — allergies were extraordinary things.

Chief-Inspector Craddock was to count on every possible co-operation that Hellingforth Studios or any of their staff could give.

He was to ask any questions he wanted, go anywhere he liked. If they could help in any way they would do so. They all had had the greatest respect for Mrs. Badcock and appreciated her strong social sense and the valuable work she had done for the St. John Ambulance Association.

HE then started again, not in the same words but using the same motifs. No one could have been more eagerly co-operative. At the same time he endeavored to convey how very far this was from the cellophane world of studios and Mr. Jason Rudd and Miss Marina Gregg, or any of the people in the house who surely were going to do their utmost to help in any way they possibly could. Then he nodded gently some forty-four times. Dermot Craddock took advantage of the pause to say: "Thank you very much."

It was said quietly but with a kind of finality that brought Mr. Hailey Preston up with a jerk. He said: "Well—" and paused inquiringly.

"You said I might ask questions?"

"Sure. Sure. Fire ahead."

"Is this where she died?"

"Mrs. Badcock?"

"Mrs. Badcock. Is this the place?"

"Yes, sure. Right here. At least, well actually I can show you the chair."

They were standing on the landing recess. Hailey Preston walked a short way along the corridor and pointed out a rather phony-looking oak arm-chair.

"She was sitting right there," he said. "She said she didn't feel well. Someone went to get her something, and then she just died, right there."

"I see."

"I don't know if she'd seen a physician lately. If she'd been warned that she had anything wrong with her heart—"

"She had nothing wrong with her heart," said Dermot Craddock. "She was a healthy woman. She died of six times the maximum dose of a substance whose official

Continuing . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 57

name I will not try to pronounce, but which I understand is generally known as Calmo."

"I know, I know," said Hailey Preston. "I take it myself sometimes."

"Indeed? That's very interesting. You find it has a good effect?"

"Marvellous. Marvellous. It bucks you up and it soothes you down, if you understand what I mean. Naturally," he added, "you have to take it in the proper dosage."

"Would there be supplies of this substance in the house?"

He knew the answer to the question, but he put it as though he did not. Hailey Preston's answer was frankness itself.

"Loads of it, I would say. There'll be a bottle of it in most of the bathroom cupboards here."

"Which doesn't make our task easier."

"Of course," said Hailey Preston, "she might have used the stuff herself and taken a dose, and as I say had an allergy."

Craddock looked unconvinced — Hailey Preston sighed and said: "You're quite definite about the dosage?"

"Oh, yes. It was a lethal dose and Mrs. Badcock did not take any such things herself. As far as we can make out the only things she ever took were bicarbonate of soda or aspirin."

Hailey Preston shook his head and said, "That sure gives us a problem. Yes, it sure does."

"Where did Mr. Rudd and Miss Gregg receive their guests?"

"Right here," Hailey Preston went to the spot at the top of the stairs.

Chief-Inspector Craddock stood beside him. He looked at the wall opposite him.

In the centre was an Italian Madonna and child. A good copy, he presumed, of some well-known picture.

The blue-robed Madonna held aloft the infant Jesus and both child and mother were laughing. Little groups of people stood on either side, their eyes up-raised to the child. One of the more pleasing Madonnas, Dermot Craddock thought.

To the right and left of this picture were two narrow windows. The whole effect was very charming, but it seemed to him that there was emphatically nothing there that could cause a woman to look like the Lady of Shalott whose doom had come upon her.

"People, of course, were coming up the stairs?" he asked.

"Yes. They came in dribbles, you know. Not too many at once. I shepherdised some, Ella Zielinsky, that's Mr. Rudd's secretary, brought some of the others. We wanted to make it all pleasant and informal."

"Were you here yourself

at the time Mrs. Badcock came up?"

"I'm ashamed to tell you, Chief-Inspector Craddock, that I just can't remember. I had a list of names, I went out and I shepherdised people in. I introduced them, saw to drinks, then I'd go out and come up with the next batch. At the time I didn't know this Mrs. Badcock by sight, and she wasn't one of the ones on my list to bring up."

"What about a Mrs. Bantrey?"

"Ah, yes, she's the former owner of this place, isn't she?"

Chief-Inspector. A very big shot in the television and moving picture world. We didn't even know he was in this country."

"His turning up was a surprise?"

"I'll say it was," said Preston. "Nice of him to come and quite unexpected."

"Was he an old friend of Miss Gregg's and Mr. Rudd's?"

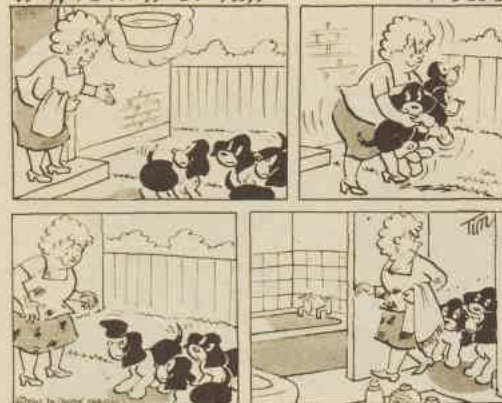
"He was a close friend of Marina's a good many years ago when she was married to her second husband. I don't know how well Jason knew him."

"Anyway, it was a pleasant surprise when he arrived?"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



I believe she, and Mrs. Badcock and her husband, did come up about the same time." He paused. "And the mayor came just about then. He had a big chain on and a wife with yellow hair, wearing royal blue with frills. I remember all of them. I didn't pour drinks for any of them because I had to go down and bring up the next lot."

"Who did pour drinks for them?"

"Why, I can't exactly say. There were three or four of us on duty. I know I went down the stairs just as the mayor was coming up."

"Who else was on the stairs as you went down, if you can remember?"

"Jim Galbraith, one of the newspaper boys who was covering this, three or four others whom I didn't know. There were a couple of photographers, one of the locals, I don't remember his name, and an arty girl from London, who rather specialises in queer angle shots. Her camera was set right up in that corner so that she could get a view of Miss Gregg receiving. Ah, now let me think, I rather fancy that that was when Ardwyck Fenn arrived."

"And who is Ardwyck Fenn?"

Hailey Preston looked shocked. "He's a big shot,

"Sure it was. We were all delighted."

Craddock nodded and passed from that to other subjects. He made meticulous inquiries about the drinks, their ingredients, how they were served, who served them, what servants and hired servants were on duty. The answers seemed to be, as Inspector Cornish had already hinted was the case, that although any one of thirty people could have poisoned Heather Badcock with the utmost ease, yet at the same time any one of the thirty might have been seen doing so. It was, Craddock reflected, a big chance to take.

"Thank you," he said at last, "now I would like, if I may, to speak to Miss Marina Gregg."

Hailey Preston shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said, "I really am sorry, but that's right out of the question."

Craddock's eyebrows rose. "Surely!"

"She's prostrated. She's absolutely prostrated. She's got her own physician here looking after her. He wrote out a certificate. I've got it here. I'll show it to you."

Craddock took it and read it.

"I see," he said. He asked, "Does Marina Gregg always have a physician in attendance?"

"They're very highly strung, all these actors and actresses. It's a big strain, this life. It's usually considered desirable in the case of the big shots that they should have a physician who understands their constitution and their nerves. Maurice Gilchrist has a very big reputation. He's looked after Miss Gregg for many years now. She's had a great deal of illness, as you may have read, in the last few years. She was hospitalised for a very long time. It's only about a year ago that she got her strength and health back."

"I see."

Hailey Preston seemed re-

lieved that Craddock was not making any more protests.

"You'll want to see Mr. Rudd?" he suggested. "He'll be—" he looked at his watch, "—he'll be back from the studios in about ten minutes if that's all right for you."

"That'll do admirably," said Craddock. "In the meantime is Dr. Gilchrist actually here in the house?"

"He is."

"Then I'd like to talk to him."

"Why, certainly. I'll fetch him right away."

The young man bustled away. Dermot Craddock stood thoughtfully at the top of the stairs. Of course this frozen look that Mrs. Bantrey had described might have been entirely Mrs. Bantrey's imagination. She was, he thought, a woman who would jump to conclusions.

At the same time he thought it quite likely that the conclusion to which she had jumped was a just one. Without going so far as to look like the Lady of Shalott seeing doom coming upon her, Marina might have seen something that vexed or annoyed her. Something that had caused her to have been negligent to a guest to whom she was talking. Somebody had come up those stairs perhaps who could be described as an unexpected guest—an unwelcome guest?

He turned at the sound of footsteps. Hailey Preston was back, and with him was Dr. Maurice Gilchrist. Dr. Gilchrist was not at all as Dermot Craddock had imagined him. He had no suave bedside manner, neither was he theatrical in appearance. He seemed, on the face of it, a blunt, hearty, matter-of-fact man. He was dressed in tweeds, slightly florid tweeds to the English idea. He had a thatch of brown hair and observant, keen dark eyes.

"Doctor Gilchrist? I am Chief-Inspector Dermot Craddock. May I have a word or two with you in private?"

The doctor nodded. He turned along the corridor and went along it almost to the end, then he pushed the door open and invited Craddock to enter.

"No one will disturb us here," he said.

It was obviously the doctor's own bedroom, a very comfortably appointed one. Dr. Gilchrist indicated a chair and then sat down himself.

"I understand," said Craddock, "that Miss Marina Gregg, according to you, is unable to be interviewed. What's the matter with her, doctor?"

Gilchrist shrugged his shoulders very slightly. "Nerves," he said.

"If you were to ask her questions now she'd be in a state bordering hysteria within ten minutes. I can't permit that. If you like to send your police doctor to see me, I'd be willing to give him my views. She was unable to be present at the inquest for the same reason."

"How long," asked Craddock, "is such a state of things likely to continue?"

Dr. Gilchrist looked at him and smiled. It was a likeable smile.

"If you want my opinion," he said, "a human opinion, that is, not a medical one, any time within the next forty-eight hours she'll be not only willing but asking to see you! She'll be wanting to ask questions. She'll be wanting to answer your questions. They're like that!"

He leaned forward. "I'd like to try and make you understand if I can, Chief-Inspector, a little bit of what makes these people act the way they do. The motion picture life is a life of continuous strain, and the more successful you are, the greater the strain. You live always— all day—in the public eye.

When you're on location when you're working, you have hard monotonous work with long hours. You're there all the morning, you sit and wait. You do your small part of the bit that's being shot over and over again. If you're rehearsing on the stage you're rehearsing as likely as not a whole act, or at any rate a part of an act. The strain would be in sequence, and would be more or less human and credible.

"But when you're taking a picture everything's taken out of sequence. It's a monotonous, grinding business. It's exhausting. You live in luxury, of course, you have soothing drugs, you have baths and cream, powders and medical attention, you have relaxations and parties and people, but you're always in the public eye. You can't enjoy yourself quietly. You can't really—ever relax."

"I can understand that," said Dermot. "Yes, I can understand."

GILCHRIST went on, "And there's another thing, if you adopt this career, and especially if you're as good at it, you are a crowd of people. You're a person—or so I've found in my experience—with a skin as few—a person played the whole time with confidence. A terrible feeling of inadequacy, of apprehension that you can't do what's required of you. People who that actors and actresses are vain. That isn't true. They're not conceited about themselves; they're obsessed with themselves, yes, but they need reassurance the whole time. They must be continually reassured."

"Ask Jason Rudd. He'll tell you the same. You have to make them feel they can do it, to assure them they can do it, take them over and over again over the same thing encouraging them the whole time until you get the effect you want. But they are always doubtful of themselves. That makes them, in an ordinary, human, professional word, nervous. Damned nervous! A man of nerves. And the worse their nerves are the better they are at the job."

"That's interesting," said Craddock. "Very interesting." He paused, adding, "Though I don't see quite why you—"

"I'm trying to make you understand Marina Gregg," said Maurice Gilchrist. "You've seen her pictures, no doubt."

"She's a wonderful actress," said Dermot, "wonderful. She has a personality, a beauty, a sympathy."

"Yes," said Gilchrist, "she has all those, and she's had to work like the devil to produce the effects that she has produced. In the process her nerves got shot to pieces, and she's not actually a strong woman physically. Not as strong as you need to be. She's got one of those temperaments that swing to and fro between despair and rapture. She can't help it. She's made that way. She's suffered a great deal in her life. A large part of the suffering has been her own fault, but some of it hasn't."

"None of her marriages has been happy, except, I'd say, this last one."

"She's married to a man now who loves her dearly and who's loved her for years. She's sheltering in that love and she's happy in it. At least, at the moment she's happy in it. One can't say how long all that will last. The trouble with her is that either she thinks that at last she's got to that spot or place or that moment in her life

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Continuing . . . THE MIRROR CRACK'D FROM SIDE TO SIDE

from page 58

your colleagues, of course. But as far as regards the outer world, particularly people in the house here. Do you agree?"

"I can't bind myself," said Craddock. "I don't know what will arise. In general terms, yes, I agree. What did she say?"

"She broke down after this thing happened. She sent for me. I gave her a sedative. I stayed there beside her, holding her hand, telling her to calm down, telling her things were going to be all right. Then, just before she went off into unconsciousness she said, 'It was meant for me, Doctor.'"

Craddock stared. "She said that, did she? And afterwards—the next day?"

"She never alluded to it again. I raised the point once. She evaded it. She said, 'Oh, you must have made a mistake. I'm sure I never said anything like that. I expect I was half doped at the time.'"

"But you think she meant it?"

"She meant it all right," said Gilchrist. "That's not to say that it is so," he added warningly. "Whether someone meant to poison

her or meant to poison Heather Badcock, I don't know. You'd probably know better than I would. All I do say is that Marina Gregg definitely thought and believed that dose was meant for her."

Craddock was silent for some moments. Then he said, "Thank you, Doctor Gilchrist. I appreciate what you have told me and I realise your motive. If what Marina Gregg said to you was founded on fact it may mean, may it not, that there is still danger to her?"

"That's the point," said Gilchrist. "That's the whole point."

Craddock got up. "Just one thing

more, Doctor. Do you know if she said the same thing to her husband?"

Slowly Gilchrist shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm quite sure of that. She didn't tell her husband."

His eyes met Dermot's for a few moments, then he gave a brief nod of his head and said, "You don't want me any more? All right. I'll go back and have a look at the patient. You shall talk to her as soon as it's possible."

He left the room and Craddock remained, pursing his lips up and whistling very softly beneath his breath.

To be continued

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The book "The Mirror Crack'd From Side To Side" is to be published by William Collins, February, 1963.

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where everything's like a fairytale scene, that nothing can go wrong, that she'll never be unhappy again; or else she's down in the dumps, a woman whose life is ruined, who's never known love and happiness and who never will again."

He paused, but Dermot Craddock did not speak. He was wondering why Maurice Gilchrist was saying what he did. Why this close analysis of Marina Gregg's life was looking at him. It was as though he was urging Dermot to ask one particular question.

Dermot wondered very much what the question was that he ought to ask. He said at last, slowly, with the air of one feeling his way: "She's been very much upset by this tragedy happening."

"Yes," said Gilchrist, "she has."

"Almost unnaturally so?"

"That depends," said Dr. Gilchrist.

"On what does it depend?"

"On her reason for being so up-

set."

"I suppose," said Dermot, feel-

ing his way, "that it was a shock,

a sudden death happening like

that in the midst of a party."

He saw very little response in

the face opposite him. "Or might

it be said," he said, "be something more

than that?"

"You can't tell, of course," said

Dr. Gilchrist, "how people are going

to react. You can't tell, however

well you know them. They can

always surprise you. Marina might

have taken this in her stride. She's

a self-healed creature. She might

say, 'Oh, poor woman, how tragic.

I wonder how it could have hap-

pened! She could have been sym-

pathetic without really caring. After

all deaths do occasionally occur at

studio parties. Or she might, if

there wasn't anything very interest-

ing going on, choose—choose un-

consciously, mind you—to drama-

tise herself over it."

Dermot decided to

take the bull by the horns. "I wish,"

he said, "you would tell me what

you really think?"

"I don't know," said Dr. Gil-

christ. "I can't be sure." He paused

and then said, "There's professional

reserve, you know. There's the

relationship between doctor and

patient."

"She has told you something?"

"I don't think I could go as far

as that."

"Did Marina Gregg know this

woman, Heather Badcock? Had she

met her before?"

"I don't think she knew her from

Adam," said Dr. Gilchrist. "No.

That's not the trouble. If you ask

me it's nothing to do with Heather

Badcock."

Dermot said, "This stuff, this

Calmo. Does Marina Gregg ever

use it herself?"

"Lives on it, pretty well," said

Dr. Gilchrist. "So does everyone

else around here," he added. "Ella

Zatinsky takes it, Hailey Preston

takes it, nearly everybody takes it

—it's the fashion at this moment.

They're all much the same, these

things. People get tired of one

and they try a new one that comes

out, and they think it's wonderful,

and that it makes all the differ-

ence."

"And does it make all the differ-

ence?"

"Well," said Gilchrist, "it makes

a difference. It does its work. It

calms you or it pepes you up, makes

you feel you could do things which

otherwise you might fancy that you

couldn't."

"I don't prescribe them more

than I can help, but they're not

dangerous taken properly."

"I wish I knew," said Dermot

Craddock, "what it is that you are

trying to tell me."

"I'm trying to decide," said Gil-

christ, "what is my duty. There

are two duties. There's the duty

of a doctor to his patient. What

his patient says to him is confi-

dential and must be kept so. But

there's another point of view. You

can fancy that there is danger to

a patient. You have to take steps

to avoid that danger."

"Yes," said Dr. Gilchrist. "I

think I know what I must do. I

must ask you, Chief-Inspector

Craddock, to keep what I am tell-

ing you confidential. Not from

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — February 13, 1963

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Continuing . . MARY "BAD NEWS"

from page 27

"I'll tell her," I said after learning that a request for a recommendation had come into personnel from Associated Plumbing of America, where Mary had applied for a job.

"Give her my best," the voice said sympathetically.

While I was dialling the number of Associated Plumbing of America, I conjured up in my mind that wild and wonderful evening that had convinced everyone that Mary Mathews was, indeed, as she stoutly maintained, "jinxed."

Imagine the opening night of the University Theatre's first production of Anton Chekhov's "The Cherry Orchard," already hailed by those who had seen a preview the night before as "better than anything you'll see on Broadway."

The houselights dim. A capacity house stir excitedly in their seats. Footlights turn amber beams on the fluttering velvet curtains. Slowly the curtains part, then jerk to a shuddering stop about four feet apart, refusing to move farther, illuminating just a wedge of brightly lit scenery. Moments pass. The heavy curtains quiver promisingly, but refuse to budge another inch. Obviously, they are stuck! Another long moment passes.

Finally, a murmuring spreads among the audience. Then, two sets of hands slip almost unnoticed against the curtains and tug viciously at them. By now, the murmuring has swelled into a rising tide of sniggers and tified giggling. Finally, loud laughter. The footlights go down, the houselights go up. A hush falls when an actor in costume steps forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," drama-major mellifluous says, purring, "there will be a short delay in beginning this evening's performance. A technical difficulty airily he indicates the briefly parted curtains behind him. "If you'll only be patient

THE curtains did not part that night. In fact, the curtains did not close, either. The curtains did not do anything but tremble a little.

The curtain-puller: Mary Mathews.

Was it her fault? Of course not! However, Mary Mathews pulled no curtains for University Theatre or anybody else from that moment on.

"I'm jinxed, I tell you!" Mary blithely wailed.

"Coincidence!" I told her once, rudely. "That's all it is!"

However, there was no explaining why people always started spilling coffee all over themselves in the Student Union whenever Mary put in an appearance at the Snack Bar. And no one knew why Frank Halyrod had to break his arm while square-dancing with Mary Mathews on a waxed gymnasium floor.

"I slipped," Frank said, gritting his teeth.

"It's all my fault," Mary cried. "I'm jinxed!"

"This is a recording," the voice said over the phone. "The number you have reached is not in service at this time. If you need assistance please stay on the line and an operator will answer."

There was a metallic clicking and I had just time enough to wonder what Mary Bad News had done to Associated Plumbing of America when the operator came on to

say that all calls were to be referred to Amalgamated Plumbing of America.

I dialled Amalgamated Plumbing of America's number.

"I'd like to speak to Mary Mathews, please," I said hopefully.

There was a long pause, then a voice said: "Do you have an extension number, sir? I can't seem to find that name in our directory here."

"No, I don't," I said, knowing in my heart of hearts what was coming. "She worked for Associated Plumbing of America, I think, and

"Oh, the merged group," the voice said suavely, as if diagnosing a new disease. "I'm afraid most of the Associated people were terminated when Amalgamated took over."

I spent the rest of the afternoon on the telephone tracking down Mary Bad News.

From Amalgamated Plumbing of America she had gone to a furrier who had been arrested for mislabelling; from the gaoled furrier to a publishing house that had been rocked to its venerable foundations when a bookkeeper who had been quietly embezzling funds for twenty years departed with whatever was left. From that needy publishing house Mary Bad News had gone on to a marriage counselling establishment that had closed its doors forever when its married director had eloped to Mexico with a seventeen-year-old girl.

I finally found Mary Bad News at Gimbel's.

"Mary!" I said when I heard her voice at last. "What on earth are you doing at Gimbel's?" I caught myself in time. I had almost said, "What are you doing to Gimbel's?"

"Who is this?" Mary's lovely voice hadn't changed.

I told her, at the same time urging her to have dinner with me that night. She seemed curiously hesitant at first, but she finally agreed.

"I hope your life insurance is all paid up," Mary said grimly, just before hanging up.

It had been almost four years since I had seen Mary Mathews, and, waiting impatiently for her in the small bar of the restaurant where we had agreed to meet, I couldn't help remembering that last time.

If anything had impressed Mary Bad News in our minds forever it was the complete fiasco she had almost single-handedly made of Graduation Day exercises!

Imagine a gymnasium, its vast varnished floor packed tightly with wooden folding chairs holding row upon row of about - to - be - graduates, swathed in shrouds like black mummies with square heads. A bunting-draped stage, bristling with borrowed potted palms, the university philharmonic dressed to the nines, and a crowded gallery of parents and well-wishers. And hot!

The first fiasco of the day: our choir singing the school anthem, beginning apparently on the wrong note and progressively hitting all the other wrong notes in the scale that were possible. Enough blood rose up in Dr. Ero J. Melonjian, directing, to grow hair on his very bald head. At the end, I swear, he whirled about in acknowledgement of the stunned, relieved applause to fasten a withering look at Mary Bad News sitting two rows ahead of me, her mortar-board bowed in silent apprehension.

Next, on the agenda had

come a glowing introduction of the main speaker of the day: J. Fred Wrightson, author, lecturer, and well-known TV panel-master, whose text was advertised to be "The Torch You Bear Must Be Your Own."

Mr. Wrightson, distinguished, austere, and maybe a little too obviously impressed with his own importance, said: "Thank you, Dr. Symington, for your most kind introduction."

And that was all that we were destined to hear from Mr. J. Fred Wrightson. The microphone in his hand went quite dead.

Smiling weakly, Wrightson tapped the microphone with gentle remonstrance several times. Then, for some reason, he blew into it. He coughed, his eyes appraising the vast reaches of the gymnasium. Finally, he turned for help.

DR. SYMINGTON

TON seized the mike by the throat and rapped it vigorously on the head; but to no avail. And no amount of tapping, rapping, or jouncing up and down would bring the mike back to life.

Soon I became aware of the vicious, excited rumor that had been spreading throughout the gymnasium: the word had been passed that Mary Bad News had "jinxed" graduation!

This slander, of course, was nothing new. There were many many stories about Mary. Most of them phonies. It became almost something of a status symbol on the campus to have been "jinxed" by Mary and be able to say: "Mary Bad News flunked me in physics. She sits right at the back of me, you know!" Or, "Mary Bad News almost lost us the tennis match. She was cheering for our side, for heaven's sakes!"

All eyes were fastened on Mary Bad News now as the procession began, moving slowly up to the stage to receive their diplomas.

Ariadne Snyder, class poetess and a remote wisp of a girl, preceded Mary to the rostrum by a good four feet. She had just received her diploma and the firm handshake that went with it from Dr. Symington as Mary Bad News was advancing slowly across the stage, closing the gap that was between them.

Every eye in the gymnasium suspensefully followed her progress. And just as Mary extended her trembling hand to receive her diploma, Ariadne, appearing to trip on her long gown, pitched forward.

Dr. Symington, abandoning Mary for the moment, at once made a vain grab at Ariadne, and connected instead with the accursed "dead" mike to the accompaniment of a short bluish electric flash that sent it sprawling against the rostrum. The rostrum, wavering from the impact, toppled, landing heavily against the long tables that had been set up to hold the trays of neatly-filed diplomas.

The tables collapsed just about the same time as Ariadne did, pitching diplomas in a flurry of white-paper streamers cascading from the stage.

The place was in an uproar.

Mary Bad News, clutching her diploma, her face stricken with blame and leaping over the prone Ariadne, was last seen scampering down the stage steps, her gown flying wildly behind her, fleeing the gymnasium.

To page 61



SUMMERTIME

holiday time • swim time
warm weather time

TAMPAX TIME

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GET FORD PILLS
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FORD PILLS

Continuing . . . MARY "BAD NEWS"

from page 60

said, still incredulous. "I saved him."

"I don't believe it!" I said.

"It was terribly embarrassing for him," Mary said. "There were a million people watching." Then she added: "We made the second page of the 'Daily News.'" She grinned. "It wasn't a very good picture of either of us," Mary said. "And I haven't seen Bert since."

I wonder why? I said to myself.

Mary had jumped out of her chair screaming, "Look out!" while jerking me roughly to my feet.

The fire was quickly extinguished, but Mary was too shaken to take her place once more at our slightly charred table. Pressing a bill into the babbling, trembling waiter's hands, and at the same time attempting to re-

The trouble with you is you've always been too willing to take the blame for everything wrong that happens around you!"

"But nothing ever happens to me!" Mary said. "It's always everybody or everything else around me. I jinx people. I jinx everything! Even graduation exercises!"

The next night we went to an Ingmar Bergman film showing at a small neighborhood theatre. Without incidents. Then, Saturday afternoon, we took the boat ride around Manhattan. Not only did it not rain but no one was knocked overboard and the boat made it back to its berth in one piece!

The following week I took Mary Bad News to the Met. Our seats were not behind a post. Everyone was in splendid voice. The curtains worked perfectly. And we didn't even get trampled afterwards by the opera crowds swarming all over the street, racing for the subway.

We took rides on the Staten Island Ferry, dared another picnic in Central Park (but stayed away from the lake!), and spent two wonderful evenings listening to jazz in a small nightclub.

AND at the end of it I still had my job, my health, and my sanity.

Nothing had gone wrong in almost three months!

Then came last night. I'd taken Mary to the ballet. We were sipping coffee in a cafe on Madison Avenue around the block from Mary's apartment when she let me have it—bang! Right between the eyes.

"Mark," she said gently, touching my hand across the table, "I don't think we should see any more of each other."

She was beautiful tonight. It had started raining lightly and the rain had fallen across her forehead, touching and embellishing that wonderful skin of hers. She looked like a rose, freshly washed in the morning dew. I was very much in love with her by this time. That's why what she'd just said was such a shock.

"Mary, I don't understand," I said. "Darling, I love you . . ."

"No, Mark. I can't stand this waiting any more," she said. "I can't take wondering what awful thing is going to happen to you on account of me . . ."

"I love you," I said. "I want you to marry me . . ."

"I care too much for you now as it is to want to see you hurt. It matters . . . what did you say?"

"I said: 'I love you! I want you to marry me!'"

"Oh, Mark! Darling!" Mary said, blinking her eyes rapidly, looking away. "You don't know what you're saying. What terrible things would happen to you! I don't know what the matter with my jinx lately that nothing has happened to you up to now. It's almost three months . . ."

"Nothing's going to happen to me, Mary," I said.

Then, like a dope, I would have to add: "And, even if something does, it wouldn't be your fault. It would have happened, anyway. Can't you see that . . ."

"Yes, but you'd begin to wonder, begin to think that I—"

Two tears slid away from her eyes. "Mark, I can't! It wouldn't be fair to you! It's gone too far now. I do love you. That's why I won't inflict myself on you, dearest." She touched a hand lightly to my cheek. "I do love you, Mark," she said gently.

"Marry me, then . . ."

"No!" Mary said.

It was pouring when we got up to go.

"I'll get a cab," I said. "Let's walk in the rain," Mary said, her face averted. "What does it matter if I get pneumonia or something. I don't care!" Then she added: "The horrible part of it, Mark, is that I'd be all right. You'd get pneumonia. I wouldn't even catch cold."

"Marry me," I said. "And I promise never to get pneumonia."

"Oh, Mark!" Mary said. "No!"

Have you ever tried to catch a cab in New York city at eleven thirty on a rainy Saturday night? Well, I did it. In three minutes flat, too. Opening the door and hurrying Mary inside, I felt positively giddy with good luck. If you can do this, I told myself, you can do anything!

Neither of us said a word in the cab. But sitting there, still flushed with my unexpected success in cab-trapping, an idea began to form in the back of my mind.

When the cab pulled up in front of Mary's apartment I had it all planned what I should do.

I flipped a note to the cabbie.

"Keep the change," I said airily. Then I went around the other side of the cab, opened the door for Mary and helped her out.

She went sprawling at my feet.

Mary didn't move. She froze like a kid playing "statues" on her hands and knees in the middle of East 81st Street, an incredulous expression spreading across her face.

"You all right, lady?" the cab-driver said, putting his head out the window. "Hey, buddy!" he yelled at me. "Don't just stand there. Help her up!" With a grinding of gears, he sped off.

Mary didn't move. She seemed transfixed. She was also getting soaked.

"I tripped," she said delightedly when I went to her. "I fell and skinned my knee. Not you." She was laughing now, giving her face to the rain. "It's the most wonderful thing that's ever happened to me!"

"Oh, I'm a cunning one. 'Marry,' I said calmly. 'You're getting soaked.'"

"I don't care!" she said, flinging her arms about me. "You've done it! You've broken the jinx!"

I had to drag her out of the rain to her apartment. "Don't talk nonsense!" I said crisply, giving her a quick kiss.

"Ouch!" Mary said, smiling radiantly. "You stepped on my toe. My darling."

"Pardon me," I said, playing it cool. "Awful clumsy of me."

"I don't mind," Mary said, pulling my face down and kissing me full on the lips. "I'm free! I can never do you any harm. Just myself!"

"Look, jinxless," I said, pressing my advantage. "I asked you to marry me. How about it?"

She sneezed.

"Are you catching cold?" I said, a little alarmed.

"I hope so!" Mary said boisterously. "As to your offer, sir: yes, yes, YES!"

I felt a trickle of guilt surge up in me, but I stifled it. I loved her! That was the best of all reasons for doing what I was doing to her.

"I'll book The Little Church Around the Corner first thing in the morning . . ."

I began.

"Oh, Mark, no!" Mary said, regressing. "I wouldn't want to do it any harm! It's so adorable . . ."

"You're jinxless now, remember," I said, pushing her through the door.

Mary looked up at me, radiantly happy.

"Oh, Mark!" she said. "I am! I truly am!"

Of course, I'll have to be careful. Just do little things now and then just to reassure her, like accidentally stepping on her glasses. Or spilling a bottle of her favorite perfume.

Who knows? Maybe I'll even trip her coming down the aisle like I tripped her getting out of that cab!

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Does your dog refuse big meaty bones he once loved? Does he walk away from his food? Check his diet. He may be suffering from Vitamin Starvation. Your pet must receive a fresh supply of Vitamin B daily. Meat lacks Vitamin B. As a result, many dogs suffer from Vitamin Starvation. Give your dog FRENDS Vitamin B tablets made specially for dogs. Friends are yeast in tablet form and yeast is nature's richest natural source of the Vitamin B group. Friends liver and ox flavoured yeast tablets contain 15 essential "B" vitamins plus high-grade protein. A course of Friends tablets will end Vitamin Starvation, build up your dog's stamina, help him regain a healthy appetite, bring him back to his bounding best.



Start your dog on a course of FRENDS today. Friends Yeast Tablets—from pet shops, chemists, country stores.

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting February 6

- ARIES** MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gamb. colors, green, orange.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- TAURUS** APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gamb. colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.
- GEMINI** MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gamb. colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- CANCER** JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gamb. colors, mauve, red.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tues.
- LEO** JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gamb. colors, orange, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tues.
- VIRGO** AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gamb. colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.
- LIBRA** SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gamb. colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- SCORPIO** OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gamb. colors, orange, mauve.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.
- SAGITTARIUS** NOV. 23-DEC. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gamb. colors, red, purple.
* Lucky days, Mon., Tuesday.
- CAPRICORN** DEC. 21-JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gamb. colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- AQUARIUS** JAN. 20-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gamb. colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Thur., Tuesday.
- PISCES** FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gamb. colors, white, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tues.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

Out of the corner of my eye I could see our waiter advancing on us with the shishkebab on flaming skewers I had ordered. I had time to say "Ahhh, look what's coming!" and then to suffer a second's brief apprehension at ordering such potentially dangerous food with Mary Bad News around when all at once our table was on fire.

assure the apoplectic manager, we left.

We walked a good four blocks before Mary Bad News spoke.

"I'm hungry," she said at last. I noticed her lower lip was trembling.

"Let's go in here," I said, indicating a cafe.

"It always happens," Mary said when we were settled at our table with two plates of baked beans and frankfurts. "That's why I've practically stopped seeing people. Sooner or later disaster strikes. I guess it's never going to end."

"Don't be silly," I said. "The fire wasn't your fault!"

"I'm jinx . . ."

"No, you're not!" I cut her off.

It was just like old times at school. The same argument we used to have in the Student Union. "These things happen to everybody!" I said. "You're not jinxed!"

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



"Help! I'm stuck in the mud!"

The fact that John still had to be away from home a good deal did not help. John knew that.

"It won't be for much longer, my darling. At the end of the year, when Brown retires, there's going to be a job for me right here in the home area."

Now, there were just the blessed weekends when John came home, often driving through the night to get there. Even then, Duncan was not forthcoming. He would focus all his attention on his father when they were in the house together, then disappear about his boy's business. And she had to admit—carefully hiding the truth from John—that she longed only for those hours when Duncan would disappear and she and John could be alone together. Just the two of them.

Continuing . . . THE HIGH STONE WALL

from page 28

She wondered how much John understood. Really understood. She could not criticise Duncan's unfailing politeness. He gave her no trouble. He was not a mischievous boy. He didn't appear even to regard her as an enemy, actively resenting her. There was just the polite indifference. The answering of her questions with an unforthcoming monosyllable.

Her efforts to share his interests brought only withdrawal. Literally, into his own room. More than literally, into himself.

She had kept up the bright facade, the brisk smile, the determined friendliness. But that strain was telling. How long? she thought.

How long could she pretend that all was going well?

Now, standing by the open gates that led into the grounds of Duncan's school, her defences were down. The drive led straight and wide into the crowd; the crowd assembled in the space in front of the school building. Parents, relatives. Boys in white shirts and blue blazers. There was a togetherness about them. Only she was alone.

What will be my standing? she thought.

Where, in that crowd, was Duncan? How would he greet her—if he greeted her at all.

She had not wanted to come. She had promised John that she would.

"Darling, you will go along to the boy's Open Day, won't you? I feel pretty badly about always missing it. Next year I hope I'll be there."

But not this year. Not today. It was the last thing he had said to her, the night before.

"You will go to the school tomorrow, won't you?" His eyes had revealed an anxiety. And something more than that. An urge to

reassure her. He knew that she was not a confident woman. He held her hands tightly. "You'll be all right."

"I'll go, John," she had promised.

But Duncan had revealed a sign of caring whether she was or not.

And standing alone by the gates the uncertainty was with her. The sick doubt. The fear.

Her feet felt heavy in the light summer shoes. She was wearing a new suit in crisp, cream linen. A hat. Because she wanted to do the "done" thing, for Duncan, she was wearing a hat.

The fact that she looked right gave her no confidence. Duncan did not need her there. Did he want her there?

I can't go in there, she thought. Nervousness made a mist before her eyes. There was a boy coming down the long drive toward her. Just any boy. A boy in a white shirt and navy-blue blazer. The mist quivered and cleared a little. And the boy was Duncan.

He was standing quite close to her now. And he was saying something.

She blinked rapidly, to clear the last of the mist from before her eyes.

"Come on. It's all right," Duncan said again.

Rosella International Recipe Time



... more Recipe Magic from the Leila Howard Test Kitchen!

Add an international touch to your cooking with these easy-to-prepare recipe dishes . . . all made with economical Rosella Food products. Keep this page . . . it's your passport to exciting eating, and watch for more Rosella International recipes! They add new variety to your family meals, at surprisingly low cost!

SPAGHETTI CONTINENTAL. Rosella Spaghetti. Sauté ½ lb. small whole mushrooms in 3 or 4 oz. melted butter. Cut 1 can luncheon meat into long strips (or use any cold cooked meat desired). Snip with scissors ½ cup parsley. Combine 1 can Rosella Spaghetti with the mushrooms, meat and parsley, spoon into a shallow dish and heat in a moderate oven. Serve hot topped with tomato sauce—made from 1 can Rosella Tomato Soup combined with 1 clove garlic (crushed) and 1 onion (sautéed in a little butter), a little Worcestershire Sauce and salt and pepper to taste.

FRENCH PRAWNS ANTOINE

Rosella Tomato Soup, Rosella Tomato Paste, Rosella Worcester Sauce. Sauté 1 crushed clove garlic, 1 chopped onion and ½ cup chopped celery in little butter or oil until tender. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, cook 1 minute and add one 16-oz. can Rosella Tomato Soup and 1 tablespoon Rosella Tomato Paste with 1 cup water. Season well with bayleaf, dash Rosella Worcester Sauce, salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes, stir in 1 lb. shelled prawns, simmer further 5 minutes. Serve with rice which has been cooked until tender, then tossed with ¼ cup chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon butter.

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RIVETS



He was looking at her steadily and there was something new and unexpected in his expression. He looked more than ever like John in one of his anxious moments.

"I know it looks an awful lot. But it's not so bad, once you're in," Duncan said. His gaze was unwavering. There was that new anxiety in his eyes. And something more than that. An urge to reassure her? "I was looking out for you," he said.

She was conscious of letting out held breath. "I—I'm so glad. She managed a smile. It was an uncertain smile. Not bright.

"All that mob. Bit scary," Duncan said. "But I'll show you things." He seemed suddenly to have a new stature; to be taller. "I'll be all right."

"Yes," she breathed. Because it would be all right. Miraculously, the barrier was down. She didn't know how. Or why. Perhaps because she had allowed herself to be caught off guard, with her defences down? Perhaps because she had unwittingly revealed her own self? The uncertainty. The fear. Perhaps because she needed Duncan.

"Come on, then. You'll be all right."

For a brief second he raised his hand into the curve of her arm.

They were walking down the long drive then. Side by side. Together.

"Yes," she said softly. "You're I'm sure—it's going to be all right. Duncan. Now."

Because the barrier was down. There was a gap in the high stone wall, and the light shone through.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

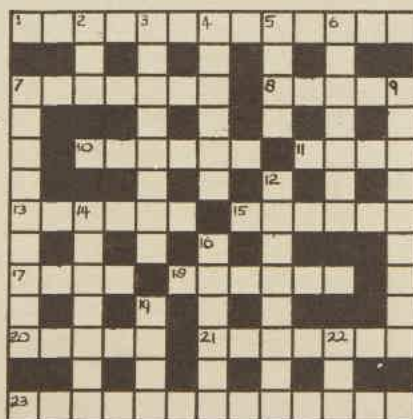
THE flying saucer with the weird creatures from a strange planet is on a trade mission to Earth. It is seen by an Earth astronaut. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Tree full of sorrow (7, 6).
7. Test ale made in a city of the U.S.A. (7).
8. Fastener, mostly light giver (5).
10. Tin ore coming from the East (6).
11. Trifling amid lectures (4).
13. Repulsive with lots of acknowledgment of debts (6).
15. No part of a guardian saint (6).
17. Poisonous snakes as afterthought in a letter (4).
19. Stream (anagr., 6).
20. Gnawed, though mostly a flower (5).
21. If I cede you may have a building (7).
22. Where the hard-worker's nose is kept (13).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Historical period presented in a superfine radio (3).
3. I rig tune in underhand scheming (8).
4. Collects bit by bit with a lean inside (6).
5. Inner measurement of a thin chop (4).
6. He loved and died for a Hero (7).
7. A rug store (anagr., 9).
9. Can be taken by force (9).
12. Father's efforts with sweet articles of food (8).
14. Make better by a devil with a rove (7).
16. As nice as the basis of cheese (6).
19. A tragic king (4).
22. Daughter of Cadmus, wife of Athamas (3).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - February 13, 1963

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney, New Zealand. Readers should address orders to Box 6341 Wellington, No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7607. — Simply styled dress has matching jacket with necktie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material, or 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.

F7280. — School uniform with buttoned shoulders, in sizes 24, 27, 30, 33, and 36in. lengths. Requires 2½ to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.



F7713. — Dress with unusual bodice treatment has either short or three-quarter length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires three-quarter sleeves (B), 2½yds. 54in. material; short sleeves (A), 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7786. — Flared skirt and matching stole with pocket. Sizes 23, 25, 27, 29, and 31in. waist (34 to 42in. hips respectively). Requires 2½yds. 54in. material (allow extra yardage to match pattern). Price 4/.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 765. — GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK. Cool tennis frock cut out to make in poplin. Color is white only. Sizes 8 to 10 years, £1/8/6; 12 to 14 years, £1/9/9. Postage 3/- extra on all sizes.

No. 767. — WOMAN'S FROCK. Slim-fitting frock with draped bodice is cut out to make in spotted terylene. Color is white with navy, pale blue, or olive spots. Instructions for making are included with all cut-out garments. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £2/19/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/1/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

No. 766. — COAT-HANGER COVERS. Set of three coat-hanger covers cut out and clearly traced to embroider with individual motifs on pink, white, apricot, or blue organdie. Price 7/11 for set, plus 1/- postage.

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Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



*Partridge, V.C.
wedding plans
—story page 2*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 13, 1963

Page 1

More cakes on page 35

MR. PARTRIDGE BUILDS A DREAM HOUSE



ARTIST'S DRAWING of the side and front elevation of the Partridge home, planned by its owners. Both were wary of what they described as "modernistic designs that date." The house is surrounded by citrus and other fruit trees.

PARTRIDGE and blond nursing sister Barbara Dunlop will marry at St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church, Macquarie Street, Sydney, at 5 p.m. on Saturday, February 23.

Following the ceremony the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Dunlop, of Turramurra, a suburb of Sydney's North Shore, will entertain at a reception at Sydney's Australia Hotel.

Television notabilities, industrial leaders, and many professional men and women are among the 300 guests invited to the church and reception.

They include Sir James and Lady Kirby, quiz champions Barry Jones and George Black and their wives, and compere Bob Dyer and his wife, Dolly. If any of the 300 guests can be singled out as special guests, perhaps Bob and Dolly Dyer can.

For Bob Dyer's "BP Pick-a-Box" quiz and the prizes won by Partridge, which amount to more than £12,000 in goods and cash, have made his marriage possible, much earlier than he hoped.

When he made his first appearance on January 22, 1962, Frank Partridge knew and loved Barbara Dunlop, but had no home to take a bride to on his banana plantation.

When he marries almost 13 months to the day since he made that first appearance, he will carry his bride off on a glamor trip to America on the Matson liner Monterey—a prize he won on "BP Pick-a-Box"—and bring her back to a lovely country home, which TV helped to build and furnish.

Indeed, the diamond wedding ring he slips on his bride's finger at St. Stephen's, the eternity ring, and her beautiful engagement ring are also prizes that his talent as a quiz champion won.

Sir James Kirby is also a special guest. Partridge won many electrical appliances on the quiz show, including a refrigerator made by Sir James' firm.

When Partridge revealed on the show that electricity was not connected to his property from the main road some miles away, Sir James promised, and has now had the new Partridge home connected with electricity.

No one is more thrilled about

this than Miss Dunlop. She is famous among her friends as a cook, and plans great doings in the new all-electric kitchen.

On Frank's recent 37th birthday she made him a heart-shaped pound cake weighing more than 13lb., iced it herself in pale blue, and made special marzipan-bananas to decorate it. It was the first birthday cake Frank Partridge has had.

Open house

As well as being an accomplished cook, Miss Dunlop has done a cake-decorating course. She had intended to ice and decorate her own wedding cake, but didn't have time.

The cake, made by Mrs. Dunlop, is heart-shaped and has three tiers. The bottom tier weighs more than 15lb.

Since Miss Dunlop, now in her late twenties, left the Manly Hospital, where she has been a nursing sister, it has been open house at the Dunlops' Turramurra house, with Barbara showing her trousseau and wedding gifts to her friends.

"So many of my friends are nurses and nursing sisters working on different shifts that we had open house for a week," she said.

"Now everything has been packed and stored in safe custody until we return from America in April."

The only sadness in Barbara Dunlop's heart now is that she has come to the end of her nursing career. Leaving Manly Hospital was a wrench.

She did her nursing training there as a young girl and after some years abroad returned to work there for the last six years.

But the sadness is overlaid with a great deal of joy and anticipation. She can't wait to get into her brand-new home, start her life as a housewife.

The house is built of fibro because of fire risk in the heavily timbered country.

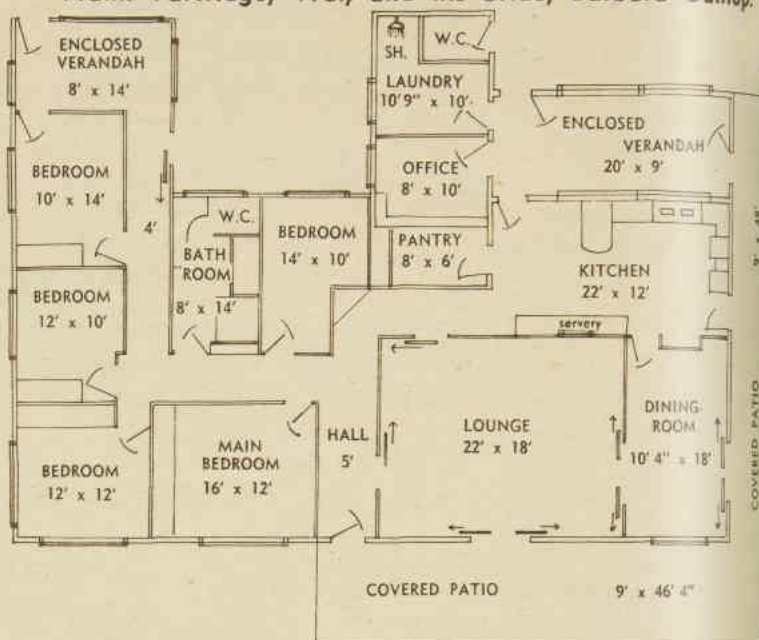
It is a large, sprawling, bungalow type of house, surrounded on three sides by citrus trees.

It has five bedrooms, two bathrooms, spacious lounge and dining-room, and patios.

Underneath the covered patio on the eastern side of the house, an underground tank approximately seven feet wide will be built.

The top of the tank, which has a capacity of 12,000 gallons,

● A dream is rapidly taking shape at Upper Newee Creek on the Far North Coast of N.S.W., a spacious dream—the five-bedroom house that TV built for famous Australian Frank Partridge, V.C., and his bride, Barbara Dunlop.



FLOOR PLAN of the house designed by Frank Partridge, V.C., and his bride, nursing sister Barbara Dunlop, who will marry shortly. The house is built on a hill on Partridge's banana plantation at Upper Newee Creek, near Macksville, N.S.W.

will be the concrete floor of the patio. An automatic electric pump will give the same supply throughout the house as that obtained by connection to a water main.

(The house has a hot-water system and the toilets are connected to a septic tank.)

"Both Frank and I plan ahead," Barbara said. "We both want to build now the house that will suit us for years, not add to it as it becomes necessary."

"We both hope to have a large family. We have built a special bedroom and enclosed verandah for Frank's father, who is 78, and helps him work the plantation."

"Another bedroom is for Tom, Frank's brother, a timber worker, who comes home to Upper Newee Creek most weekends."

The house will be painted white, have a grey tiled roof, and be painted lemon-yellow beneath the eaves.

Obviously yellow and russet tones are Barbara's favorites.

Lemon is the color she has chosen for the master bedroom. The kitchen, her favorite room in the house, is white, yellow, and grey.

The floors in the house are all polished wood with the exception of the kitchen, where

the floor is a mosaic of white, yellow, and grey. The kitchen walls are to be tiled in white half-way up, and painted sunshine-yellow above the tiling.

Modern kitchen

Barbara's eyes light up when she talks about her all-electric kitchen, food-mixer, fry-pan, and rotisserie.

Nothing is going to be appreciated more by the Partridge men than Barbara's cooking. Now Frank and Paddy Partridge do for themselves. But don't think this means just opening tins and eating bananas.

They make their own bread, butter, and have their own milk and cream.

Barbara has had the fine old fuel stove that they are using installed outside.

"It can be used for barbecues," she said, "and when I am jam-making, preserving, or making pickles and chutneys."

The house is already "furnished" with four cats and four dogs, but Barbara wants a dog of her own, too.

"I have always wanted a big French poodle, or a Golden Labrador," she said.

Barbara is planning to buy a wardrobe of house frocks while she is in America.

Unlike most girls, she has

few house frocks. Her wardrobe has always been nursing uniforms and "dresses for visiting."

Her trousseau includes clothes and casuals for the Monterey cruise, but she is looking forward to buying her cotton wardrobe in America.

Frank hopes to appear on a quiz programme while he is there, but, as yet, does not know if it will be possible.

"I will do some study on a trip, for sure," he said, "but specially for any U.S. quiz may appear on."

Frank is delighted with his "office" in the new house.

"It will be good to have space for some of my hundreds of books," he said, "a place where I can work without interruption."

Frank's office is more than a place where he studies his programmes. He is an unpaid worker for the Country Party and has political aspirations.

He hopes to obtain Country Party nomination for the Federal seat of Cowper at the next Federal elections, scheduled for round December, 1964.

Frank's office opens off the enclosed back verandah, within coo-ee of the kitchen that odd cup of tea and coffee. Its windows overlook what will become an enclosed courtyard.



The late Dick Powell and his wife, June Allyson, as they appeared together in a New York TV show last year.

Dick Powell's fortune to his family

● The late Dick Powell's family—his widow, June Allyson, and their two children, adopted daughter Pamela, 14, and son Richard Keith, 12—will get most of his estate, worth a million dollars.

THE estate was valued at that figure when the TV actor-producer made his will in 1959.

His enterprises have been so successful that it would be worth considerably more now.

Under the terms of his will, a trust fund will be established for his widow from her share of the estate and from half of the remaining property.

She will also be able to draw up to 25,000 dollars (£A12,500) a year from that part of the property that originally was not hers.

A trust fund will be established for the children, from which they will draw 50,000 dollars (£A25,000) a year each from the age of 24.

On reaching the age of 40 the rest of the trust fund will become theirs.

Dick Powell also stipulated that if the children needed a guardian—if, for instance, June Allyson were to die—close

friend ventriloquist Edgar Bergen and his wife should be appointed.

In his will no provision was made for Powell's two children during his second marriage, to actress Joan Blondell—adopted son Norman, 25, and daughter, now Mrs. Ellen Powell Howard.

An explanation in the 1959 will stated: "I am confident they will understand that my failure to provide for them in the will is not due to any lack of affection for them, but is due to the arrangements I have made for them in my lifetime."

However, last September, when Dick Powell first learned of the cancer that ended his life in January, he decreed that Norman and Ellen should each receive 3000 shares in his Four Stars Production television company.

Neither of his two previous wives, Joan Blondell and Mildred Maude, received anything under the will.

DID YOU KNOW?

AUSTRALIA'S Esma Cannon is sadly missed from the B.B.C.'s third series of the "Rag Trade." She's tied up acting the role of Lily in the stage version of the show in the West End.

SOUTH-EAST Asia's most widely talked-about river, the Mekong, will bare its graceful curves to Australian viewers shortly on Associated Rediffusion's "Watch on the Mekong." Known more for its political importance than for its physical beauty, the river geographically splits two world powers in half. Its precarious course begins in the highlands of Tibet, comes down through China, past Burma, into Laos, and then for a long stretch travels along the Laos-Thailand border and finally flows out to sea via Vietnam.

Before leaving to make the film, producer Peter Hunt said: "I bought a new raincoat; I had my camera's exposure meter checked. And I did something I should have done long ago—I made my will!"

FAMOUS face seen often on British TV screens these days is that of Sir Michael Redgrave, who previously rarely performed for TV. Since Christmas he has appeared in the costly Ibsen play "Hedda Gabler," recited a poem in London's newest "This is the Week that Was" show, and appeared in interviews. More recently he was seen on the B.B.C. in excerpts from his successful West End show "Out of Bounds."

THE nicest people in the world are English—or so says Jonathan Routh, who has been playing practical jokes on the British public week in week out for two and a half years in his "Candid Camera" show. "The English believe in 'live and let live'," Jonathan says, and his hundreds of hilariously frank shows taken with hidden cameras prove how right he is.

"We have to fight hard to get reactions out of the British public in situations which would make people from other countries like America or Australia stop dead in their tracks," he says. Australian viewers may have seen parts of Jonathan's shows mixed in with Alan Funt's "Candid Camera" show from America, because every so often Alan uses his British counterpart's best practical-joke stunts. Viewers will know Jonathan Routh's stunt—the people are "nice."

IN the newest series of British TV's "No Hiding Place" one episode has been written by 22-year-old Penelope Joy, who normally works as stage manager in the series. She wrote the story "Who Killed Cock Robin?" in collaboration with an Irish friend, Lee Dunne, who's now working as a London taxi-driver. He meets a lot of strange characters and she knows a lot about television, so they combined their talents. The story, about the murder of a Soho gambling boss, will be produced by Penny's boss, director Richard Doubleday.

BLIND jazzman Ray Charles will guest star in a Dinah Shore show—the first of the big variety shows to hire Charles since his much-publicised arrest on a narcotics charge. Charles has been one of several artists suffering from after-effects of bad publicity.

Billy Daniels, also, has found it hard to get TV work since his involvement in a Harlem nightspot shooting. Even Sammy Davis Jr. has occasional difficulties because sponsors find the Jewish-Negro (married to Swedish actress May Britt) too controversial.



Esma Cannon . . . missing.



Michael Redgrave . . . newcomer.



Sammy Davis Jr. . . . controversial.

TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



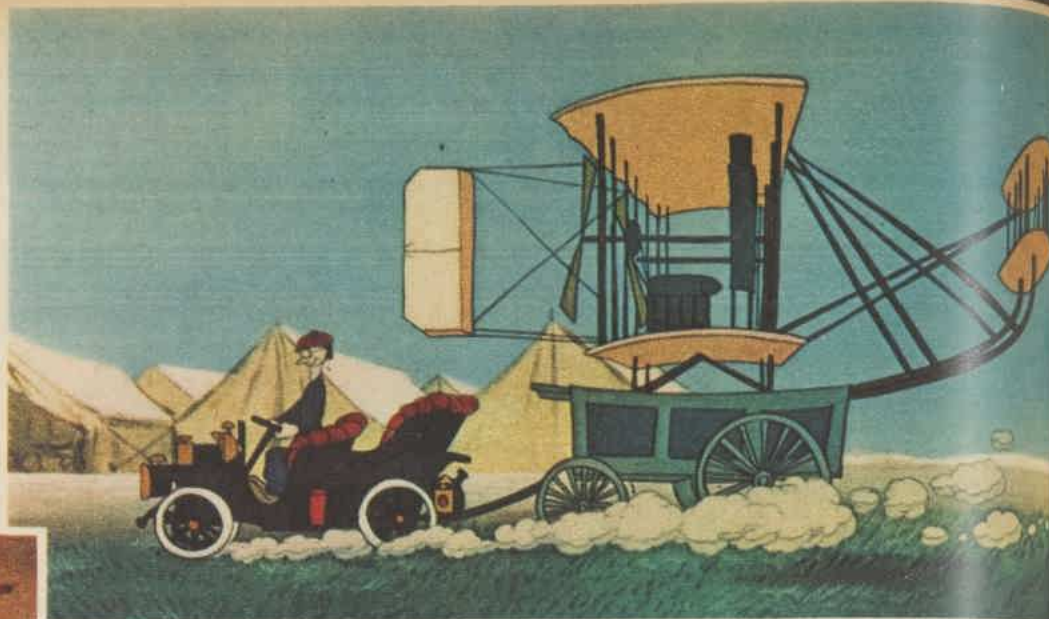
TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: I think everyone at sometime in their life should live in a small town. There's something about the atmosphere—everyone seems to know each other. People seem a lot closer. There seems to be more help thy neighbor. Someone is sick, everyone chips in and brings in his crops; or someone's barn burns down, everyone gets together and in one day builds him a new one. Somehow, city life seems a lot colder. I'll bet you don't even know who lives next door to you. Wouldn't it be nice if big-city people sort of had that small-town feeling? I think it would be a happier world.

Momma's moral: A small town is where everybody knows whose cheque is good and whose husband isn't.

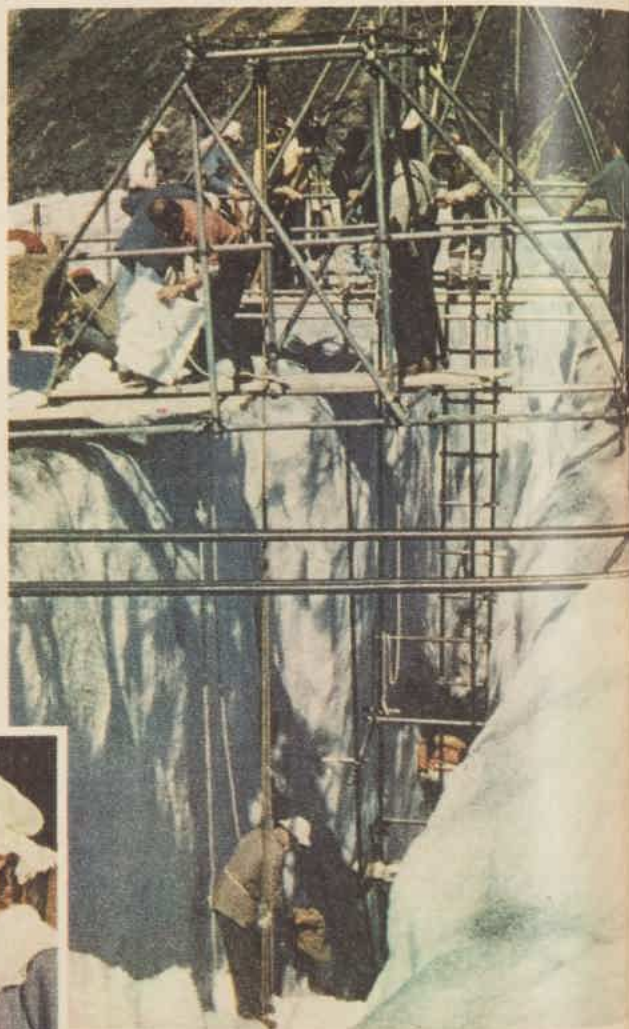
Fact and fancy

DISNEYLAND'S fascination lies in its variety, its stories, its education without tears, its fanciful cartoons. Ever since the start of TV in Australia it has been one of viewers' favorites.



ABOVE AND LEFT: Scenes from "Man in Flight," the dramatic story of aviation told in fanciful animation and live film. These two cartoons show man's early attempts to make a flying-machine; the film ends with an aerial ballet of today's powerful jet planes.

RIGHT: Scene from "The Boston Tea Party." No tea party was ever conducted with more decorum than this one, given in the dead of night, December 16, 1773. But the decorum paid off; Bostonians certainly underlined their opinions for the British that very dark night.



LEFT: Another scene from "The Boston Tea Party," a live period film, as distinct from a cartoon film or one that is a mixture of both. This picturesque, educational Disneyland stars Hal Stalmaster, Luana Patten, and Jeff York.

ABOVE: "Perilous Assignment" is about mountain-climbing in Switzerland. In this film guide Gaston Rebuffat shows some of the hazards of the Alps. Above, the Disney crew on Gorner Glacier on the Matterhorn.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 13, 1962

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

February 13, 1963

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

May be sold separately



NEW LOOK FOR OLD
SCHOOL HATS — page 5

More cakes on page 35

SCOUTS' CAKE — 62 — made by Mrs. M. Elshick 3 Penang

LETTERS

Choose your own career

OUR school prospectus states that facilities are available to enable students to pursue their studies to the limit of their abilities, but in practice students study only to the limit of their parents' ambition.

This causes untold wastage in teachers, space, and talent.

At the top, students who have no real academic ability are beating out their brains trying to make the university for their parents' sake.

From the lower forms really good talent is drafted into industry to show quick monetary returns.

Teenagers, backed up by vocational - guidance officers, should decide their own careers. They are going to take the blame for the success or failure of their lives, so they should have the privilege of planning them. —Carol Anne, Geelong, Vic.

Fun with Maths

IN the "Fun and Games With Maths" (T.W. 16/1/63) I found a correct answer to the problem about the five and three quart jars which is different from the one given.

This is how I worked it out:

Fill three-quart jar and pour into five-quart jar; fill three-quart jar again and pour into five-quart jar till full. One quart then remains in three-quart jar. Empty five-quart jar into well, and pour one quart from three-quart jar into five-quart jar; fill three-quart jar and pour into five-quart jar. With four quarts in five-quart jar, fill three-quart jar again — and there are your seven quarts. —A. Hotchkiss, Baradine, N.S.W.

Teens defined

ONE of the best descriptions of teenagers is found in the book "Illyrian Spring," by Anne Bridge. She writes: "... the lively inquiring mind, watching its own reactions and those of others, forever checking theory against reality—amused, inquisitive, intelligent, sceptical, and ardent." —D. Macmillan, Auburn, Vic.

Parents' names

THERE is a girl at our school who calls her mother by her christian name—Joyce. She tells me that I, too, should call her mother Joyce.

However, I would prefer to call her mother Mrs. to me this is much more respectful.

What do other readers think? —Miss Christian, Richmond, Vic.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Snake temple

THIS story was sent to me by my penfriend in Penang, Malaya:

Every Chinese New Year worshippers go to the snake temple. There are snakes of all sizes in this temple. The big snakes are locked in strong cages, but the small harmless snakes are let roam loose.

When this temple was built there were no snakes there, but they came of their own accord later.

There is also a dragon which appears on the ceiling of the temple on rare occasions. If you are lucky enough to see it, you will win a lottery or be very lucky in some way. —Maxine Holland, Curlwaa, N.S.W.

Useless coin

ISN'T it time the halfpenny was excluded from the Australian currency? It is practically worthless today and is not extensively used. Shoppers will agree that 3/- is much easier to handle than 2/11½d. —J. Swift, Castlemaine, Vic.

Latin hater

"LATIN" is a language (at least it used to be). First it killed the Romans, now it's killing me."

This is a favorite saying among many Latin students at our school, and how true it is!

Can anyone suggest a logical reason why Latin is taught as a subject in many high schools? After all, there is no country in the world where it is spoken as a language. It is completely useless, so what's the point of learning it? —"Useless," Tamworth, N.S.W.

Girls' education

I HAVE read much in Teenagers' Weekly on the subject of education for women, and it seems to me that all the letters have missed one very important point.

Every person — male or female — has a right to be educated to the limit of their capabilities. It doesn't matter what these capabilities are, and

BEATNIK



"Snobs are like nowhere, man — I mean they're below my social level."

it doesn't matter if the knowledge gained is never applied, for experience and training of the mind will always be there.

The point involved is not simply that of making a better wife and mother, but of having the background for a full and interesting life. This is something to which girls have as much right as boys. —Yvonne Fleming, Beresfield, N.S.W.

Charm school

RECENTLY a store held a charm school at which I was a pupil. At first I only went to break the monotony of the holidays, but the moment the first lesson began I immediately began to take interest.

We learnt skin care, table etiquette, hair care, and deportment. I would advise more girls to attend these classes, as they are a great help in gaining poise. —S. Peters, St. Ives, N.S.W.

Next week

• Hayley Mills, the small girl who became Britain's most popular actress last year, is now 16—and about to grow out of her pig-tails and jeans into a romantic teenager. Next week we have a fascinating story about Hayley and her famous theatrical family.

Mothers should teach girls to cook

THIS mother is very selfish and shortsighted. If she taught "Gastronome" to cook, she could often have a little time free from the kitchen, leaving her daughter to gain practical experience of producing a meal for a family.

Every girl can learn to cook after marriage, but an intelligent girl makes sure that she knows something about it beforehand.

Nor do all young couples get "loads of fun" experimenting in their kitchen. It is not everybody's idea of relaxation.

My advice is to attend a cooking school to learn the basic rules of cookery and simple recipes.

Or perhaps you could get a friend to let you sit in on her cookery sessions, even if only to watch and question.

If you can start off with a few simple dishes, well cooked and served, experimenting later will be much more fun and likely to be really successful. —(Mrs.) Winifred Lane, Narrogin, W.A.

I WAS first allowed to help my mother in the kitchen when I was 10, and—now 15—have been helping her ever since.

From beating butter and sugar and doing other simple

• "Gastronome" (T.W. 2/1/63) wrote asking if readers thought her mother was selfish for refusing to teach her to cook. Her mother maintained that food was too expensive to waste and that intelligent girls could learn after they married.

things, I have graduated to cooking meals, and this year I made the Christmas cake.

The ability to cook has often come in handy when Mum was ill or busy.

"Gastronome's" mother is selfish in refusing to teach her to cook and foolish in depriving herself of willing help. —Julie White, Gladsville, N.S.W.

I PRESUME you are old enough to read a recipe, so why not buy some eggs and butter and try out a simple cake. Surely Mum won't mind that if you leave the kitchen tidy afterwards. —"Gastronome," Bibbul, N.S.W.

MY mother allowed me to watch her cooking when I was young, and then allowed me to cook a few simple biscuits. Of course the first batch were not very edible, but after practising once or twice they were quite nice.

If I was "Gastronome" I would suggest to her mother that she allow her to make half the quantity of an expensive cookie, and from there gradually try her hand at fancier cakes. —"No Flops," Nimitabel, N.S.W.

WHEN a girl marries she expects her husband to be experienced in some field which will enable him to keep her.

Isn't it fair that a girl should know something of the career she is undertaking? If your mother is not prepared to teach you a few basic fundamentals on which to build, perhaps you could take a cooking course. —Rae Fidock, Tulamore, N.S.W.

MY daughter made her first cake at the age of nine. Admittedly, it was irritating to watch her — so painfully slow, when I could have made it in half the time — and to

see flour spilt around the table and down her skirt, but the results of those first trying lessons are well rewarded today.

At the age of 15 she can cook cakes, scones, pies, and meals equal to any housewife of long standing. —"Grateful Mother," Kingdian, N.S.W.

MOST boys expect girls to be able to cook before they get married, and young husbands can only put up with a certain number of experiments.

Although the art of cooking will become easier after practice, a girl needs to be taught the basic rules. Perhaps friends or relatives could help. —Janette B., Ararat, Vic.

PERHAPS if "Gastronome" cooked a delicious family dinner, following instructions from a simple cookery book, her mother might relent.

It may be true that an intelligent girl learns to cook in the first few weeks of marriage, but what about the unintelligent ones?

You can't live on love alone, and it isn't much fun when you discover your dear wife can't even boil an egg. —"All for Food," Longreach, Qld.

Some apples for your teachers

—or how to get along in the classroom

● "Sick of schoolwork, sick of books, sick and tired of teachers with nasty looks." That's the way the old rhyme goes. Is it the way you feel, now that a new year in the classroom is getting under way?

By Margaret Knight

DO you feel that teachers are always against you, harassing you, demanding homework, making you small in front of your friends—in short, making life utterly unbearable?

If it is you're certainly going to be in a mess by the end of the year.

I don't know why, but that attitude to teachers seems to be a pretty general sentiment among schoolkids.

I must have been a misfit. I left school a year ago, and none of my ex-teachers are now my friends. Truly.

I don't mean I liked every teacher I had, and certainly not all of them liked me, but when I finally realised that teachers are human and the same as any other adults, I found it easier to get along with them.

Anyway, I worked out the following principles and applied them, with varying degrees of success, during my five years in high school.

Firstly, teachers—like you and your friends—are individuals. You can't treat them all the same way and come out unscathed.

They haven't the time to change their methods of teaching and personalities to suit every student, while you—as a student and as a person whose character is still developing—must learn to change constantly to suit them.

Different types

Teachers, again like everyone else, fit into a pattern of types. All you have to do is recognise these types and treat them accordingly. Sounds easy, and so it is.

You all know the DISCIPLINARIAN. She follows the timetable to the minute, hates lateness, unpunctuality for class and handing in work, and people asking for time off to practise for the tennis team.

Inattention will infuriate her, and impertinence . . . well!

Do what she says without argument. She will adore regimental accuracy, and doesn't worry so much about an original approach to your subject.

The CULTURE VULTURE comes next, and there are two varieties—the super sophisticated

and the fresh-from-uni graduate.

She will loftily declare that she isn't interested in exam results, only in interesting you in her pet subject.

Treat her carefully, particularly if you're one of the not-so-bright. Take her remarks about exams with a grain of salt, and make sure your results are the best you can do, or she'll want to know why.

Try to show an intelligent interest in her pet subject. This shouldn't be so hard, because she generally knows an incredible amount about it and goes to a lot of trouble for anyone who's interested.

If you can't keep on her intellectual plane, make sure your work is always accurate and neat.

Hates noise

The PERMANENT FIXTURE has been at the same school since she graduated from university, bar her trip overseas. Her age is about 110, she's always complaining that you're "not as bright as your dear mother was," and she'll call you by your mother's name.

She hates noise, too much glare, not enough light, heat, cold, and questions—everything but perfect quiet and undivided attention.

She also needs tactful reminding of the chapter you're up to, the fact that this is a double lesson, and that the exam is on Tuesday, not Tuesday week.

So simply be quiet, attentive, and tactful.

Then there's the DO-IT-YOURSELF type. She loves projects, excursion trips, any extra material you can root out of books at home, and an original approach to your work.

But with her you also have to take care, for she tends to become carried away with one subject and forgets the syllabus, deadlines, and public exams. Keep her up to date, and make sure yourself that essays are handed in, and given back corrected.

It's fun to study your teachers and to classify them into behaviour types so that you'll know how best to get the most out of their classes.

But it's more important—and even more fun if you're honest—to study yourself and your own behaviour.

The very first thing is to be sincere. No teacher likes a crawler, nor do your friends. Just be friendly and interested, and if you see a teacher out of school, smile and say hello.

If she's carrying books or parcels offer to help. There's nothing "crawly" about that, it's only natural good manners.

Paying attention to your teacher in class is important. If you can't stop looking at your watch while she's lecturing, or whispering to the girl in front, at least make it unobtrusive.

Another thing—when a teacher speaks to you, look at her. Sounds stupid? I thought so, too, until I overheard a teacher say, "I can't stand that girl, she never looks me in the face."

And DON'T hog her attention with too many questions. If you're really in trouble that's okay, but don't ask questions just to show off how much you know.

When you're particularly interested in the subject, ask her to recommend some books, or, if you've found one, whether she'd like to see it. But do this after class, so that you don't disturb the lesson.

Speak clearly and at a low pitch, and write legibly and cleanly. No teacher feels kindly toward a pupil who mumbles or shouts, or who hands in dog-eared essays.

Common sense

All this might sound a lot, but it shouldn't be hard to remember because it's really all just common sense, plus respect for someone older and cleverer than yourself.

That's right, cleverer. Teachers really do know more than you, even if they sometimes make mistakes that you pick up. So respect their knowledge and don't act superior if you detect an occasional slip.

There's another dividend besides fewer detentions in this scheme. While you're learning to treat people according to THEIR type instead of according to YOURS, you're all the time preparing yourself for the vastly different types of people you will meet and HAVE to get on with when you leave school.



MEMBERS of the Ballet Petite rehearsing "The Fairy Doll," which they plan to present in Australia. From left, Janice Ritchie, Margaret Ritchie, Noela Perfect, and Beverley Hill.

Third tour for teenage ballet

By Dorothy Braxton

● The Ballet Petite, the teenage touring ballet company from Christchurch, New Zealand, has been invited for the third time to take part in Melbourne's annual carnival, the Moomba Festival.

IN addition, the company has been booked to dance in other Australian cities and towns, both on stage and television.

For months now the young members of the Ballet Petite have been working hard to raise the £3000 needed to meet the cost of their fares, wardrobes, and tapes for their music.

"We will start the tour as soon as the £3000 target is in sight," said Mrs. Mavis Perfect, the company's director.

"We hope that will be in time for us to be in Melbourne for the opening of the Festival on February 25.

"We did it in 1960 and last year, and expect to do it again.

"So all members of the company have been saving old newsprint, rags, bottles, and scrap metal, and turning them into cash.

"The girls have staged mannequin parades with clothes they have made and modelled themselves."

The Ballet Petite is now six years old and is looked upon as a fine example of what young people can do.

Nearly all the members are under 21 and Mrs. Perfect believes it is the only teenage touring ballet company in the Southern Hemisphere.

"It was formed to bridge the tremendous gap in New Zealand between the amateur and professional dancing worlds," she said.

The ballet has its own dancing school. Based in Christchurch, its pupils work their way through junior, intermediate, and senior sections. They must spend three or four years in the probationary stages before being accepted into the Ballet Petite itself.

The Ballet Petite now has 30 members, and each year auditions are held for new members.

All profits go back into the company to meet expenses.

Prima ballerina is Noela Perfect, a talented young dancer who won a dancing scholarship which took her to the United States.

Other young members of the Ballet Petite are university students, an airline hostess, shop assistants, bank clerks, and student dancing teachers.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY PARTY



● *Now's the time to be a crazy cupid and call a party on St. Valentine's Day. The theme? Why, lovers and love, of course!*

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY, dedicated since the 14th century to lovers, is celebrated on February 14, the anniversary of the martyrdom of the Italian bishop Valentine in 271 A.D.

Motif of the day is the heart, so write your own invitations on heart-shaped cards.

Let the verse read something like this:

*To honor old St. Valentine
And maybe learn your fate,
Start down my way and get in line—
The fun begins at eight!*

Give your living-room a romantic setting with garlands of fresh flowers, ribbons, paper hearts, and candles.

As your guests arrive, give the boys small heart-shaped name-tags and the girls tiny posies of flowers with tags attached.

As an ice-breaker, pair your guests and tell each couple they are expected to appear in a skit showing some recognisable scene from the story of two famous lovers of history or literature, such as Antony and Cleopatra or Romeo and Juliet.

Soft romantic music will put your guests in a wonderful mood for dancing and a "ladies' tap" will give each girl a chance to meet that special boy.

When the mood says food, the girls place their name-tags in a box, and each boy picks out a tag and takes that girl to supper.

Main item on the supper table should be our Valentine Cake, pictured above.

This is a butter cake, but one of the excellent cake mixes could be used.

Bake your cake the day before so that it won't crumble when covering, and for the covering you could use royal icing, seven-minute frosting, or cream.

A dainty posy of flowers and fern makes an attractive centre-piece on a silver doily. Here are the recipes:

BUTTER CAKE

Four oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, grated lemon rind, and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time and beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into a greased 7in. heart-shaped tin and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

COVERINGS

Royal Icing: Beat 2 egg-whites slightly and gradually beat in (a tablespoon at a time) 12oz. to 16oz. of sifted pure icing-sugar. Flavor with lemon juice and essence. Spread smoothly over cake and pipe stars or rosettes around top and base edges.

Seven-minute Frosting: Place in a heat-proof basin 2 egg-whites, $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, 2 tablespoons each water and lemon juice. Beat over a saucepan of boiling water for 14 minutes. Flavor with grenadine or vanilla, and color if desired. Spread quickly over cake, leaving rough or smooth. For edge decoration use royal icing, as frosting does not pipe successfully.

Cream: Place $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream in a basin with icing-sugar and vanilla to taste. Beat over a bowl of ice until thick and smooth. Carefully spread over cake and pipe around edges.

Use the Valentine motif for the rest of your supper by making savories and sandwiches heart-shaped.

Heart-shaped meringue cases could be filled with cream and fruit salad.



SPOTTED COTTON (above) drawn over crown and through slits at junction of brim and crown on either side. Let it hang or catch it under chin with hook-and-eye. Cost 4/6 for $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material.

FURNISHING BOBBLES (below) stitched on edge of upturned brim, with matching ribbon around crown. Try your own variations using braid or contrasting bobbles stitched on top of each other. Cost 4/6



New Look for Old School Hats

● Toss out that old school tie, those thick stockings, but NOT that school panama. Do as we have done here—remake it (with minimum cost, maximum effect) into an ultra-smart beach hat. Staff reporter Patricia Kent designed and made our hats, which were photographed by Keith Barlow.



CORKS hanging from brim on thick string or raffia made this crazy hat (above). We topped it off with a brightly colored band of satin ribbon. Cost 2/- if you have the corks; if not, you can buy enough for 2/-.

JAGGED EDGE for brim of panama (below) can be cut with a pair of sharp scissors. We used two wide bands of contrasting grosgrain ribbon, and finished it off with sea-shells stitched to a 1in. band of raffia. Cost 3/9.



SOPHISTICATED effect (left) with coarse nylon veiling over the brim and a large full-blown rose at front of crown. Note: the brim turns down here. Cost 12/6.

MULTICOLORED material 3½in. wide (above) knotted at back of hat. Ends are loose and as long as you like. The brim turns up for the best effect. Cost 4/-.

OUR COVER HAT is just for fun, with a pair of bright nylon plaits and a band of matching satin ribbon. You can make your own plaits with colored raffia (try multicolors) or heavy wool. Cost 9/-.



Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Bus crush

"I AM 19, but look much younger. I am going to tech., and every morning on the bus I used to meet a very good-looking boy. I liked him at first glance, but never thought he could notice me. But he began to sit beside me and then he talked to me. I found him so well-mannered and interesting that I couldn't help being friendly. About the first thing he told me was that he has a girl-friend and is planning to get engaged this year. The last day of school he made me promise to phone him and tell him my address so he could come and see me sometime. But I didn't call him, as I am not allowed out with boys and felt it was better not to see him again, anyway. But now I'll be going to school again soon and dread seeing him and having to explain. I still like him a lot, even though I've never shown it and have succeeded in forgetting him a little. Please tell me what to do and say."

M.U., Vic.

Try to act quite naturally when you see him again. Say "hello" and ask if he enjoyed his holidays. If he asks why you didn't ring him, play it cool. Say that you were rather busy during the holidays and didn't really have an opportunity. This is enough apology for not ringing him when you promised you would. Otherwise, don't explain; don't apologise. There's no need.

Holiday plan

"WE are two 18-year-old girls going steady with two nice boys. Recently a crowd of boys from our office invited us to go for a holiday at a seaside resort and we would very much like to go. Our parents agree, but when we told our boy-friends they threatened to break it off if we go through with it. Do you think they are being unreasonable spoil sports? We are just good friends with the boys from the office and would love to go, but don't want to lose our boy-friends."

"Puzzled Girls," W.A.

I'm with your steady boy-friends all the way.

Girl or surf?

"I AM a 14-year-old boy. I am a member of the local surf club and spend most of my spare time down there with my surfboard. My girl-friend, who is also 14, thinks I should spend more time at home with her and not as much time with my board. I love her but I also like surfing. What do you think I should do?"

"Surfie," N.S.W.

Teach her to swim or forget her. If, at 14, she tries to be possessive, imagine what she'll be like later on. There are plenty more girls in the world, and many of them adore surfing. Just look around!

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Car comes first

"I AM 16 years old and quite attractive. Last year I went with a boy for two months, but he had to break it off because he was overdue with his car payments and couldn't afford to take me out as well. He said that this was for my sake. About six weeks ago he rang me up and asked if he could come and see me. When he came round he asked if it would be all right to come again. I said yes, but haven't heard from him since. I still love him and cannot forget him, so do you think I should ring him casually? Do you think that he still loves me?"

"Hoping," S.A.

The answer to both questions is no. I'm sorry, but I think you take second place to that jalopy.

Nervous boy

"I HAVE a crush on a girl and would like to tell her, but I don't know how to go about it. Would it be safe to say straight out, 'I have a crush on you?' or should I break it to her gently, and how? We are both 15 and I think she knows about the crush, but I may be wrong. Also I get the shakes every time I talk to girls, and I find this most embarrassing. It makes me feel silly. Do you think I could pluck up enough courage to stop the shakes?"

C.T., Qld.

I don't think you should ever SAY that you've got a crush on anyone. Honestly, I can't think of one way of saying "I've got a crush on you" without sounding awkward. Always

being kind and considerate is the nicest way of saying "I like you" without words.

About your shakes: Can you try to forget all about them? You really are young, and so you become self-conscious and embarrassed.

But when you are talking to girls try to remember that they are probably embarrassed and edgy, too. Concentrate on making them feel at ease. If you can forget about yourself, gradually your shakes will stop.

Return of gifts

"I HAD been going steady with my boy-friend for 12 months when he went to the country to live with his mother. We had planned to marry in the future, but when I went to visit him recently his mother treated me as an outsider and made it plain that I was not welcome. My boy-friend admitted that he had forgotten to tell his mother of my visit, but did not try to explain this to her when I decided to leave. Now we have broken up, but I am undecided whether or not I should return all his gifts for our hope chest. Also should I return Christmas and birthday gifts? I would be very grateful if you would advise me on this matter."

"Outsider," N.S.W.

If you had been officially engaged it would now be necessary for you to return his ring. However, I think it may be unnecessarily hurtful to send back all the gifts you have received from him.

But so that you will feel sure that you have done the right thing, you might like to write and ask him if he would like you to return any of his gifts.

How to end it

"COULD you give me some advice on what to do about my steady girl-friend, who is still at school — 60 miles away — while I have left for good. She has been very kind and considerate to me, especially while I was doing my exams. I feel a bit of a cad now, for I don't intend to write to her. I will only be able to see her occasionally, so I am going to try to make a complete break away from her. Do you think this is the right thing to do, or should I still be friendly and write to her every now and again? I feel I may hurt

A word from Debbie



You want — permanently — roses blooming in your cheeks, a shine like satin on your hair, and a figure that sends relays of whistles up the street where you live?

Here's your prescription: Turn away smartly from the pies, cakes, cream buns, pastries, and other fattening delights that you buy daily for lunch.

Get clued up and pack yourself a salad lunch in an airtight container, keep it in the refrigerator overnight and take it with you.

It's an insurance policy for beauty and health, and extra money in your purse.

Here are some good lunches: tomato, carrot, lettuce leaves, cucumber, and hard-boiled eggs (don't shell until lunchtime, and they won't smell).

Gherkin or dill pickle, cold meat (often a cold chop or sausage), potato salad, coleslaw, a carton of cottage cheese for a change, and little triangles of unusual cheeses.

An all-fruit lunch is nice sometimes — grapefruit, rock-melon, anything that's in season, and raisins to nibble instead of chocolate.

Sprinkle your salad with pepper and salt before you leave, or keep plastic shakers in your desk, and if you keep a knife and spoon in your desk it saves you forgetting those, too.

A couple of wholemeal bread-and-butter sandwiches will balance your salad lunch.

In winter take a vacuum flask of soup instead of so much salad.

her by breaking off our friendship, but I thought it would be better like this rather than a long-drawn-out affair. My trouble is that I feel guilty about hurting her, and keep wondering if I've done the right thing. Could you please ease my conscience and tell me whether I'm doing right, and if I am not, what can I do now?"

B.B., Qld.

Nothing I can say will ease your conscience for you. That's your responsibility and yours alone. If you feel guilty you'd better take stock of the situation and do something about it.

Obviously it is geographically impossible for you to continue going steady and I don't think you really want to, anyway. And I agree that it is less hurtful to make a complete break instead of dragging on. Yet I do feel this girl deserves a little better. Just for old times' sake write to her and tell her how you're getting on. Make it perfectly clear that you are not still going steady, but also let her know that you think of her as a good friend. Don't write regularly and don't get romantic — just tell what you're doing at work and how you're liking it, etc. Also mention any parties you've gone to, and she'll know for sure that you're not sitting and pining for her.

Beauty in brief: SHOWER MASSAGE

HAVE you discovered that it's fun as well as relaxing to sit under the shower? Try it sometime soon, with a shower-cap clapped over your curls if need be.

Just soap yourself all over in the ordinary way with a well-lathered washcloth, then let the water pour all over you.

There's nothing to buy that will provide the kind of comfort that springs from a shower spray pelting down on your skin. Add to the effect, if you feel like it, with a brisk salt rub in the morning shower.

Common table salt, within the reach of everybody, stands ready to beautify, stimulate, and revive, and should be included among every girl's inexpensive beauty aids.

This is how it's done: shower yourself for two or three minutes in warm water to open the pores. Then slide away from the water



and massage yourself all over with generous handfuls of dry salt until the skin tingles.

Rinse thoroughly with cool water.

— Carolyn Earle.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — February 13, 1961

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Singer gets break as TV compere

● Things are swinging along nicely for 21-year-old Melbourne singer Johnny Chester. He's now producing his own records and has just landed the job of compering a teenage show for Gippsland TV.

IF it's a success and pulls in the viewers it could be a stepping-stone to his ambition of having Melbourne's first teenage TV show—and wouldn't that be a break for the local boys and girls!

At promotional appearances Johnny's already proved himself an easy, friendly talker, and he's going flat-out to learn all he can about compering.

The question of what to wear before the cameras won't cause him any worry, for he's one of the most clothes-conscious singers and makes a point of having a wardrobe of the newest styles.

A revival of the Eddie Cochran song "Summertime Blues," Johnny's latest W and G single, has been selling well, and he has a Western-style EP featuring his own compositions coming up soon.

Like most of the boys with a talent for composing, once he gets an idea for a tune he can dash it off in no time at all. Flipside of "Summertime Blues," "I Love Mary," which is quite a cute little thing, was written by Johnny in less than half an hour.

His most recent interstate appearances have been in Adelaide and Brisbane, and he's due in Perth next.

LIFE'S getting more exciting all the time for 16-year-old Kelly Green. Her first record, "Little Girl Lost"—"I'll Never Be The Same," is now in circulation, she has just been to Brisbane and Melbourne for TV appearances, and she's landed a year's contract to sing four nights a week at a restaurant on Sydney's northern glamor beach strip.

Though success has come quickly Kelly isn't letting it go to her head, and is continuing dance lessons as well as studying singing, musical appreciation, and music reading at Sydney Conservatorium.

BACK from a snap Tasmanian and Victorian country tour with Col Joye, the De Kroo Brothers hit Sydney just in time to do some promotional work on their new record, "Tears Of Pity" (Festival). For the first time you'll hear them using acoustic instead of electric guitars.

The flipside, "It Never Came True," by local songwriter Pat Smith, belongs to the Joy Boys'

music-publishing company, Five Star, and is the first number of theirs to be recorded by outside artists.

Pops: Because you don't hear them much, it's easy to forget just how attractive some of the old cowboy songs are. Sagebrush standards, "The Last Round Up," "At The Rainbow's End," "Twilight On The Trail," and "The Last Frontier," are excellently sung by Rex Allen with the Victor Young Orchestra on the Festival EP "The Last Round Up."

AN EP with similar appeal is Burl Ives' "When The Bloom Is On The Sage" (Festival), with the genial balladeer singing, in addition to the title tune, "My Adobe Hacienda," "The Oregon Trail," and "Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie."

A PARTY disc that could be quite a lot of fun with its pianola-type piano is "Barroom Golden Favorites" (Coral LP). Big Tiny Little is the keyboard maestro, and a girl called Josephine and a male chorus add vocal touches. Some of the numbers are "Silver Dollar," "Darktown Strutters' Ball," "San Antonio Rose."



JOHNNY CHESTER, who is now writing many of the songs he records so successfully.

L'AMOUR THE MERRIER!

● There really **MUST** be a "square" on the hypotenuse.

FOR I see that a French school has sacked its girl maths teacher for being too pretty.

The teacher, Muguette Fabris, is Miss France, 1963.

But her school seems to have decided she can't be belle of the French without tears.

First, it seems, the school authorities told her not to wear make-up in class, make herself noticeable, or be photographed by newspapers.

Then they went the whole hog and gave her le boot.

As this incident involves French, I take up the pen (of my aunt, naturally) in anger.

What a loss to the teaching profession is such a lovely teacher like Miss Fabris!

Learning maths would be much easier from a good-looker.

Under these circumstances, boys would readily understand geometrical curves.

And, among the older boys romantically interested in the teacher, there would be a surfeit of parallel "lines."

If Miss France is not wanted as a teacher in her homeland, I suggest she migrate to Australia.

At least one State's Education Department has complained about a shortage of maths teachers.

In fact, in that State — N.S.W. — they are using manual teachers as maths men.

Miss France would be equally suitable.

She cuts a very fine figure.

I ALSO see another beauty is interested in a rather out-of-character career.

Sydney model Jean Newington, who is tops in world-famous fashion houses overseas, would like to abandon the world of fashion to become a veterinary surgeon.

Oh, to lead a dog's life — with such a pet of a vet!

An animal would no doubt be drawn by her magnetism.

In fact, there might be animals which feigned illness just to be near her.

These would be known as hypochondri-yaks!

I'm sure, of course, that males would still make excuses to see this beautiful girl.

A Foxie feller might

well call at her surgery

— just to take a Peki!

— Robin Adair

TRIP FOR YOUNG SALESMEN



SCHOOLBOYS from Adelaide and Brisbane, during a recent four-day trip to Canberra and the Snowy Mountains which they won on points awarded for their success in selling subscriptions to The Australian Women's Weekly and other magazines. The boys were flown to Canberra by Ansett-A.N.A. and taken on tours around Canberra and to Mt. Kosciuszko by Pioneer bus. Working after school last year the boys were taught the fundamentals of selling and many are contemplating a sales career.

ARCHITECTURE in Australia

By Morton Herman

No. 6

Government House, Perth

WESTERN AUSTRALIA, founded as a British colony in 1829, was the only Australian colony that was never part of New South Wales, which originally covered the greater part of the continent.

The first expedition to Western Australia was so badly organised that the original settlers suffered great hardships, but they did manage to get an excellent town plan designed for a fine site on the banks of lovely Perth Water, on the Swan River.

The plan was designed in 1838, and St. George's Terrace, which was the main feature of it, is now perhaps the finest boulevard in Australia.

Over the years, as the settlement became more firmly established, the town plan of Perth was gradually filled in. After 1860 really important buildings began to appear.

Building methods of the day used only timber, brick, or stone, but there is very little building stone in the Perth district.

Most of the stone had to come from Rottnest Island, off the coast near Fremantle, and it was most sparingly used. Even the great government buildings were of brick.

Thus, in 1859, when a new and grand Government House was being designed to replace the shoddy earlier one, brick walls with stone trimmings were used.

Governor Kennedy started the building, but when Governor Hampton arrived in 1862 he ordered considerable alterations, to arrive at the present building.

The name of the designer is not certainly known, and it is probable that several men had a hand in the project.

Most of Australia's buildings were then designed in the Classic Revival or the Gothic



BEAUTIFUL BRICKWORK in the walls of Government House, Perth, saves the design of the building from being unpleasantly stiff. Its style of architecture is Gothic Revival.

Revival styles of architecture, and the latter was chosen for Perth's Vice-Regal house, which was finished in 1864.

The arrangement of the square towers, with their double-curved tops, was intended to give dignity, but results in a composition that would be stiff and unpleasant if it were not for the beautiful old brickwork of the walls.

The tiles on the roof are a modern replacement of the original slates, the grey color of which harmonised much better with the colors of the bricks.

The photograph above shows only an expanse of the driveway in front of the building, and reveals nothing of the lovely gardens in which it is set.

Perth is famous for its gardens, but none of them quite match the superb beauty of the Government House Gardens, which were designed on the 17th century landscaping principles, and are in themselves a lovely period piece, rare in Australia.

NEXT WEEK: Adelaide Town Hall.

